Collier's

SECOND CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

IOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

15c

December 23, 1950

Ten Christmas Favor

Dec. 23-1950-

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 0920 4
R
18AUG1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B. FRANKLIN'S PRINTING SHOP, "NEAR THE NEW MARKET," PHILADELPHIA, 1741*

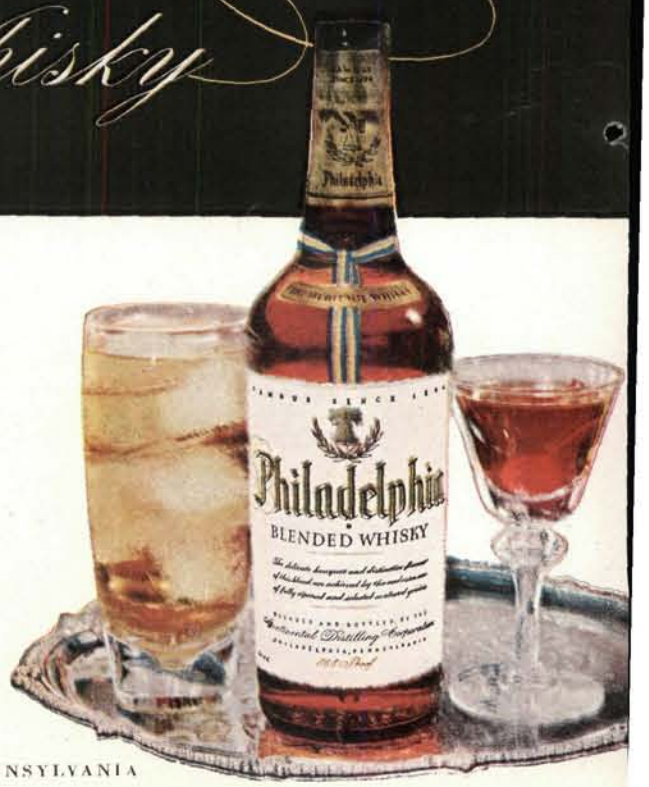
Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

From generation to generation the good word about this finer whisky has been passed along. For Philadelphia has long been noted as a whisky of undisputed superiority and pleasing flavor. It is indeed a special occasion whisky, yet you can afford to enjoy it regularly and often.



*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

6.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always depend on *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth and healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

Teach your children *doubly-effective* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Only one leading tooth paste is specially designed to give you this double protection!*

If *you* want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, take the advice of dentists—fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Start using Ipana today for *double protection*—to help keep your whole mouth healthier. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana now!

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Welcome Gift!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Prince Albert

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING
SMOKING TOBACCO

SAY *Merry Christmas* to every pipe smoker on your Xmas shopping list – or to any man who likes to roll his own cigarettes – with a big, full, one-pound tin of Prince Albert!

Choice, crimp cut, mild, flavorful tobacco – all ready for Christmas in a colorful, gift-packed Yuletide package ... with a built-in gift card right on top!

The National Joy Smoke

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor* JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief, Washington Bureau*
DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL · ALLEN CLEATON
JOHN CONNER · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA
DIANA HIRSH · JAMES M. KAHN · CHARLOTTE KNIGHT · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR
MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · ALLAN MICHIE · JOHN C. PELLEW
ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY · GEORGE SCHLOSS · RED SMITH
BILL STAPLETON · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE
TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

December 23, 1950

A PORTFOLIO OF TEN CHRISTMAS FAVORITES

The Second Christmas.....F. K. FORAANDH 13
Gates and Doors.....JOYCE KILMER 14
The Candle in the Forest.....TEMPLE BAILEY 15
The Shepherd.....HEYWOOD BROUN 16
When I Fetched the Fixin's for Christmas Dinner.....PETER ROSEGGER 17
A Christmas Dream and How It Came True..LOUISA MAY ALCOTT 18
Christmas in the Olden Time.....SIR WALTER SCOTT 19
Mr. Kaplan and the Magi.....LEONARD Q. ROSS 20
Old English Beggars' Rhyme..... 21
Is There a Santa Claus?.....FRANCIS P. CHURCH 22

ARTICLES

Happy Talk on a Silent Campus.....GORDON SCHENDEL 23
The Collier Trophy.....BILL DAVIDSON 24
Wherever You Live You'll Find Yule..... 26
'An Editor Must Have No Friends'.....ROGER BUTTERFIELD 30
(Concluding THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH—PULITZER'S PRIZE)
Brahms, Bratwurst and Bock.....BOB CONSIDINE 32

FICTION

Distribution Problem.....S. W. M. HUMASON 28
Miracle in the Heart.....ROBERT DEXTER NEFF 34
Let Nothing You Dismay.....RUTH HARNDEN 36
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Racket Alley.....W. R. BURNETT 50
(PART THREE OF FIVE PARTS)

●

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
We Need Non-Atomic Folks.....H. B. FOX 46
Keep Up with the World.....JOHN DENSON 62
Editorial..... 74
Cover.....JOHN PIKE

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 126, No. 26. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Another new water color by John Pike leads off Collier's Christmas Annual, this time with carolers and instrumentalists; but again, naturally, there is the warm and familiar glow of the community tree symbolically brightening every village square and main street within those latitudes that customarily expect a white Christmas.

Week's Mail

Human Side of War

EDITOR: I was interested greatly to see your article entitled 'Far Away, Far Away' (Nov. 4th). The illustrations by your combat artist, Mr. Howard Brodie, have caught very well the spirit of the tense struggle in which we are engaged in Korea.

Mr. Brodie is to be congratulated on his craftsmanship, and *your magazine is to* be congratulated for helping to bring to the attention of the American people a sober realization of the human facts behind the victories of their armies in Korea.

EARL D. JOHNSON, Assistant Secretary of the Army, Washington, D.C.

. . . The best cover you have ever carried—in my time of knowing Collier's—is Howard Brodie's Korean sketch used on November 4th issue.

LOUISE D. SCHAEFER, Leesburg, Va.

Smoke & Fire

EDITOR: Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It (Nov. 4th) is the best case against the "weed" I've seen anywhere. Out of the welter of evidence against smoking, *your* intelligent readers will easily see that "where there's smoke, there's fire." All the medical research can't be wrong!

Frankly, I was sorry to see Albert Q. Maisel prostitute his science-writing talents. The twisted facts he threaded through his brain came abruptly to a tenuous finale—Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It.

Nobody likes it! They smoke for the effect. Meantime, you omitted the biggest argument of all against the cigarette—its *habit-forming* power.

J. DEWITT FOX, M.D., Washington, D.C.

. . . As a victim of the tobacco controversy I can truthfully say that Mr. Maisel's article contains observations that some in the medical profession should heed.

In 1947, suffering from pains in my feet and other complications, my local doctor referred me to an out-of-town specialist who X-rayed and examined me. Then, basing his conclusion on the fact that tobacco does constrict the arteries and tends to slow up blood circulation, he told me to—quit smoking.

Because he focused his attention on tobacco alone my undiagnosed diabetes progressed uncontrolled for more than 18 needless months. C. Y. SANDERS, Oakland, Neb.

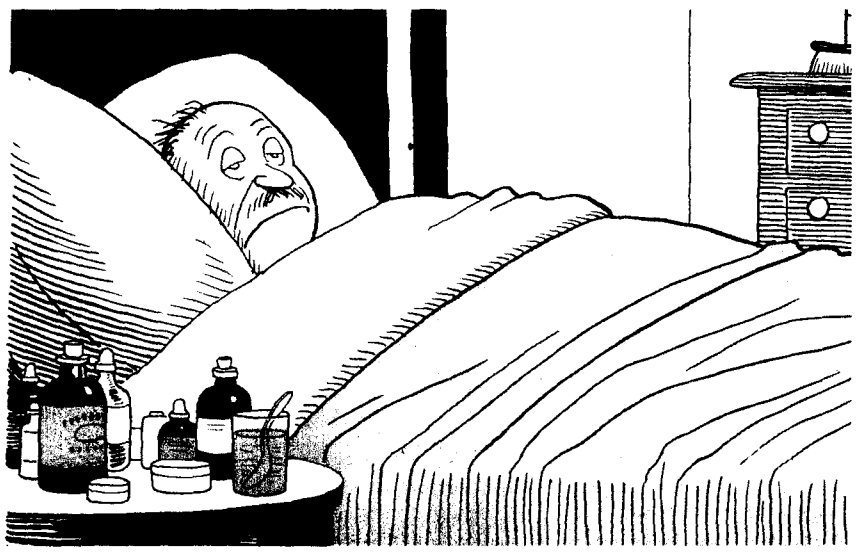
. . . Oh, don't tell me smoking doesn't shorten people's lives! In these days when joy is increasingly taken out of my life by the ubiquitousness and inconsiderateness of puff fiends, I have been comforting myself with the thought that soon they will all be dead.

Women smokers have come out of privacy to join the men as they huff and they puff all over this great wide wonderful world. We nonsmokers get tobacco with our transportation, tobacco with our meals

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't give a Cold a chance!

This Man Did...



THIS MAN CAUGHT A COLD... HE IGNORED IT AND WENT TO WORK AS USUAL... HE DEVELOPED A FEVER ON THE THIRD DAY... YET DELAYED CALLING A DOCTOR.

RESULT: PNEUMONIA HAD SET IN... AND HE LOST SEVERAL WEEKS' TIME FROM WORK.

This Woman Didn't...

THIS WOMAN CAUGHT A COLD... WHEN HER TEMPERATURE WENT UP SHE CALLED THE DOCTOR PROMPTLY... ON THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE SHE WENT TO BED... ATE LIGHTLY AND DRANK PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.

RESULT: THE COLD CLEARED UP... AND SHE WAS BACK ON THE JOB IN THREE DAYS.

TO SPEED recovery from a cold and to help hasten relief from its discomforts, doctors recommend rest and a light nourishing diet, including plenty of water and fruit juices. This helps the body overcome the infection.

The danger of neglecting a cold lies chiefly in the fact that body resistance is lowered and serious infections such as sinusitis, bronchitis, and ear trouble may develop.

Pneumonia, especially, is likely to strike when a person is tired or run-down because of a persistent cold. In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia.

Although the death rate for pneumonia has been greatly reduced, this disease—and its ally, influenza—still claim about 50,000 lives each year in our country. Authorities say that the toll from pneumonia could be reduced still further if everyone would call the doctor immediately if any of these symptoms appear:

A severe shaking chill followed by fever.

Pain in the chest after coughing or deep breathing.

Coughing, particularly with the appearance of rust-colored sputum.

If pneumonia is discovered early, the chances for rapid recovery are much better now than in the past. This is because the new drugs which doctors prescribe usually are most effective when given at the start of the disease. For instance, virus pneumonia can usually be treated successfully with certain antibiotic drugs.

Immunization against some types of influenza and pneumonia has likewise helped to combat these diseases. Other respiratory ailments have also been brought under better control.

While medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the chief health hazards of winter, it is wise to be on guard against them. Here are some measures which may help:

Always take care of a cold promptly . . . *if fever develops, call a doctor at once.*

Keep physically fit, particularly during the winter months.

Get sufficient rest and sleep and eat a balanced daily diet.

Dress warmly when going out-of-doors and avoid damp, inclement weather whenever possible.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

For more information about how to enjoy good health during the winter season by guarding against colds, influenza, and pneumonia, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 11-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

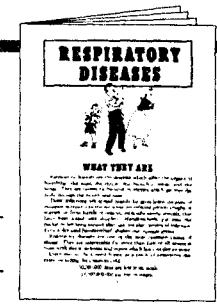
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 11-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to your friends who like a long cigarette

GIVE THE BEST OF LONG CIGARETTES

EXTRA MILD

ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF

...BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

Copyright 1950, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

and our entertainment. Smoke gets in our eyes, our throats and our ears, in our clothes and especially in our hair!

Nonsmokers? Wait a minute. Am I a nonsmoker? At the active end of other people's cigarettes I get more smoke than they do. Now I see what is wrong with your figuring. Good heavens, it must be my life that is being shortened!

BERTHA HAYES STEITZ, Lakeland, Fla.

. . . The article is the biggest smoke screen on the tobacco habit I have seen in print since Willie smoked corn silk out back of the shed.

Its marshaling of contradictory facts and figures is a masterpiece of equivocation. Its general conclusion seems to be patterned after the resolution of the skid-row resident in Gary, Indiana, during prohibition days. He wrote to his favorite bootlegger: "Dear Scarface: That last batch of white mule you sent me was awful stuff. Blind in one eye, but send another case."

Don't publish this—unless you like it.

H. M. TIPPETT, Washington, D.C.

New Look Is Old Stuff

EDITOR: I had to smile when I read New Look in Telephone Booths (Nov. 4th) because ever since I came to this country in 1947 I have constantly been told how far ahead of European countries the United States is. Yet many times I have been amazed when I've realized how far *behind* some European countries the U.S. is in some respects.

These "new" telephone booths, for instance, are now ancient history in the British Isles. I can remember those long glass doors in booths when I was a child and they were just as streamlined as anything over here.

HILDA HEIN, Chappell, Neb.

Conflicting Accounts

EDITOR: In your editorial No Alibis, Please (Nov. 4th), you made reference to Brigadier General W. L. Roberts. It so happens that I had the pleasure of hearing General Roberts address a meeting in San Francisco on October 25th. He related his experiences in Korea—as much as time would permit—and what he told us was directly opposite to what was stated in your magazine. I suggest that it would be nice to write to General Roberts and get the facts from him.

PAUL A. PFLUEGER, San Francisco, Cal.

The references to Brigadier General Roberts were taken from direct quotations attributed to him in an Associated Press story date-lined Fort MacArthur, California, September 14th.

Major Issue

EDITOR: My heartiest congratulations to Collier's for your editorial Yes, the Issue Is Survival (Nov. 4th). In my administrative bulletin given to our teachers at the beginning of the school year I headed one of the topics Education for Survival, and I quote two of my sentences on this theme. "Today, training of our youth assumes a deeper significance. It means education for survival."

It gave me a real lift to read Collier's splendid editorial on the same lines. From New York City to Edmonds, Washington, is a long distance but maybe we are not so far apart in our thinking when it comes to our country's welfare.

GLEN G. HILL, Superintendent, Edmonds School District No. 15, Edmonds, Wash.

. . . Yes, the Issue Is Survival listens good until one reads it over twice. Why hold the Truman administration responsible for the Korean debacle? I don't recall that Collier's got excited when Republicans led the assault on our armed forces after V-J day and demanded that the greatest protective power the world had ever seen be demobilized. The American people themselves and the "economy-minded" Byrds and Tabers and Tafts and Wherrys must all share the blame.

Who opposed the Marshall Plan from the start? Who voted solidly against the original Korean aid appropriations? Perhaps Collier's doesn't read the same news dispatches on the Congressional votes as some of us do.

RALPH H. CATLETT, U.S.N., Chincoteague, Va.

. . . In your editorial of November 4th you suggested forcibly that the November election was a question of survival. I agree with you, only in more emphatic terms.

In your June 3d issue, you published my letter berating Louis Johnson as Secretary of Defense. Now I have another victim, if I may call him that.

Secretary of Defense George Marshall has recently stated that reserves and National Guardsmen would be demobilized beginning in 1951. In view of the fact that North Korea has not given any indication of surrendering, aren't we getting a little ahead of ourselves when we talk of demobilizing when we have hardly started mobilizing?

R. M. HERRIOTT, San Antonio, Texas

Matter of Fact

EDITOR: Occasionally Jove nods, or maybe goes sound asleep. In Keep Up with the World (Oct. 28th), the second paragraph refers to wild, or so-called feral children. The paragraph begins by stating that history records 31 such cases, but that the only one fully documented and authenticated is the so-called wild children of Midnapore.

Although the allegation of 31 wild children seems sufficiently doubtful, the Midnapore case is not only *not* fully documented and authenticated but, quite the reverse, the story is entirely discredited.

I refer to The Natural History of Nonsense, by Bergen Evans. In the chapter Wolf Wolf is a detailed critical account, fully annotated, of many of these stories of wild children, with particular attention paid to the Midnapore case.

T. MCKEAN DOWNS, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

No Towhead

EDITOR: In the article on Johnny Karras (Another Galloping Ghost at Illinois, Nov. 4th), you say ". . . husky, *blond* sophomore." Yet, on the facing page, both pictures show his hair as being black. How come?

R. G. FERGUSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

Maybe author Bill Fay meant "husky, blond-helmeted sophomore."

Boies, Not Boise, Says Bois

EDITOR: In a recent article on Governor Duff (Pennsylvania's Rough, Tough Duff, Oct. 14th), I was interested in an allusion to Senator Boise Penrose. I would have preferred to spell it as the senator did—Boies.

LOUIS BOIS, Hershey, Pa.

Required Reading

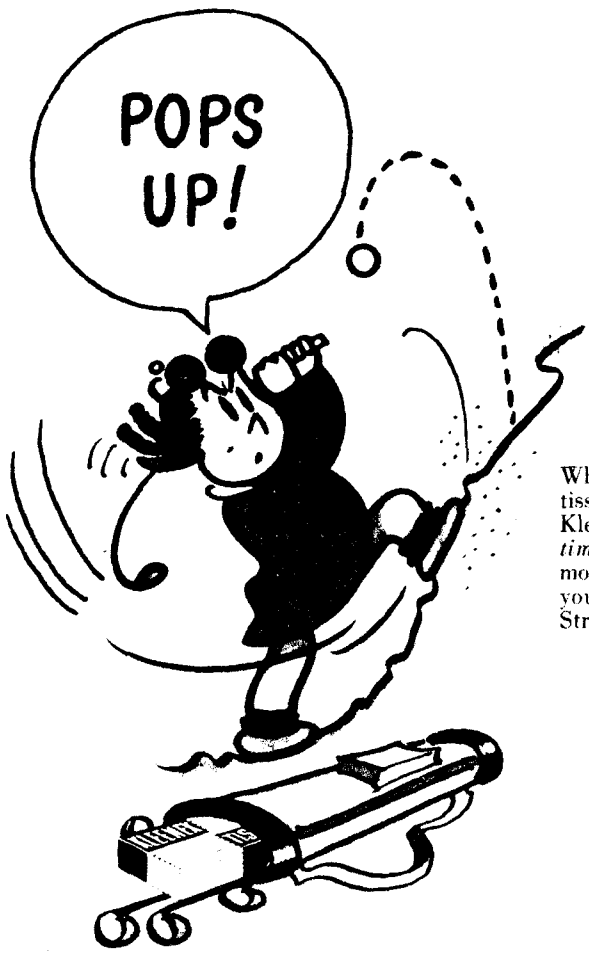
EDITOR: I want to thank you and Willis Player for his keen observation on female's memory lanes ("You Mean You Don't Remember?", Nov. 4th). It should be included in a premarital course on "what every man should know."

THOMAS ACKER, Seattle, Wash.

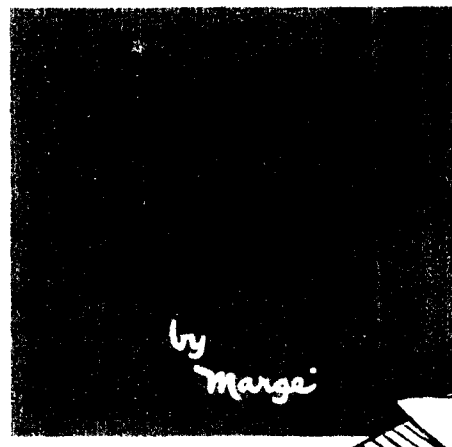
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

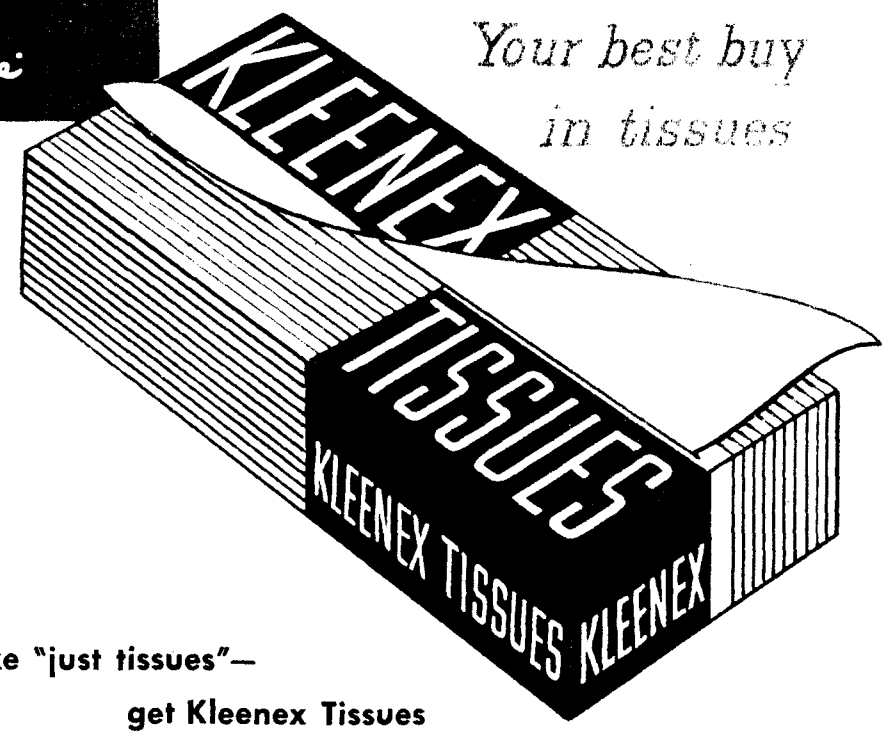
To cushion the blows—during colds, use gentle *Kleenex* Tissues! Soft, absorbent Kleenex *coddles* sensitive skin; smooths away makeup with gentle care—because a special process keeps Kleenex *extra* soft.

Catch those sneezes with the tissue that can take 'em! For Kleenex gives you *more* than super softness . . . you get all the *strength* you need, too, with this sturdy, perfectly balanced tissue.



Why tussle with a handful of tissues—when Kleenex (*only* Kleenex) serves you *one at a time?* Saves waste, saves money! Insist on Kleenex—your best buy in tissues. Soft! Strong! Pops up!



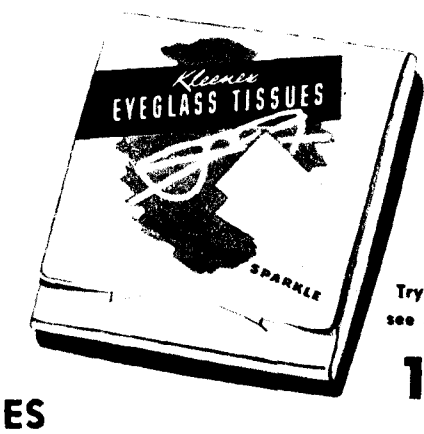


Your best buy in tissues

Don't take "just tissues"—
get Kleenex Tissues

OH! SAY CAN YOU SEE?

You can see far *better*—when you clean your glasses with New Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues! They're silicone-treated on both sides, and each tissue's *big* enough—*strong* enough—to rid your "specs" of dust, dirt, smears—without tearing. Leaves lenses sparkling, *lint-free!* So easy, so thrifty to use, too, for Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues serve you *one at a time.*



Try one and see . . . better

10¢

***KLEENEX EYEGLASS TISSUES**

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEPSODENT
does *far more* than reduce tooth decay

Even a Single Brushing with Pepsodent not only reduces decay the sure way, but GETS YOUR TEETH FAR BRIGHTER than any other leading tooth paste

Yes, PEPSODENT's exclusive ***brighter-polishing*** agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth ***brighter*** . . . makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a ***single brushing*** with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT with Irium* has this ***film-removing*** formula!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We come to Christmas again to see cynical, self-centered men seeking to destroy a world which a gentle, self-sacrificing Master came to save. We who are free are not afraid for tomorrow. Wretched men from Alexander to Stalin have tried to forbid to mankind the simple, the basic things that make mankind worth the name—including faith, hope, tolerance. They have failed. They will always fail. Something far beyond the weight of bombs, more powerful than the strength of armies, denies to them what they'd call victory. On Christmas morning free bells will ring, free voices will be raised. But we shall hear too, from lands no longer free, faraway whimpers of cold and hungry children and the poor, hushed, forbidden words of comfort spoken vainly to them by frightened women. The calm, inexorable power that came to the world so quietly more than nineteen hundred years ago has never left us. It will remain to put out the Red fires seeking to consume the free world, to teach humility in the halls of the Kremlin. This much, at least, we know this Christmas season of 1950.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Chicago demanded a divorce. Said her husband started playing the cornet the moment he got home from work. Even took it to bed with him,

tootling far into the night. Judge said he was sorry but didn't consider it sufficient grounds. "Could be worse," he ruled. "Might have been a bull fiddle."

★ ★ ★

Five days a week, J. Fred Moore teaches Spanish and French in Forest Park High School, Baltimore, Maryland. Saturdays and Sundays he drives a taxicab. Economic pressure? Nope. Finds it relaxing.

★ ★ ★

An irate citizen loped into the offices of the Milwaukee Journal with a clipping in his hand. He demanded to know why the newspaper had published the fact that he'd been arrested for jaywalking. The man listening to the protest noted that the clipping was almost a year old and asked why it took so long to get sore about it. Fellow said he'd been busy.

★ ★ ★

When our Florida man called on Mrs. Glenn Cass, circulation head of the Miami, Florida, Public Library, he found her a trifle despondent. She admitted that this was a free country but that sooner or later readers would have to learn that they should not use a strip of bacon to mark their places in a book—a borrowed book anyway. A patient, wise woman, Mrs. Cass informs us that she never has seen a book that could be improved by a strip of raw bacon. So taking the bacon with him, our man departed to write us about it.

★ ★ ★

Now here's a bit of information that may, who knows, come in handy. Mr. Ben Haley, of Denver, Colorado, owns a dog—a boxer. The boxer met a skunk

with very one-sided results. Mr. Haley bathed his dog in six gallons of tomato juice. Says it worked.

★ ★ ★

A subscriber in northern Michigan reports he has finally decided that his wife has better judgment than he has. By way of proof, says he, there's the fact that they got married.

★ ★ ★

We'd like to tell you how happy we've been made by the latest news from the National Chinchilla Breeders of America. Our chinchilla population has risen from 10,000 to 125,000 in 10 years. When presently—say in about five years—the chinchillas have multiplied to 500,000 on the 3,500 chinchilla ranches in the United States, anybody with $25,000 or so will be able to buy a chinchilla coat. Today, the NCBA says, there are only about 40 full-length chinchilla coats in the world. Gloria Swanson, Helen Hayes and Lily Pons own one each. The chinchilla is about the size of a well-fed squirrel. The fur is soft bluish-gray. A full-length coat calls for at least 250 pelts, maybe more, depending on the model and, oddly enough, the size of the animals. We can hardly wait.

★ ★ ★

Before doing our Christmas shopping early—on the morning of December 23d—maybe we'd better tell you that Santa Claus, sitting in a St. Louis department store with a small boy on his knee, got a wasp or something equally

JACK BETTS

annoying in his whiskers. In the excitement the boy fell off the jolly old fellow's knee, bumped his head and, according to the complaint in the ensuing damage suit, lost his faith in Santa. The store settled for $1,000. Now even the lad's parents believe there really is a Santa Claus. Wouldn't you?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Somehow...it wouldn't be Christmas without a tree

Since childhood the tree has been the very spirit of Christmas —clean and fragrant . . . gayety and cheer in its lights and ornaments . . . loving gifts heaped beneath it.

Where it stands . . . there is your own little corner of happiness in a troubled world. *What* it stands for . . . makes you deeply thankful that you are an American with a right to express freely your belief in a way of living that seeks peace and good will for all mankind.

Guard this tree . . . as you would guard your way of life. Protect it from thoughtless or careless acts that would change this symbol of Christmas joy, in a tragic instant, into a flaming inferno.

Observe these Safety Rules for a Merry Christmas

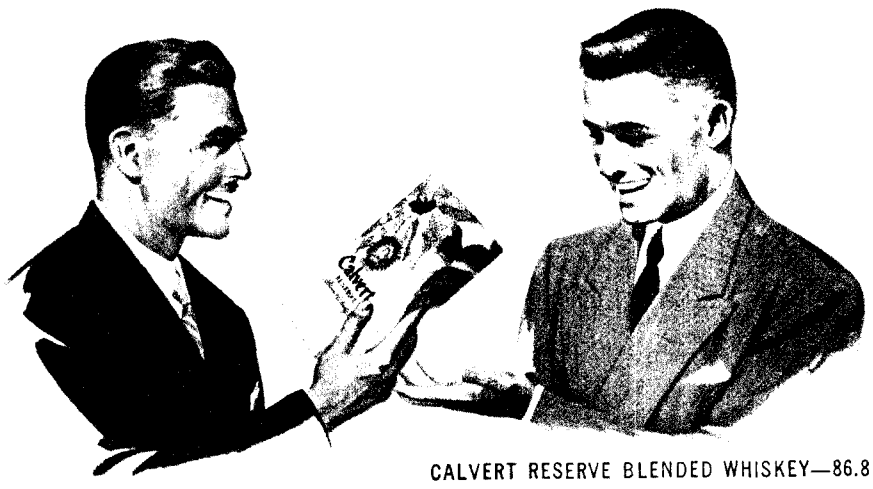
choose a small tree. It's less of a fire hazard. Keep it away from radiators, heater, fireplace. Use wiring with the U.L. Label. Dispose of gift wrappings promptly *outside* the house. Take tree down when needles start to fall.

use cotton, paper or other flammable material for decorations. Don't use candles. Don't use frayed light strings or worn extension cords. Don't overload circuits. Don't leave tree lights burning when you go out. Don't smoke or use matches near tree.

AN ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Season's



ere's the gift that will make him say, "Just what I'd pick for myself." And here's the hearty, full-bodied taste that's ideal for serving to your holiday guests.

Yes . . . it's time to give and serve the season's *very best* . . . rich, mellow, oh-so-smooth Calvert Reserve! Give it in that handsome gift carton . . . pour from that distinctive Calvert decanter. It's the choicest you can give or serve!

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best Everywhere

Your own good taste will tell you —

It's smart to Give and

Calvert Reserve

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For business...

for pleasure...

AMERICANS JUST

NATURALLY

LOVE TO FLY!

"BUSINESS takes me over a good part of the U.S.A. every year," says Mr. S. Leonard Tilley of New York City. "I always go by air. It saves so much time between appointments and gives me more time to enjoy my friends at home. Flying saves the firm plenty of money, too."

MILE-HIGH FUN is enjoyed by Mrs. Edmund P. Lunken of Cincinnati, Ohio, shown here skiing in the Rockies near Aspen, Colorado. "Flying really stretches out vacation days," says Mrs. Lunken, "and a trip by air on a huge four-engine DC-6 transport is a thrill in itself."

High-altitude airplanes...new storm-free routes...make possible *dependable* year 'round flying!

MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

FIRST PLANE TRIP of four-month-old Thomas Franklin Duke was a flight from his home in Atlanta, Georgia, to visit his father stationed in Seattle. "Traveling by air with children is so convenient," says his mother, Mrs. George F. Duke. "It's so clean, comfortable, too."

"FLYING between home and college saves both time and money," says Ann Clark, Colorado College student from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Shown here visiting the famed Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, Ann adds, "I enjoy the comfort, convenience of traveling by plane."

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

More and more people are now flying to winter vacation resorts. It's only a few hours by swift, comfortable air transports to sunny southland beaches or snow playgrounds. Business travelers, too, are using the airplane increasingly to save valuable time and money. They have found that new operations techniques... and the new high-altitude air transports...make possible *dependable*, on-schedule flights at all seasons of the year. When you figure there are no tips, no extras, no expensive meals en route—you'll see why flying costs so little. Next time—save time and money—*go by air!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, December 23, 1950

The Second Christmas

THE reign of unconsciousness slowly gave way to the dim stirrings of intelligence. Little Jesus, one year old, was waking up. Black obscurity—darkness—then a faint glimmer of light. Nothing radiant, glistening, or with form; simply the preface to a shapeful glow. But enough to excite curiosity.

From the outer room Mary the mother could hear if anything were wrong, which was unlikely. Jesus was a peaceful sleeper. But now little Jesus was waking up; waking up in a three-room cabin; a three-room cabin in the darkness of passionless Palestine. He began to recognize the light without much bustle on his part, which is not unusual for an infant of twelve months. Unless alarmed by some sudden interference from without, the senses of a child ascend silently through stratum and ever-lighter stratum of unknowingness till finally they bubble gently to the surface of the conscious. Aroused, no doubt, by some abstruse jerk in the machinery of his tiny middle, Baby Jesus moved gently in his little crib—the crib made by the industrious Joseph. With a stifled, imperceptible yawn, he pulled his right arm out from under his chest and rolled over on his back. This demanded another yawn, then his eyes opened.

Immensity! A vast universe! Without floor, without ceiling, without walls. Only tremendous distances in every direction. A dreadful, unknown, terrifying world without even a line of horizon. Alone in space—unknown space—eclipsed; yet not altogether black.

Joseph was insistent on leaving him a night lamp. But any baby knows that a night lamp, especially a flickering oil burner, can bring to life more intimidating apparitions than the nothingness of unaided night. Then, suddenly the lonely universe was filled with silent beings. Even by so small, so immature an intelligence as Baby Jesus' these beings were perceived, apprehended. And is it little wonder, for are we not born in the clutch of racial consciousness? And do we not in those waking splinters of time, relive, reinhabit the lives of men dead these thousands of years?

Little Jesus, heir on this planet to a life heavily endowed by the shortcomings, errors and sins of all his myriad forefathers, lay awake in the outskirts of darkness. And though he could not, as yet, be held accountable for the fact, he was also the inheritor of that strong cord of wisdom, beauty and love which had needled its way down through the ages.

There he lay, in the terror of loneliness peopled with shapes. It was hardly possible for him really to know the shapes; but in his little undeveloped mind he was aware that they were there. In that delicate undermind handed down from the past, he felt them.

All was stillness—save for an indistinct purr from the night lamp. Then a sudden flicker *(Continued on page 46)*

REPRINTED FROM FELLOWSHIP, JOURNAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION, 21 AUDUBON AVENUE, NEW YORK 32, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gates and Doors

By JOYCE KILMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

THERE was a gentle hostler
(And blessèd be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King.

FROM: POEMS, ESSAYS AND LETTERS BY JOYCE KILMER. COPYRIGHT 1914, 1917, 1918 BY DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Candle in the Forest

By TEMPLE BAILEY

THE Small Girl's mother was saying, "The onions will be silver, and the carrots will be gold—"

"And the potatoes will be ivory," said the Small Girl, and they laughed together.

The Small Girl's mother had a big white bowl in her lap and she was cutting up vegetables. The onions were the hardest, because one cried a little over them.

"But our tears will be pearls," said the Small Girl's mother, and they laughed at that and dried their eyes, and found the carrots much easier, and the potatoes the easiest of them all.

Then the Next-Door-Neighbor came in and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are making a beefsteak pie for our Christmas dinner," said the Small Girl's mother.

"And the onions are silver, and the carrots gold, and the potatoes ivory," said the Small Girl.

"I am sure I don't know what you are talking about," said the Next-Door-Neighbor. "We are going to have turkey for Christmas, and oysters and cranberries and celery."

The Small Girl laughed and clapped her hands. "But we are going to have a Christmas pie—and the onions are silver and the carrots gold—"

"You said that once," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I should think you'd know they weren't anything of the kind."

"But they *are*," said the Small Girl, all shining eyes and rosy cheeks.

"Run along, darling," said the Small Girl's mother, "and find poor Pussy Purr-up. He's out in the cold. And you can put on your red sweater and red cap."

So the Small Girl hopped away like a happy robin, and the Next-Door-Neighbor said:

"She is old enough to know that onions aren't silver."

"But they are," said the Small Girl's mother, "and the carrots are gold, and the potatoes are—"

The Next-Door-Neighbor's face was flaming.

"If you say that again, I'll scream. It sounds silly to me."

"But it isn't in the least silly," said the Small Girl's mother, and her eyes were as blue as sapphires and as clear as the sea; "it is sensible. When people are poor, they have to make the most of little things."

The lips of the Next-Door-Neighbor were folded in a thin line. "If you had acted like a sensible creature, I shouldn't have asked you for the rent."

The Small Girl's mother was silent for a moment, then she said: "I am sorry—it ought to be sensible to make the best of things."

"Well," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, sitting down in a chair with a very stiff back, "a beefsteak pie is a beefsteak pie. And I wouldn't teach a child to call it anything else."

"I haven't taught her to call it anything else. I was only trying to make her feel that it was something fine and splendid for Christmas Day, so I said that the onions were silver—"

(Continued on page 40)

FROM THE HOLLY HEDGE AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES. COPYRIGHT 1925 PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shepherd

A Footnote to the Christmas Story

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE host of heaven and the angel of the Lord had filled the sky with radiance. Now the glory of God was gone and the shepherds and the sheep stood under dim starlight. The men were shaken by the wonders they had seen and heard and, like the animals, they huddled close.

"Let us now," said the eldest of the shepherds, "go unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

The City of David lay beyond a far, high hill, upon the crest of which there danced a star. The men made haste to be away, but as they broke out of the circle there was one called Amos who remained. He dug his crook into the turf and clung to it.

"Come," cried the eldest of the shepherds, but Amos shook his head. They marveled, and one called out: "It is true. It was an angel. You heard the tidings. A Saviour is born!"

"I heard," said Amos. "I will abide."

The eldest walked back from the road to a little knoll on which Amos stood.

"You do not understand," the old man told him. "We have a sign from God. An angel commanded us. We go to worship the Saviour, who is even now born in Bethlehem. God has made His will manifest."

"It is not in my heart," replied Amos.

And now the eldest of the shepherds was angry.

"With your own eyes," he cried out, "you have seen the host of heaven in these dark hills. And you heard, for it was like the thunder when 'Glory to God in the highest' came ringing to us out of the night."

And again Amos said, "It is not in my heart."

Another shepherd then broke in. "Because the hills still stand and the sky has not fallen, it is not enough for Amos. He must have something louder than the voice of God."

Amos held more tightly to his crook and answered, "I have need of a whisper."

They laughed at him and said, "What should this voice say in your ear?"

He was silent and they pressed about him and shouted mockingly, "Tell us now. What says the God of Amos, the little shepherd of a hundred sheep?"

Meekness fell away from him. He took his hands from off the crook and raised them high.

"I too am a god," said Amos in a loud, strange voice, "and to my hundred sheep I am a saviour."

And when the din of the angry shepherds about him slackened, Amos pointed to his hundred.

"See my flock," he said. "See the fright of them. The fear of the bright angel and of the voices is still upon them. God is busy in Bethlehem. He has no *(Continued on page 63)*

FROM COLLECTED EDITION OF HEYWOOD BROUN. COPYRIGHT, 1941 BY HEYWOOD HALE BROUN. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, INC.

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I Fetched the Fixin's Fer Christmas Dinner

By PETER ROSEGGER

I MUSTA been 'bout twelve years old when Paw shook m' shoulder early in the mornin' o' the day before Christmas an' said to wake up, he had somethin' to tell me. I got m' eyes open all right, but m' mind was all a-fog. By the time I got dressed, with Maw's help, an' was settin' down to a dish o' hot soup, m' sleepiness begun t' wear off. Then Paw said, "Now listen, Peter. Go git an empty sack, 'cause yer a-gonna fetch somethin' home. An' take m' stick, on accounta the snow's purty deep, an' y' better take a lantern, too, 'cause the path's in purty bad shape an' the bridges is all ice. An' 'en yer a-goin' down t' Langenwang. Ol' Man Spreitzegger—y' know 'im, he buys an' sells lumber—he still owes me two thirty-six fer some larch wood I sold 'im. I'm gonna let y' ask 'im fer the cash, an' be sure y' knock real polite-like an' take off yer hat when y' go in. When y' git the cash, go over t' Doppelreiter's store an' buy ten pounds o' flour an' two pounds o' shortenin' an' ten cents' worth o' salt an' 'en fetch it all home."

By this time Maw was dressed, too, while the six younger kids was still a-sleepin' in their beds all round the room. An' Maw she says, "I can't make no Christmas dinner with jest flour an' shortenin' an' salt. Y' better git a nickel's worth o' yeast, a nickel's worth o' raisins, fifty cents' worth o' sugar, ten cents' worth o' saffron, an' ten cents' worth o' nutmeg. An' I'll need some rolls, too."

Paw looked at her sorta funny, 'cause we hardly ever bought nothin'—mostly growed our own. "All right, buy it," he says quiet-like. "An' if there ain't enough money, ask Mr. Doppelreiter t' let y' have the things on credit, an' I'll make it all right with 'im at Easter when I git paid fer m' charcoal. Y' kin eat one o' the rolls on the way, 'cause y' won't git home till near supper time. Now git goin'. It's most five o'clock, an' y' gotta be in Langenwang in time fer eight o'clock Mass."

That was all right with me. Paw tied the sack round m' waist, I took the stick in m' right hand an' the lantern in m' left, an' started out, jest like I often done in winter in them days. I ain't gone but three hundred yards or so when I slipped an' fell an' my lantern went out. I reckoned I could fall jest as good without a lantern, so I stuck it under a bush an' went on.

When I come to a footbridge over a frozen brook, the stars was movin' across the ice like they was on skates. An' down in the valley I could see the mist a-lyin' like a white sea. When I got t' Langenwang after a long, hard walk, the fog was so thick the houses looked like big dark splotches. All the people was on their way t' church.

I felt purty good after Mass when I come out into the foggy street, all bustlin' with folks gettin' ready fer the holiday. I found Spreitzegger's house all right. I was jest gonna go in the front door, an Ol' Man Spreitzegger, as I found out later, was plannin' t' sneak out the back, only I had a hunch all of a sudden. "Peter," I says to m'self, "yer no big shot t' go walkin' in the front door. Go t' *(Continued on page 66)*

COPYRIGHT 1946 BY STEPHEN DAYE PRESS. FROM CHRISTMAS TALES FOR READING ALOUD, EDITED BY ROBERT LOHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE STERNBERG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Christmas Dream And How It Came True

By LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

I'M SO tired of Christmas I wish there never would be another one!" exclaimed a discontented-looking little girl, as she sat idly watching her mother arrange a pile of gifts two days before they were to be given.

"Why, Effie, what a dreadful thing to say! You are as bad as old Scrooge; and I'm afraid something will happen to you, as it did to him, if you don't care for dear Christmas," answered Mamma, almost dropping the silver horn she was filling with delicious candies.

"Who was Scrooge? What happened to him?" asked Effie, with a glimmer of interest in her listless face, as she picked out the sourest lemon-drop she could find; for nothing sweet suited her just then.

"He was one of Dickens' best people, and you can read the charming story some day. He hated Christmas until a strange dream showed him how dear and beautiful it was, and made a better man of him."

"I shall read it; for I like dreams, and have a great many curious ones myself. But they don't keep me from being tired of Christmas," said Effie, poking discontentedly among the sweeties for something worth eating.

"Why are you tired of what should be the happiest time of all the year?" asked Mamma, anxiously.

"Perhaps I shouldn't be if I had something new. But it is always the same, and there isn't any more surprise about it. I always find heaps of goodies in my stocking. Don't like some of them, and soon get tired of those I do like. We always have a great dinner, and I eat too much, and feel ill next day. Then there is a Christmas tree somewhere, with a doll on top, or a stupid old Santa Claus, and children dancing and screaming over bonbons and toys that break, and shiny things that are of no use. Really, Mamma, I've had so many Christmases all alike that I don't think I *can* bear another one." And Effie laid herself flat on the sofa, as if the mere idea was too much for her.

Her mother laughed at her despair, but was sorry to see her little girl so discontented, when she had everything to make her happy, and had known but ten Christmas days.

"Suppose we don't give you *any* presents at all—how would that suit you?" asked Mamma, anxious to please her spoiled child.

"I should like one large and splendid one, and one dear little one, to remember some very nice person by," said Effie, who was a fanciful little body, full of odd whims and notions, which her friends loved to gratify, regardless of time, trouble, or money; for she was the last of three little girls, and very dear to all the family.

"Well, my darling, I will see *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas in the Olden Time

MARMION, INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Kaplan and the Magi

By LEONARD Q. ROSS

WHEN Mr. Parkhill saw that Miss Mitnick, Mr. Bloom, and Mr. Hyman Kaplan were absent, and that a strange excitement pervaded the beginners' grade, he realized that it was indeed the last night before the holidays and that Christmas was only a few days off. Each Christmas the classes in the American Night Preparatory School for Adults gave presents to their respective teachers. Mr. Parkhill, a veteran of many sentimental Yuletides, had come to know the procedure. That night, before the class session had begun, there must have been a hurried collection; a Gift Committee of three had been chosen; at this moment the Committee was probably in Mickey Goldstein's Arcade, bargaining feverishly, arguing about the appropriateness of a pair of pajamas or the color of a dozen linen handkerchiefs, debating whether Mr. Parkhill would prefer a pair of fleece-lined slippers to a set of mother-of-pearl cuff links.

"We shall concentrate on—er—spelling drill tonight," Mr. Parkhill announced.

The students smiled wisely, glanced at the three empty seats, exchanged knowing nods, and prepared for spelling drill. Miss Rochelle Goldberg giggled, then looked ashamed as Mrs. Rodriguez shot her glare of reproval.

Mr. Parkhill always chose a spelling drill for the night before the Christmas vacation: it kept all the students busy simultaneously; it dampened the excitement of the occasion; above all, it kept him from the necessity of resorting to elaborate pedagogical efforts in order to hide his own embarrassment.

Mr. Parkhill called off the first words. Pens and pencils scratched, smiles died away, eyes grew serious, preoccupied, as the beginners' grade assaulted the spelling of "Banana . . . Romance . . . Groaning." Mr. Parkhill sighed. The class seemed incomplete without its star student, Miss Mitnick, and barren without its most remarkable one, Mr. Hyman Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan's most recent linguistic triumph had been a fervent speech extolling the D'Oyly Carte Company's performance of an operetta by two English gentlemen referred to as "Goldberg and Solomon."

"Charming . . . Horses . . . Float," Mr. Parkhill called off.

Mr. Parkhill's mind was not really on "Charming . . . Horses . . . Float." He could not help thinking of the momentous event which would take place that night. After the recess the students would come in with flushed faces and shining eyes. The Committee would be with them, and one member of the Committee, carrying an elaborately bound Christmas package, would be surrounded by several of the largest students in the class, who would try to hide the parcel from Mr. Parkhill's eyes. The class would come to order with uncommon rapidity. Then, just as Mr. Parkhill resumed the lesson, one member of the Committee would rise, apologize nervously for interrupting, place the package on Mr. Parkhill's desk, utter a few half-swallowed words, and rush back to his or her seat. *(Continued on page 62)*

FROM THE EDUCATION OF HYMAN KAPLAN BY LEONARD Q. ROSS, COPYRIGHT, 1937, BY HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, INC., AND USED WITH THEIR PERMISSION

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old English Beggars' Rhyme

hristmas is coming, the geese are getting fat.
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat;
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do.
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you!

ANONYMOUS

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is There a Santa Claus?

An Editorial by FRANCIS P. CHURCH

REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN

WE TAKE pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor:
I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in 'The Sun' it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON,
115 West 95th Street,
New York City.

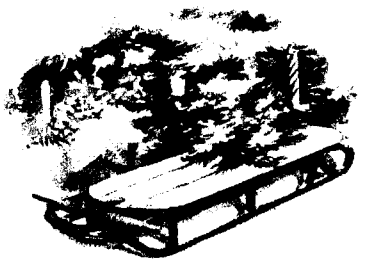
Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith, then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood. THE END



EDITOR'S NOTE: This editorial by Francis P. Church first appeared in The New York Sun in 1897, in response to a query from eight-year-old Virginia O'Hanlon. It attracted nation-wide attention, and was reprinted on The Sun's editorial page every Christmas thereafter. Because The Sun ceased publication as a separate newspaper last January, Collier's here does its part to keep alive a fine tradition—and a great classic.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy Talk on a Silent Campus

By GORDON SCHENDEL

Courage is a common characteristic at Gallaudet, the world's only college for the deaf

THE Blues had the ball; it was fourth down, eight yards to go. In their huddle, the players gesticulated swiftly; then they trotted back to position. The quarterback signaled, his hands flashing. But when the sprawling players had untangled, the outweighed Blues were short of the mark.

As the players surrendered the ball, three blue-sweatered girls spun to their feet and motioned to their fellow students in the bleachers. As one, the spectators stood. And following the cheerleaders' graceful gestures, they responded in unison—not with yells, but with sweeping, rhythmic motions of their hands. The Blues and their subs on the side lines grinned at the encouragement, though no sound had been uttered.

They would not have heard sounds. For the team, the cheerleaders, and the enthusiastic rooters all were students at Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C.—the only college in the world for the deaf.

Dr. Leonard M. Elstad, Gallaudet's president, turned to me and commented: "Few people realize it, but the football huddle was invented at Gallaudet in 1880. From necessity, of course. And, incidentally, at indoor games like basketball the students give regular shouted cheers. Indoors, the team can feel sound vibrations through the floor."

Gallaudet was beaten that day by Wilson Teachers College, also of Washington. But by any standards it did well to hold the score to 18-0. For Gallaudet, with an annual enrollment of some 200, is the smallest of the 15 colleges in the Mason-Dixon Intercollegiate Conference; it usually has barely enough men available to form a second team for practice.

While it is outranked by the other conference schools in size, Gallaudet is far from being the youngest in tradition. It was founded in 1864 as the National Deaf-Mute College, through an act of Congress signed by *(Continued on page 71)*

Students at the Washington, D.C., college, founded in 1864 by act of Congress, are top grads of state schools for the deaf

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *Collier Trophy*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS YEAR THE AWARD GOES TO WILLIAM P. LEAR FOR HIS AMAZING 36-POUND AUTOMATIC JET PILOT. THE INVENTION BRINGS NEARER THE DAY WHEN MAN WILL NO LONGER HAVE TO FLY FIGHTER PLANES

By BILL DAVIDSON

ONE sunny, clear day during World War II, a flight of 36 American bomber and fighter planes took off from their bases in the Markham Valley of New Guinea to join an air armada attacking the Japanese stronghold at Hollandia. The mission was a tremendous success, with not one of the 36 planes lost in combat. But—of the 36 only three got back to their bases. The rest cracked up in zero-visibility weather which they encountered on the way home. That April 16, 1944, thereafter became known as "Black Sunday" in the Pacific theater.

This type of mishap occurred repeatedly during the Battle of London and in other crucial air engagements—and it became a nightmare for our postwar military planners. For we *still* were crippled by the same weakness. A paralyzing enemy air attack against the United States, if launched in bad weather, would have found our jet aircraft earth-bound and helpless—unless, as the Western Air Defense Vice-Commander, Brigadier General William M. Morgan, put it, "we were prepared to sacrifice our planes and pilots on kamikaze missions."

Today, however, this nightmare is past—thanks largely to a little 36-pound device, which now is becoming standard equipment in most of our latest jet fighter planes. The device, developed feverishly in the postwar period, has won for its designer, William P. Lear, this year's Collier Trophy; it is possible that no previous winner (including such aviation greats as Orville Wright, Glenn H. Curtiss and General H. H. Arnold) has made a more notable contribution to the safety and welfare of the United States. A statement accompanying the trophy award tells why. It reads, in part: "To William P. Lear, for his outstanding achievement in the development and production of the Lear F-5 Automatic Pilot and Automatic Approach Control Coupler System, *which makes possible the safe landing of jet aircraft regardless of extreme weather or visibility conditions.*"

The trophy was donated by Robert Collier in 1911

The F-5 achieves this by locking into the electronic Instrument Landing System (ILS) which is now standard equipment at most airports. This system consists of twin beams which register on a pilot's instrument panel: One shows his relation to the runway (whether he's too far to the right or left), the other points out the glide path which will bring him down to the runway's edge. With the F-5, all he does is turn a couple of switches; the plane automatically follows the beams to within a few feet of the ground.

Recently, I made a flight from Chicago to New York in a plane equipped with Lear's F-5, to see for myself how the remarkable device works. The pilot was former R.A.F. fighter ace Harry Snow, and as I sat next to him in the copilot's seat, it was difficult for me to believe that the midget black control box between his knee and mine, connected to a mechanism the size of a wastebasket, was automatically flying the plane. It operated just as smoothly and efficiently as standard automatic pilots, which are many times its size, and weigh over 100 pounds more.

The real magic came, however, when we made a fully automatic landing approach at Cleveland. Just after we passed Elyria, Ohio, Snow suddenly pointed to a dial on the instrument panel. A needle was moving toward the center of the dial.

"We're about 10 miles from Cleveland Airport," Snow said, "and that needle means we are entering the area of an electronic beam that extends out laterally from the end of the runway."

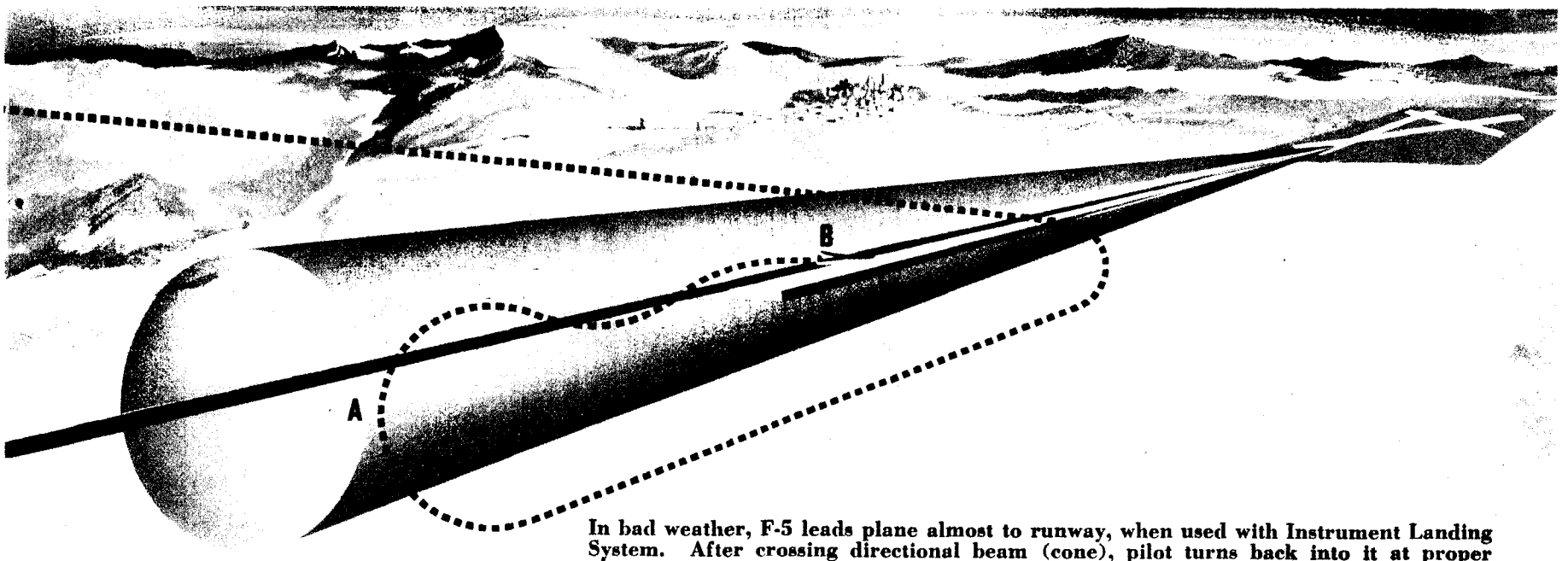
He leaned over and pushed a button labeled "Approach" on the F-5 control box—and from that instant on, the plane acted as if it were being drawn directly to the runway by a giant supernatural force.

Without a human hand touching the controls, the plane's nose swung around until it was pointed toward the airport runway. Then the plane swerved, swayed and made adjustments. Finally, it steadied, and Snow said, "That little box now has found the exact center of the beam and the automatic pilot is flying us right smack along the middle of it." Still Snow did not touch the controls. We felt as if we were being towed in a glider, instead of zooming along in a high-powered aircraft.

Just then another needle began to swing on the dial. Snow said, "Now we're coming in range of the 'glide-slope' beam, leading down to the runway." He reached over and pushed a second button marked "Final." Again as if by magic, the plane's nose dropped. For a moment we bounced around as the F-5 electronically found the exact center of this second beam and locked the automatic pilot into it. The plane fixed its downward course, and we were descending in a gentle slope directly to the runway. Snow's only job was to control the plane's speed.

We approached the end of the runway at 75 feet, bisecting it exactly. At 50 *(Continued on page 69)*

The colorful inventor and his F-5 autopilot. Black box in his hands is the control panel; everything else in the set is under his arm



In bad weather, F-5 leads plane almost to runway, when used with Instrument Landing System. After crossing directional beam (cone), pilot turns back into it at proper angle. At point A, he gets beam signal, turns F-5 switch. Plane then seeks center automatically. Pilot maintains constant altitude until he enters second beam (flat surface) at point B. He turns second switch, and plane descends to runway by itself

AL TARTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wherever You Live

YOU'LL FIND YULE

Once a year, the drab streets of our cities come aglow with sparkling lights, bright costumes and colorful tableaux. Some displays are elaborate, some simple, but all reflect warm Christmas spirit

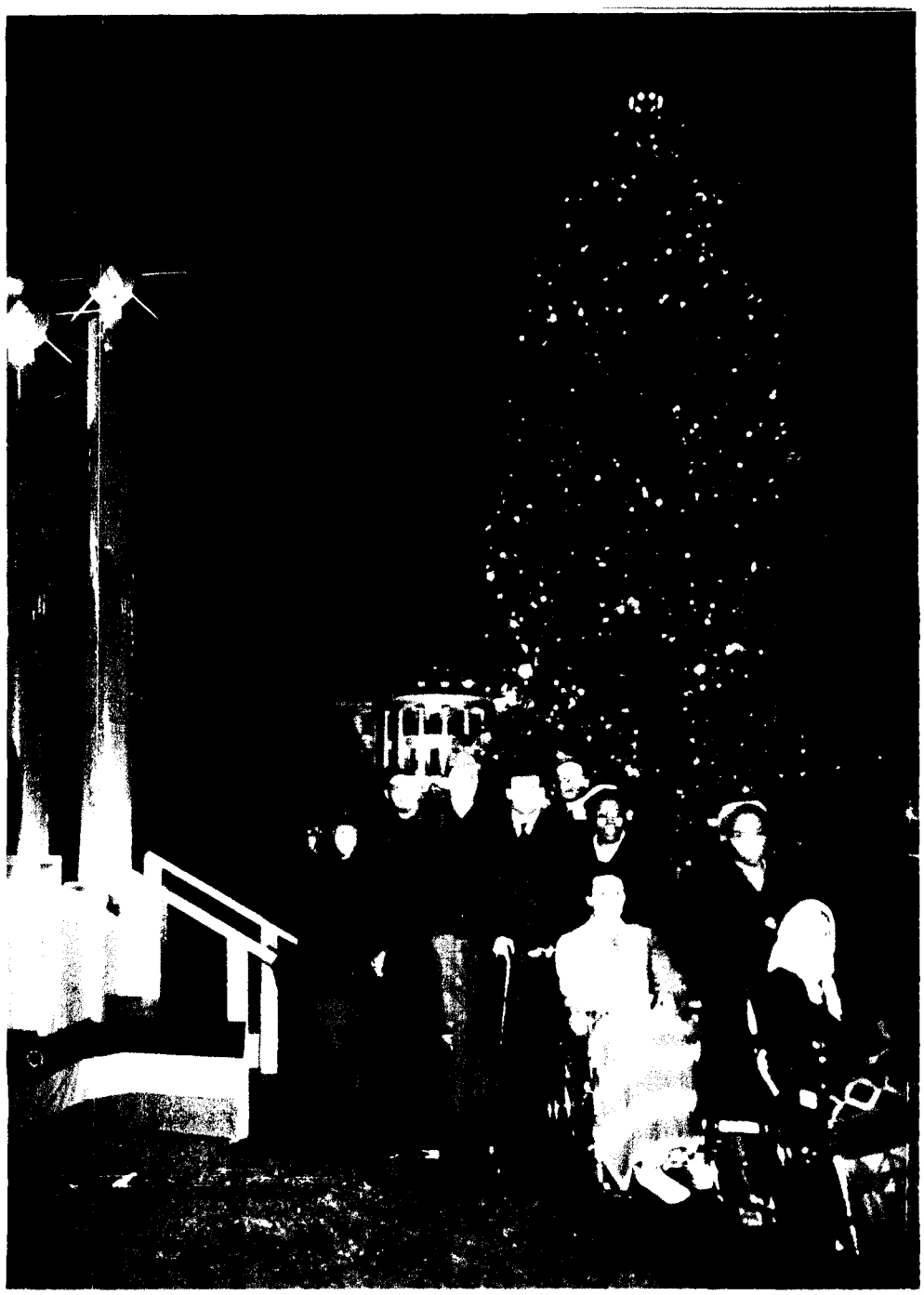
This 50-foot tree is erected by Chicagoans every year at the foot of the city's old water tower. The star is six feet high

This Christmas Eve depiction of the Nativity has been staged in Richmond every year since 1928. Presented outdoors, it always draws thousands of spectators

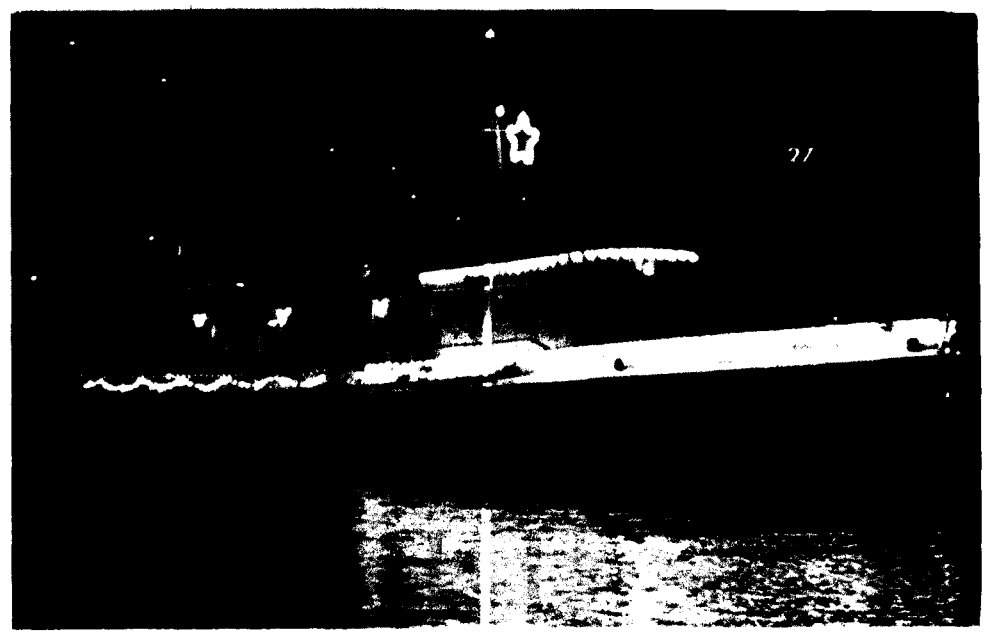
For week-long Shepherd Pageant, San Francisco park employees tend real sheep by the light of star hanging from nearby tree

One of the most famous displays in the nation is this towering, brilliantly lighted Christmas tree which is raised annually in New York City's Rockefeller Center

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

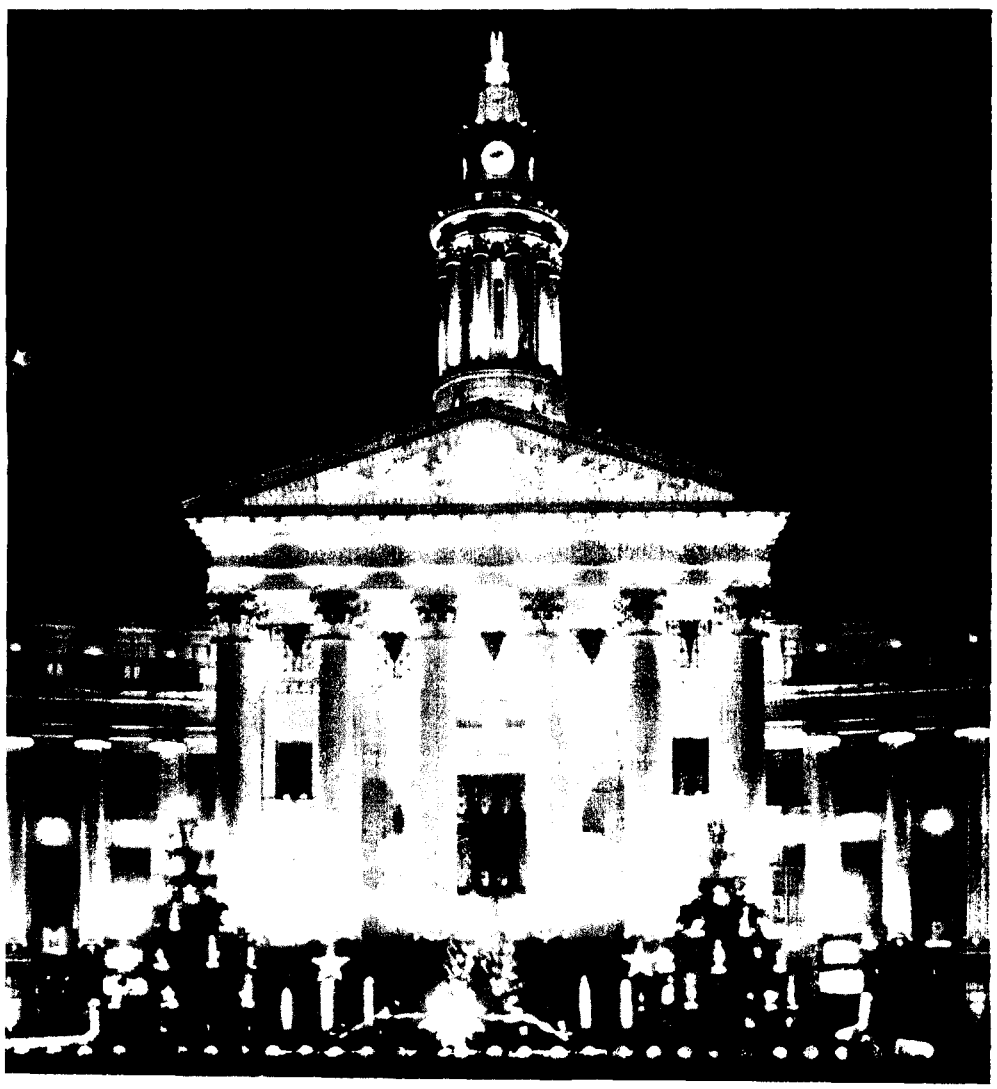


Yuletide attention in Washington focuses on White House. Crowds collect from all over, including local hospitals, for carols. President's message

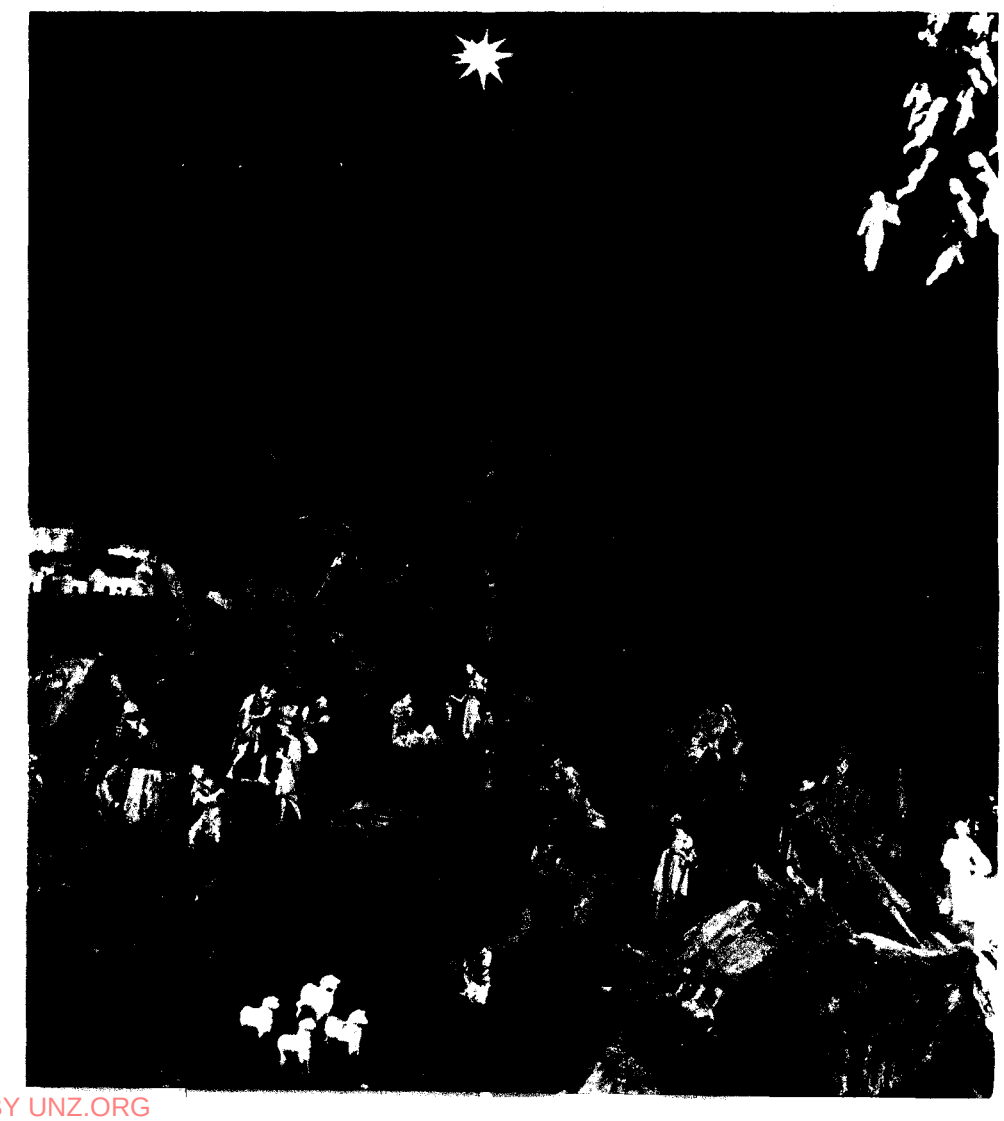


Every night for a week, Seattle is serenaded by symphony musicians and civic opera choristers anchored offshore in this gleaming yacht

Denver's big Civic Center is set ablaze each holiday season with this radiant display. It consists of more than 33,000 lights of all sizes



Carols are an essential part of Christmas all over the world. These singers and players are gathered at the Woodstock, N. Y., village green



Christmas in Bethlehem (Pa.) The Christ story in miniature attracts big crowds every year. The figures in this scene are 11 inches high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISTRIBUTION PROBLEM

By S. W. M. HUMASON

You know Tommy? You can meet him now—along with Alice, a dog who was in the family way, and a family that was in the doggy way

YOU know Muggins?" began Tommy. He usually begins that way. My father couldn't very well say he didn't know Muggins because Muggins was sitting right at his feet waiting for bits of scrambled egg. Once my father made a rule that Muggins was not to be fed at the table. Prohibition never worked either, he explains. As Tommy says, "Muggins *looks* so much."

My father gave Muggins some egg and poured himself another cup of coffee; this was Sunday and the rest of us had had breakfast so long ago it seemed like yesterday. My father said he knew Muggins.

"Well," said Tommy, "he's not a one-man dog."

My father seemed to know what was coming. He often seems to, which I guess is why he's important over at the factory where he works.

"True," he said, "but I am a one-dog man."

Tommy really hears almost everything people say, I think, but if he goes right along as if he hadn't, then it sort of throws people off and they say something else and finally they say what Tommy wanted them to say in the first place.

"Muggins isn't exactly anybody's," said Tommy.

"He's everybody's," said my father. "He's a family affair."

"I sort of want a dog of my own," said Tommy.

"Oh?" said my father. "No. Sorry."

"I got one," said Tommy, and he stepped into the hall where I was holding Alice and brought her in. My father looked at Alice and said, "Moses on the mountaintop," which is how he swears.

Alice was part of so many things it was kind of hard to figure them out. She was brown and white and had long hair but under it you could see a kind of shiny coat. She was medium tall, and quite bowlegged in the front, and she had big ears. One of them stood up and the other fell down. Her tail was long and had feathers on the end —at least it looked as if there'd be feathers after the mud was cleaned off. Her eyes were brown and large and very kind.

My father looked at her quite a long time and then he poured himself another cup of coffee and lighted a cigarette and said, "No."

"She followed me home," said Tommy.

You can never quite call Tommy a liar, because by the time he gets around to saying the things he says, he believes them. We had seen Alice following him home. It was true that Alice came home behind him, but Tommy was pulling her by an old rope that was around her neck. She didn't have any collar. She had looked frightened and not pleased while Tommy was pulling her but she could see already the kind of people we were and she was happy. She wagged her tail and bits of dried mud flew around.

My mother came in just then, and she said, "Goodness, who is that?" I like my mother a lot and she is the kind of lady who would say "Who is that?" and not "What is that?" which some people might of thought of.

"Alice-in-Wonderland," said Tommy.

My sister Anne who is three years older than me (I am Jane) and my brother Larry who is two years older than Anne came in. Larry is of an age where he likes to seem not interested, but is. They both sat down and waited.

"Is she going to live here?" asked my mother.

"No," said my father.

Tommy said, "You know that collar store? I might get her a red collar—or maybe blue. Do they have blue collars?"

My father folded up his newspaper. "She is not going to live here," he said.

"Do they have blue collars?" said Tommy right back at him.

"I don't know," said my father. "I never saw a blue collar. She is not going to live here."

"Red, then," said Tommy. "Do they have red collars?"

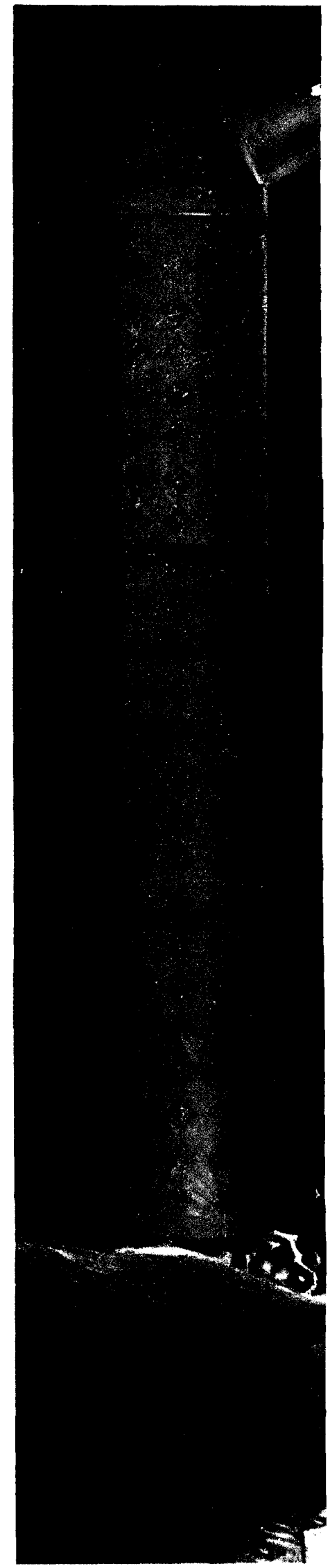
My father threw his newspaper on the floor. "Look," he said, keeping his voice so soft it sounded loud, "we've got a dog—a nice, faithful, loving dog—name of Muggins, thoroughbred on both sides—different breeds, to be sure, but thorough just the same. Don't you like Muggins any more?"

"With her name on it," said Tommy, "and our telephone number."

"Muggins would be very unhappy to have another dog in the house," said my father. "Dogs are jealous. And besides, she is a lady and Muggins is a gentleman and they'd fight. They'd fight all the time."

You never can tell about how much Muggins is going to hear. If he is thinking, he doesn't hear you when you talk right at him, but he can hear the sound of wax paper being wrapped around sandwiches and goes out and gets in the car. Just now he had gone under the table because the egg was all gone and he doesn't like coffee. He came out right then and went and looked at Alice. After he had looked a minute he wagged his tail and licked her face. Alice wagged right back at him, excited and pleased. Everybody laughed except my father.

"We cannot have two dogs," *(Continued on page 64)*



Tommy was sitting in a wooden chair by the furnace. Alice was in her box, her eyes kinder than ever. Muggins watched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATED BY ED GORDON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph Pulitzer II has edited his own obituary. It says: "His heart was more at home in the editorial sanctum than in the countinghouse"

The family has printer's ink in its blood. Joseph Pulitzer III at 37 is his editor-father's right-hand man. The baby is Joseph Pulitzer IV

Bust of founder Pulitzer is in Post-Dispatch lobby. The platform he wrote in 1907 is printed every day on the paper's editorial masthead

Post-Dispatch's Washington bureau carries on in the great tradition set when it exposed the Teapot Dome scandal. Seated at desk is E. A. Harris, Pulitzer prize winner. Others (l. to r.), Wallace R. Deuel, Joseph Hanlon, George H. Hall, bureau chief Raymond Brandt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concluding THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH—PULITZER'S PRIZE

'AN EDITOR *Must Have No Friends'*

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

II

WHEN the luxury liner Titanic was sunk by an iceberg in the North Atlantic on April 15, 1912, with the loss of 1,517 lives, the distant St. Louis Post-Dispatch, through extraordinary luck, got the first and only reporter to the scene. He happened to be a passenger on the Carpathia, which rescued 705 of the Titanic's passengers and crew and brought them to New York.

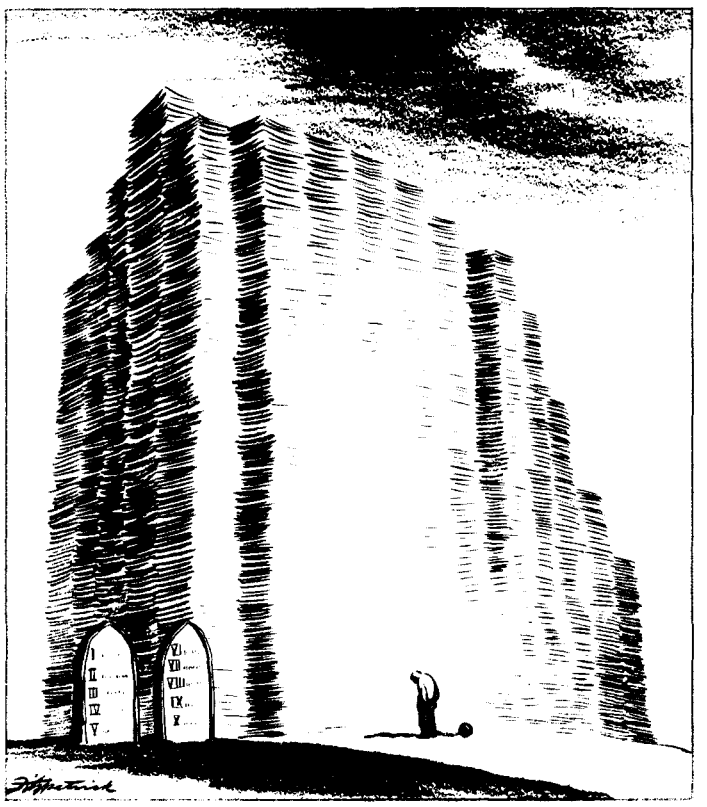
The Carpathia's wireless was closed to private and press messages, so Carlos Hurd, the Post-Dispatch man, had 48 hours to turn out a long, exclusive story on one of the greatest news events of the twentieth century. Ironically, his copy was snatched up at quarantine and printed first in the New York World, which boasted of the scoop for years.

(Both the World and the Post-Dispatch were owned by the Pulitzer family, and often swapped stories; in this case the World got the jump because it was a morning paper, and the Post-Dispatch is published in the afternoon.)

Somewhat the same fate befell another Post-Dispatch reporter, John T. Rogers, when he uncovered the murderer of Jake Hamon, a well-known oil millionaire and Republican national committeeman from Oklahoma, in 1921. First reports from Hamon's home town of Ardmore, Oklahoma, were that he had been shot while cleaning a revolver. But the wire was so oddly worded that it stirred the suspicions of Curtis Betts, a veteran political writer who is still with the Post-Dispatch. Betts knew that Hamon had a mistress named Clara Smith, and there were rumors that President Harding had asked Hamon to dispose of his "woman problem" so he could take a place in Harding's Cabinet. Betts turned this information over to the city desk, and Rogers was sent to Ardmore to investigate.

An assistant district attorney soon confirmed Rogers' theory: Hamon had indeed tried to get rid of Clara Smith, who had shot him and then fled to Fort Worth, Texas. But so great was Hamon's influence, even when dead, that no Oklahoma newspaper had printed these facts, nor had the wire services sent them out. Rogers happily banged out a 4,000-word story and took it to the local telegraph office, where he received a shock. The operator flatly refused to send anything so "scurrilous" about his distinguished fellow townsman.

The P-D's deadline was fast approaching. Rogers jumped in a cab and drove 30 miles to Denison, Texas. There the only telegraph operator was too busy to send his story right away. "Can I send it myself?" asked Rogers, who had started life as a telegrapher, but had not touched a key for 20 years. The operator pointed to an unused transmitter. But when Rogers tried to build a circuit to St. Louis he could get no reply. In desperation he called for the New York World, which came in and took the story. Later that Sunday morning it was relayed to the Post-Dispatch, but the World hit the street first with the P-D's beat.



The Laws of Moses and the Laws of Today

Dramatizing complaints about the multiplicity of laws, Fitzpatrick won 1926 Pulitzer prize with this cartoon

Most older Post-Dispatch men are convinced that John Rogers was the greatest crime reporter who ever lived, though he never became very well-known nationally. Rogers was not a flashy writer; in fact, many of his best stories were written in the office by others. His particular talent lay in making people tell him things they shouldn't. Murderers, congressmen, kidnapers, judges, gangsters and embezzlers all talked to Rogers—and were surprised later to find that they had talked too much. Charley Birger, bloodiest of gang leaders in the bloodstained "Little Egypt" of southern Illinois, unburdened himself to Rogers in 1926, and wound up with a noose around his neck.

At his trial for the murder of Mayor Joe Adams of West City, Illinois, Birger spoke only once. That was when he rose from his chair, pointed to Rogers, and exclaimed: "I owe all my trouble to that man there." But later he experienced a change of heart. On his way to the scaffold he stopped before another P-D reporter, Roy Alexander (now managing editor of Time), and said: "A rabbi has made a dunce of me—he's convinced me that I should go out of the world holding no grudges. So tell Rogers that I forgive him."

In 1922, at the personal request of Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, Rogers was assigned to investigate the kidnaping of two young white planters by the Ku Klux Klan near Mer Rouge, Louisiana. They were believed to have been murdered, but their bodies could not be found. State police had run into a wall of silence, and local authorities, who were under the Klan's domination, were not disposed to investigate. Rogers had scarcely arrived and unpacked his bags in a hotel room when he received a call from the local Exalted Cyclops, Captain J. R. Skipwith, warning him to get out of town before nightfall.

But he stayed on and drove about the hostile countryside for several days, looking for someone to talk to. Finally he found a farmer who blurted out: "Look in Bayou Lafourche. But don't come back here any more!" Rogers got a skiff and rowed out into Bayou Lafourche, a still and lonesome body of water hemmed in by tall cypress trees festooned with Spanish moss. While he was studying the shore line a rifle cracked among the trees, and a bullet hissed past him into the water. A second later, another bullet shattered an oarlock. Rogers jumped out of his boat and swam ashore. He was sure now that he had the right place.

Returning to St. Louis, he hired a diver and arranged for a squad of Louisiana state policemen to accompany him on his next visit to Bayou Lafourche. It was late on a moonlit night when they arrived. At first they tried dynamiting; then they dragged the lake for hours, without success. But just before dawn the diver discovered the bodies. They had been held down on the muddy bottom by heavy mill machinery tied around their necks.

The wave of revulsion produced by this discovery was a crippling blow to the Ku Klux Klan throughout the nation. At the ensuing trials Rogers was able to show that the murders had been officially ordered and carried out by the local Klan, and several Klansmen were convicted.

Rogers had the advantage of working during what might be called the golden age of American crime, when the assorted influences of prohibition, easy prosperity, desperate depression, and isolation from the bigger worries of the world all combined to make traditional U.S. lawlessness an absorbing newspaper topic. Since about 1939 crime news on an individual scale has been overshadowed by the much bigger crimes which nations commit against each other.

The Post-Dispatch, however, still maintains the most far-ranging and best-informed crime staff of any newspaper in the *(Continued on page 47)*

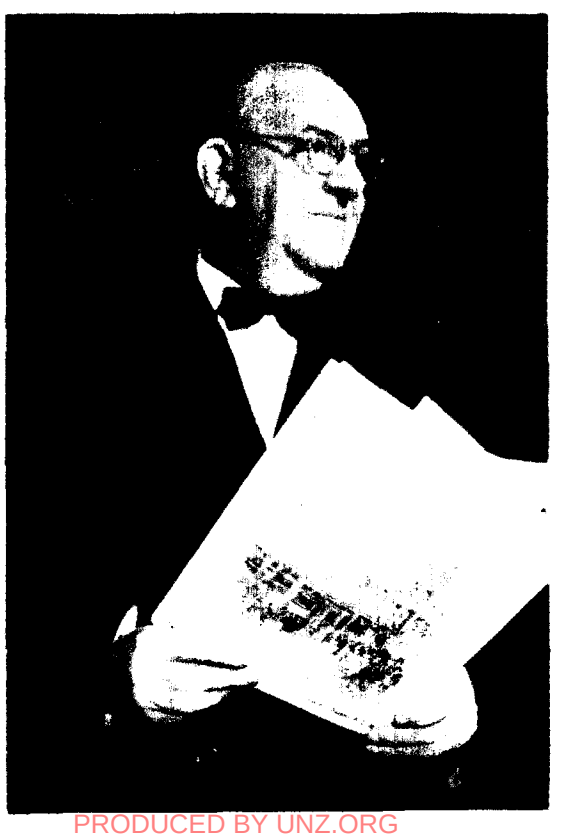
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER AND TOM O'HALLORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author entertains some friends at Luchow's. From left to right, they are: textile manufacturer Ernest Horvath (back to camera); TV star Maggi McNellis Newhouse; industrialist Donald Nelson, who once headed the War Production Board; Mrs. Bob Considine; Considine; the present proprietor of the old restaurant, Leonard Jan Mitchell; Mrs. Nelson; Clyde Newhouse of the Newhouse Art Galleries; and Mrs. Horvath

Owner Mitchell approves a house specialty—schnitzel—as cooked by Chef Charles Pickell

Headwaiter Ernst Seute has been one of the fixtures at Luchow's restaurant for 38 years



A job at Luchow's may easily last a lifetime. Hugo Schemke, a waiter, started there in 1905

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brahms, Bratwurst and Bock

By BOB CONSIDINE

A FASHIONABLE New York lady who is related to me by marriage—her name is Mrs. Considine—ran slightly amuck one recent Sunday evening while deep in the throes of a rigid diet.

A vagrant breeze apparently had caressed old Luchow's restaurant on its way to her. In what amounted to nothing flat, we were speeding downtown to the old eating place on seamy Fourteenth Street. There, the lady's laugh, life and vitality were restored by a heaping order of mouth-watering *Sauerbraten*—the same recipe which had served generations before her.

Mrs. C. went for the home-prepared *pâté*, too, and the potato pancakes, and a seidel of palate-tickling Würzburger—a venerable Munich beer which Luchow's has imported for more than half a century. She stopped just short of the indescribable German pancakes with *Preiszelbeeren*.

"What about the diet?" I asked, sadistically.

"Oh, *that*," she said. "Tonight doesn't count. Luchow's is different."

It *is* different. And it has been since Chester A. Arthur was in the White House, and Fourteenth Street was New York City's most important thoroughfare. Time stopped ticking at Luchow's the day it opened, 68 years ago. It is one spot which has bridged the chasms between war and peace, ages and personalities—a unique and thriving monument of the past. The cars that purr up to its antique doors today are streamlined to the times, but if you stay inside the mellow place long enough you see or sense the well-fed ghosts of its bygone diners: tenor Enrico Caruso, lured there again by the pig's knuckles he found irresistible; Al Smith, come to wave a sensitive and grateful nose over a sizzling schnitzel; Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell, and the endless other giants of a different and simpler era, still there in spirit.

The expansive old dining room at Luchow's gives a modern diner the curiously elated feeling of being in mid-Atlantic on a German liner, circa 1900. On a little elevation still sits the piano used by Paderewski the night he got up from his *Hamburger Kuchen in der Pfanne gebraten mit Gemüse*, to play superbly for his distinguished Polish confrere from the Metropolitan Opera, Jean de Reszke. There, too, stood violinist Fritz Kreisler, moved to impromptu melody by the magic of the place and a companionship induced by the customers' common interest in dishes hardly obtainable elsewhere. And nearby, once upon a time, sat Baron Ferdinand von Sinsig, the man who holds the Luchow drinking record of 36 seidels of beer in one sitting.

In the harried, ulcerous city of New York in 1950 A.D., Luchow's is a colorful anachronism. It is as out of place and period as, let's say, a silk stocking on a cave woman. In the heady atmosphere of old German waltzes and food which seems impossible in an era that produced the nine-day diet, Luchow's remains serenely indifferent to the contradictions which swarm around it.

For example, it is one of the rare exceptions to the bristling rivalry among restaurateurs, which is probably more marked in New York City than in any other of the world's principal dining towns. Although they often are openly hostile toward one another, the proprietors of New York's better eating places never work up any jealousy of Luchow's. Luchow's, they agree, is different. None has ever been heard expressing resentment of anything about the old place: its financial success, its superb food, its ability to keep waiters so long that they begin to resemble antique steins, or its *décor*—a heavy black and brown best described as Early North German Lloyd.

Luchow's has attained this position of eminence despite one major self-imposed handicap: its refusal to follow along when New York's business, theatrical, literary, artistic and political life moved uptown. Luchow's chose to remain on Fourteenth Street, where, surrounded by cheap moving picture theaters and cut-rate stores, it maintains the atmosphere of the past with never a glance at the chrome, neon and gas buggies of the twentieth century.

This ability to endure in the face of changing times is perhaps one of the secrets of Luchow's success. In 1917-'18, it survived a period so fiercely anti-German that dachshunds fell into dark disfavor and honest old sauerkraut came to be called Liberty Cabbage. From 1919 to 1933 it suffered what is considered the shocking loss of its Würzburger, along with such wondrous German wines as Whelener Sonnenberg, Rüdesheimer Schlossberg, Rauentaler, Forster Jesuitengarten, Deidesheimer, Niersteiner and a $25-a-quart classic called Steinberger Trockenbeeren Auslese Cabinet.

Old German Tradition Maintained

By the time Hitler came along, Luchow's was well-versed in the practice of survival. While other German restaurants were rechristened by their harassed owners with Swiss names and adorned with Alpine murals, the old place on Fourteenth Street calmly maintained its name, its atmosphere, its menu—and its customers. It was now a tradition, untroubled by the vagaries of domestic and international politics.

The founder of this institution was an immigrant named August Luchow, who came to this country from Hanover in 1879 and got a job at a place named Stewart's—a *Bierstube* in downtown New York's Duane Street. He made enough as a waiter there to be able to look around for something better within one year. He chose another beer place, one of somewhat questionable clientele, named Mehlbach's. And he chose well, for by 1882 he was able to buy out the owner. Luchow's first act of office as proprietor was to tear down Mehlbach's name over the front door and put up his own. His second act of office was to ask the more dubious customers to frequent some other place. The third act was to clean the beer pipes, a practice religiously followed since then by his two successors. The celebrated kitchen and expanded dining area came a bit later, as the money rolled in.

Then started the golden age of Luchow's. The Winchell of the restaurant became James Huneker, a remarkable early-John Kieran-plus-Deems Taylor, who started out in New York in 1886 as a piano teacher and became the last word in music criticism with, respectively, the New York Recorder, the Morning Advertiser, the Sun and the Times. Urged on by Huneker, the customers poured in, many notables among them.

As the years rolled on toward World War I, Luchow's attracted the patronage of financiers like Henry Morgenthau, Sr., Jules S. Bache and Otto Kahn; tycoon sportsmen like Bet-a-Million Gates and Jim Brady; countless stars of the entertainment world, including Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern, John McCormack, Paderewski, Caruso, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Lillian Russell; politicians such as Al Smith and young Jim Farley; musically inclined people like Victor Herbert (who formed the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers at one of Luchow's tables) and young Gene Buck, who became ASCAP's president; writers of the type of O. Henry, O. O. McIntyre, Arthur Brisbane, H. L. Mencken, Damon Runyon, George Jean Nathan . . . and Benjamin de Casseres.

De Casseres, from the driest gulch of the prohibition period, wrote a piece for Mencken's old Mercury magazine which must be quoted for the reader's better understanding of the intense loyalty commanded by this unique dining institution. Speaking of his first visit to Luchow's some years before, De Casseres wrote:

"As I entered the place the cells of my pylorus and the psychons of my memory clicked, for my maternal grandmother was born in Munich, and so my hereditary will-to-guzzle chortled with the delight of recognition . . . I saw at a glance there was no such place as Luchow's. The dark wood, the high ceiling, the ultra-Teutonic waiters, the dripping bar, the mounded free lunch, the heavenly odor of pig's knuckles, sauerkraut and paprika schnitzel—all these things saturated me with an indescribable feeling of contentment.

"I anchored at the bar . . . As (the beer) went down—seidel after seidel—every atom of my body bloomed with radiant *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIRACLE in the HEART

This was the season when a pilot could get laid off. So, when the blow fell, Collins had already decided to go back to the shoe business. You could *count* on that—and who counts on miracles?

By ROBERT DEXTER NEFF

DRESSED for duty in the blue uniform with copilot's stripes and hard-visored cap, Stan Collins stood near the dazzling tree in the toy department of the big San Francisco department store. Not much time, he thought, consulting his wrist watch. He was due at the airport in an hour. His present captain, Walter Kreiger, senior pilot on Coastal Air Lines, was inclined to be tough on tardy copilots.

Tall, weather-tanned, Stan stood towering over the Christmas Eve crowd of children, watching the clattering electric train over their shoulders. Temptation tugged against a failing determination to be sensible.

"I'm going to buy it!" he told himself. "With no bank reserve it might be dumb, but I'm going to do it! Terry's been talking trains for months now. Besides, I've got a job this year. I'm going to blow them to a real Christmas for a change."

He remembered the last three Christmases, when he'd been out of a job. Every year he'd been laid off sometime during the holiday week. No fault of his own. No fault of anybody's really. It was just that people didn't fly so much during the winter. The air lines had to cut schedules; that meant they had to furlough junior pilots. The hell of it was that business always seemed to boom right up to Christmas Eve, with added mail, and people flying home to their families.

It almost made him sick now to remember how he'd gone home last Christmas morning to Sue, his wife, and six-year-old Terry. He had walked in the front door to a room they'd decorated to surprise him and said, "Merry Christmas, kids," and added ruefully, "The head of the house is out of a job again."

The first time he had been laid off Sue had taken it well. "We'll get by, Stan," she had said cheerfully. "I'll plan some economical meals. It's only till June. Be kind of nice having you home every night for a while."

He got a job in a shoe store. It didn't pay much and it wasn't a job he liked. But everybody had to take it on the button once in a while. And wasn't he the lucky one, having Sue and Terry?

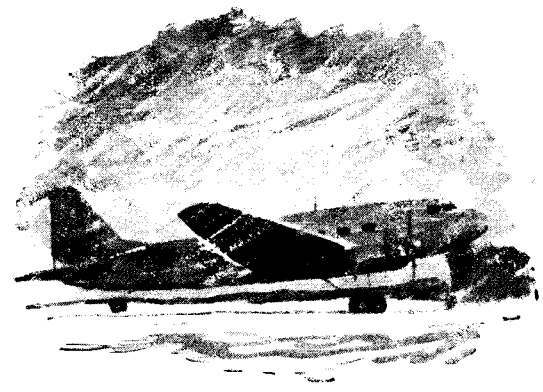
By last year, with added seniority, he was one of the last to be furloughed. Sue couldn't help crying a little when he told her.

"I'm sorry, Stan," she said, forcing a smile through her tears. "I know this isn't the way to act. But this is the third time our holiday has been spoiled. Are you sure working for the air line is worth it?"

"But I almost hung on this year," he said. "By next year I'll be safe. Someday there'll be captain's pay, Sue. Then I can make this all up to you."

"Okay, Stan," she said, drying her eyes and giving him a brave smile. "I know what flying means to you. We'll make out one more time."

Once again he took a job at Maganini's Shoe Store for the winter. When he left in the spring Maganini offered him a job as head of the boys' department. "I like you Stan," he said. "You got a way with kids. If you stay, twenty more a week and a bonus."



That was good money. Not captain's pay, but good. When he told Sue about it she was thrilled. "Stan, I'm proud of you!" she exclaimed. "Are you sure you should go back to Coastal? Maybe this is right for us. It's steady. We could start buying a home and getting things we need."

He felt something roll over inside. Give up flying! She must have seen the panic in his eyes. "Oh, no, Stan darling—I didn't mean that! It's just that we've had such a rough time with the air line—"

He put his arms around her. "Thanks, hon," he said. "I know it's been tough. But I'll be in solid now. Enough seniority to hang on next year. And if I don't I'll give it up. Will you back me one more round?"

"Sure, Stan," she said. "I'll keep backing you as long as you want to fight it."

He made a solemn promise to himself: If he got laid off once more he'd never go back. Sue deserved some security. You couldn't take advantage of her willingness forever.

But I didn't get laid off, he reminded himself, shifting his long frame to let a lady with two small girls get closer to Santa. I have my job and pay checks coming. I'm going to buy that train for Terry and the electric mixer for Sue. After all, I haven't given them any real presents for a long time.

Feeling a fine glow at his decision, he elbowed his way to the train counter. "The No. 10A set," he told the weary-looking clerk. "I'm buying it this time."

He'd looked at it four times; the clerk had a right to be relieved. "And listen," Stan added impulsively, "throw in a set of automatic switches."

At the appliance store near the cabstand he had a brief scare. It seemed for a minute that he didn't have enough money to buy the mixer he'd selected. The saleswoman, a dour-looking person, eyed him impatiently as he rounded up the last of his change. Then she snapped, "Mixing bowl on this one's cracked." She tapped it with her pencil. "Give you a dollar off." He grinned in relief, though he couldn't see the crack. "Thanks," he said, "and Merry Christmas."

She smiled an unpracticed smile. "Merry Christmas.". . .

He arrived at the airport loaded with boxes and ran up to Dispatch to start a flight plan. Funny how everybody loosens up on Christmas Eve, he thought, piling the boxes on the end of the operations counter. The cabdriver grins and helps you with your boxes without a beef. The porter gives you a hand through the front door with the cheery smile he usually saves for revenue passengers. Even the hard-bitten dispatcher, who reportedly last smiled on V-J day, gives you a fleeting grin and says, "Bud, it looks like you've shot the works."

And feeling good yourself you laugh and say, "Brother, you're not kidding. I'll be eating fillet of wienie till Easter to make up for this." For twelve or fourteen hours, he thought, everybody loves everybody. Then they drop it. And why? Just a Christmas miracle, he decided, picking up the weather forecasts. Maybe the reason it doesn't last is because nobody goes for miracles any more. They bet their chips on radar and jets and Mach numbers.

He forced himself to concentrate on the flight plan. The weather would be clear and cold with tail winds most of the way home to Salt Lake City.

AT SALT LAKE the moist air was hitting the Wasatch Mountains, lifting violently and showering the foothill area with the heaviest snowfall of the season. Terry had asked him every day if they'd have a white Christmas. They certainly would. About two feet of it on the runway.

He finished the plan as Captain Kreiger came into the room. "Evening, Collins," Kreiger said.

"Evening, Captain," Stan answered. Kreiger took a pencil from his coat pocket and inspected the flight plan. Buoyant with holiday spirit, Stan wanted to say something more casual and friendly to Kreiger. And if Kreiger would break down and say a word to show Stan had made his team, that he was glad they were taking this holiday flight together . . . well, that would be about the best present Stan could ask for. But it wasn't like that with Kreiger. He was always impersonal and efficient. Quiet, remote, he rarely talked, except about business. Stan had been flying with him three months now and hadn't been able to get through his armor yet. It was doubly disappointing because Stan had been so enthused when the assignment to Kreiger had been posted.

"Think of it, Sue," he had said. "I'll be sitting right up there with Walt Kreiger, probably the greatest air-line pilot in the country. Why, when I was a kid I used to lie on *(Continued on page 44)*

Stan stood near the dazzling Christmas tree in the toy department of the big store. Not much time, he thought, looking at his watch

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let Nothing You Dismay

By RUTH HARNDEN

SHE had spent the afternoon trimming the tree. She had trimmed it after the fashion of her native land, with bright red polished apples hanging, for balance and for beauty, under each pure-white candle. The old customs, her distant youth, were sharp to her memory. Sometimes they were sharper than the events of her present life in this New England village where she had come so many years ago and raised her American family. Sometimes, and more often of late, she would find herself forgetting things that had happened only the week before. She would make confusing mistakes, answer letters she had answered already, or else forget to answer them at all. It surprised her very much. She could remember so brilliantly every tree in her mother's garden, every street in the small Swedish town where she had grown up, every face and name of her early playmates and neighbors. It was very puzzling.

She sat now in the dark room, in the fragrance from the balsam tree, and watched the year's first snow falling beyond the window. She would not light the candles yet. She was saving them for the children. If the snow kept up, she knew, it would make the walking bad. But she hoped that it would keep up. She found it beautiful—and more than that. She had never lost, or perhaps she had found again, a childlike sense of magic in the presence of the first snowfall.

How strange it must be, she thought, to live where there is always snow. There was Hilda in the mountains of Oregon—Hilda who had cooked for her so faithfully until she married that crazy miner and went to live in some shack in the wilds. *So cold,* she would write in her letters. *Always so cold it is, I think I never be warm again.*

Rocking gently in the warm room, smelling the Christmas tree, watching the quick, feathered air outside, she thought with satisfaction of the socks she had knit for Hilda. Six pairs, extra heavy. Hilda's feet, at least, would be warm.

She had mailed them in plenty of time. Last week, wasn't it? And there was still a week to go before Christmas. But then, she asked herself abruptly, what was it that she had mailed this morning? Something to Hilda, she was sure. She remembered thinking of her at the post office this morning, and she had written on the wide, flat box— But that was impossible! That was the box from Martins. That was the nightie for Janie who was getting married right after Christmas.

Her granddaughter getting married! Only think. It was hard to realize. And it was the loveliest nightie she could find, the color of honeysuckle and trimmed with real lace. "Extravagant," she told herself dutifully now, but it didn't prevent her from smiling. It was so beautiful, and so was Janie—and she was getting married. Nineteen. Janie was nineteen. It didn't seem possible. And she had sent the nightie this morning to . . .

She stopped the gently rocking chair and sat straighter, trying to stop her thoughts until she could straighten them.

She had stood at the table in the post office, under the placard listing the states and their mailing dates— For Florida, For Oregon—and she had thought of Hilda. "Oh, dear!" she said aloud, because now she could remember very clearly writing Mrs. Hilda Borge, writing the Oregon address. "And the socks?" she asked herself. Had she sent the socks to Janie in Florida? But she could write to Janie. She could explain. It was of Hilda that she needed to think.

For a moment she was seeing the plain and practical Hilda with an awful clarity, because she was seeing her in relation to the bridal nightie, the gleaming satin, the cobweb lace. It was a picture so incongruous as to be almost indecent. And no one would be quicker to know that than Hilda herself. How she scorned all softness, all luxury and beauty, out of the protective shell she had built around her own poverty and plainness. "Such nonsense!" she could hear Hilda saying. "When so many are hungry, and cold." But it was really the beauty that Hilda feared, as though she had to deny its existence or she would have to admit her own deprivation—her small, middle-aged, shapeless body, her homely work-scarred hands, the hopeless plainness of her face. She was unredeemed by a single beauty, and the only wonder was that even the thickheaded, bowlegged miner had wanted to marry her.

Would Hilda ever understand that it was only an old woman's fumbling mistake and not an insult, not a mockery to send that exquisite gossamer nightie into her poor stark shack where, in all likelihood, she slept in her long woolen underwear? Or would it break her heart with its terrible contrast to her own ugliness, its terrible reminder of all the luxury and loveliness that had no place in her own life? "How could I?" she asked herself. "And for Christmas, too?" The happiest time of the year, the time for remembering old friends with love and with loving gifts. Even now in the distance, but still distinctly, she could hear the carol singers lifting their voices on the sharp and snow-filled air. "God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay . . ." How ironic the words seemed to her now, like a rebuke to her shameful stupidity, her cruel blunder.

IT WAS only the day after Christmas that she had Janie's wire from Miami—Janie who was so young and impatient, and too busy with her wedding plans to sit down and write a letter. *Marvelous ski socks,* the wire read. *How did you guess where we were spending our honeymoon?* So that, at least, was all right, even though she had forgotten, after all, to write an explanation to Janie. Now she was glad that she hadn't written. Ski socks, indeed! It made her think of her own youth in Sweden, and it was a number of minutes before her mind returned to the present. But then she *had* sent the nightie to Hilda! For a little while, for a few happy Christmas days she had forgotten.

It was another week before Hilda's letter came. *Old Hilda,* it began (in the middle of her own thought, after the habit of her simplicity). For a second she thought her worst fears had been realized and her heart shook. But her eyes moved rapidly on. *Old Hilda, they think, there is only to keep her warm. So they send the sweaters, the mittens, the socks. What could make her pretty, such a one, eh? But you, my lovely friend, you have the other heart, the other eyes, and I am beautiful now! I open up the tight-air stove so the room is full of heat, and I put on my so beautiful dress made for dancing, and what you think? I dance! Old Hilda dance, can you think of it? And my Tim he come and dance with me. Ha, I think my Tim he fall in love with me all over again.* THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guard Against

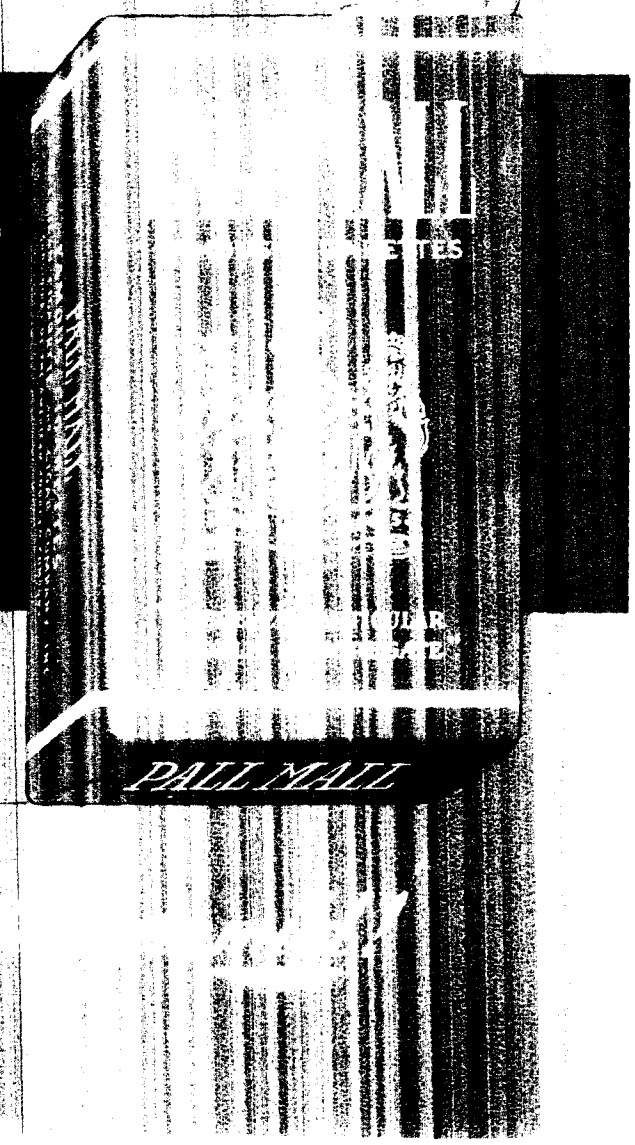
—enjoy smo

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs *or 10...* *or 17...* when you smoke PALL MALL

Puff by Puff 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 *You're Always Ahead*

STUDY THE PUFF CHART! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.



Outstanding...and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Friendship speaks the Magic Words

From San Francisco's highest hills to New York's tallest towers—from windy Chicago and the Twin Cities to balmy Miami and New Orleans—in cities, in towns and villages all over the U.S.A.—everywhere it's Christmas!

"Merry Christmas!" With what swift magic these welcome words smooth away the little cares, the petty irritations

"Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas..."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYWHERE

of ordinary living. With what deep joy they fill the heart, as friend greets friend with friendship's happiest salute!

Surely only the finest, the most desired of gifts, is fine enough to accompany these words. For years, those who welcome the luxury of fine whiskey have particularly welcomed the gift of Seagram's finest American whiskey...7 Crown.

In fact, for years, more season's toasts have been pledged in 7 Crown than in any kindred holiday cheer.

So, may we suggest to you who have friends with a taste for fine whiskey that you be sure to give the gift they will most surely appreciate... Seagram's 7 Crown! A truly grand way to say..."Merry Christmas!"

give **Seagram's** *and be of the finest"*

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Candle in the Forest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Don't say that again," snapped the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I want the rent as soon as possible."

With that, she flung up her head and marched out of the front door, and it slammed behind her and made wild echoes in the little house.

And the Small Girl's mother stood there alone in the middle of the floor, and her eyes were like the sea in a storm.

BUT presently the door opened, and the Small Girl, looking like a red-breast robin, hopped in, and after her came a great black cat with his tail in the air, and he said "Purr-up," which gave him his name.

And the Small Girl said out of the things she had been thinking, "Mother, why don't we have turkey?"

The clear look came back into the eyes of the Small Girl's mother, and she said, "Because we are content."

And the Small Girl said, "What is 'content'?"

And her mother said: "It is making the best of what God gives us. And our best for Christmas Day, my darling, is a beefsteak pie."

So she kissed the Small Girl, and they finished peeling the vegetables, and then they put them with a pound of steak to simmer on the back of the stove.

After that, the Small Girl had her supper of bread and milk, and Pussy Purr-up had milk in a saucer on the hearth, and the Small Girl climbed up in her mother's lap and said, "Tell me a story."

But the Small Girl's mother said, "Won't it be nicer to talk about Christmas presents?"

And the Small Girl sat up and said, "Let's."

And the mother said, "Let's tell each other what we'd rather have in the whole wide world—"

"Oh, let's," said the Small Girl. "And I'll tell you first that I want a doll—and I want it to have a pink dress—and I want it to have eyes that open and shut—and I want it to have shoes and stockings—and I want it to have curly hair—"

She had to stop, because she didn't have any breath left in her body, and when she got her breath back, she said, "Now, what do you want, Mother—more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"Well," said her mother, "I want a chocolate mouse."

"Oh," said the Small Girl, scornfully, "I shouldn't think you'd want that."

"Why not?"

"Because a chocolate mouse—why, a chocolate mouse isn't anything."

"Oh! yes, it is," said the Small Girl's mother. "A chocolate mouse is Dickory-Dock, and Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat-Where-Have-You-Been — and it's Three-Blind-Mice—and it's A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-go—and it's—"

The Small Girl's eyes were dancing. "Oh, tell me about it—"

And her mother said: "Well, the mouse in Dickory-Dock ran *up* the clock, and the mouse in Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat was frightened *under* a chair, and the mice in Three-Blind-Mice ran *after* the farmer's wife, and the mouse in A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-Go went *down* the throat of the crow—"

And the Small Girl said, "Could a chocolate mouse do all that?"

"Well," said the Small Girl's mother, "we could put him *on* the clock, and *under* a chair, and cut his tail *off* with a carving-knife, and at the very last we could eat him *up* like a crow."

The Small Girl shivered deliciously. "And he wouldn't be a real mouse."

"No, just a chocolate one, with cream inside."

"Do you think I'll get one for Christmas?"

"I'm not sure."

"Would he be nicer than a doll?"

The Small Girl's mother hesitated, then told the truth. "My darling—Mother saved up the money for a doll, but the Next-Door-Neighbor wants the rent."

"Hasn't Daddy any more money?"

"Poor Daddy has been sick so long."

"But he's well now."

"I know. But he has to pay money for doctors, and money for medicine, and money for your red sweater, and money for milk for Pussy Purr-up, and money for our beefsteak pie."

"The Boy-Next-Door says we're poor, Mother."

"We are rich, my darling. We have love, and each other, and Pussy Purr-up—"

"His mother won't let him have a cat," said the Small Girl, with her mind still on the Boy-Next-Door, "but he's going to have a radio."

"Would you rather have a radio than Pussy Purr-up?"

The Small Girl gave a crow of derision. "I'd rather have Pussy Purr-up than anything else in the whole wide world."

At that, the great cat, who had been sitting on the hearth with his paws tucked under him and his eyes like moons, stretched out his satin-shining length, and jumped up on the arm of the chair beside the Small Girl and her mother, and began to sing a song that was like a mill-wheel away off. He purred so long and so loud that at last the Small Girl grew drowsy.

"Tell me some more about the chocolate mouse," she said, and nodded, and slept.

The Small Girl's mother carried her into another room, put her to bed, and came back to the kitchen—and it was full of shadows.

But she did not let herself sit among them. She wrapped herself in a great cape and went out into the cold dusk, with a sweep of wind; heavy clouds overhead; and a band of dull orange showing back of the trees, where the sun had burned down.

SHE went straight from her little house to the big house of the Next-Door-Neighbor and rang the bell at the back entrance. A maid let her into the kitchen and there was the Next-Door-Neighbor, and the two women who worked for her, and a Daughter-in-Law who had come to spend Christmas. The great range was glowing, and things were simmering, and things were stewing, and things were steaming, and things were baking, and things were boiling, and things were broiling, and there was a fragrance of a thousand delicious dishes in the air.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said: "We are trying to get as much done as possible tonight. We are having twelve people for Christmas dinner tomorrow."

And the Daughter-in-Law, who was all dressed up and had an apron tied about her, said in a sharp voice, "I can't see why you don't let your maids work for you."

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said: "I have always worked. There is no excuse for laziness."

And the Daughter-in-Law said: "I'm not lazy, if that's what you mean. And we'll never have any dinner if I have to cook it." and away she went out of the kitchen with tears of rage in her eyes.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said, "If she hadn't gone when she did, I should have told her to go," and there was rage in her eyes, but no tears.

She took her hands out of the pan of bread crumbs and sage, which she was mixing for the stuffing, and said to the Small Girl's mother:

"Did you come to pay the rent?"

The Small Girl's mother handed her the money, and the Next-Door-Neighbor went upstairs to write a receipt. Nobody asked the Small Girl's mother to sit down, so she stood in the middle of the floor, and sniffed the entrancing fragrances, and looked at the mountain of food which would have served her small family for a month.

While she waited, the Boy-Next-Door came in and he said, "Are you the Small Girl's mother?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to have a tree?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see mine?"

"It would be wonderful."

So he led her down a long passage to a great room, and there was a tree which touched the ceiling, and on the very top branches and on all the other branches were myriads of little lights which shone like stars and there were gold balls and silver ones, and gold bells and silver ones, and red and blue and green bells—and under the tree and on it were toys for boys and toys for girls, and one of the toys was a doll in a pink dress!

At that the heart of the Small Girl's mother tightened, and she was glad she wasn't a thief or she would have snatched at the pink doll when the boy wasn't looking and hidden it under her cape and run away with it.

THE Boy-Next-Door was saying: "It's the finest tree anybody has around here. But Dad and Mother don't know that I've seen it."

"Oh, don't they?" said the Small Girl's mother.

"No," said the Boy-Next-Door, with a wide grin, "and it's fun to fool 'em."

"Is it?" said the Small Girl's mother. "Now, do you know, I should think the very nicest thing in the whole wide world would be *not* to have seen the tree."

The Boy-Next-Door stared and said, "Why?"

"Because," said the Small Girl's mother, "the nicest thing in the world would be to have somebody tie a handkerchief around your eyes, as tight as tight, and then to have somebody take your hand and lead you in and out and in and out and in and out until you didn't know where you were, and then to have them untie the handkerchief—and there would be the tree—all shining and splendid—"

She stopped, but her singing voice seemed to echo and re-echo in a great room.

The boy's staring eyes had a new look in them.

"Did anybody ever tie a handkerchief over your eyes?"

"Oh yes—"

"And lead you in and out, and in and out?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody does things like that in our house. They think it's silly."

The Small Girl's mother laughed and her laugh tinkled like a bell. "Do you think it is silly?"

He was eager. "No, I don't."

She held out her hand to him. "Will you come and see our tree?"

"Tonight?"

"No, tomorrow morning—early."

"Before breakfast?"

She nodded.

"Gee, I'd like it."

So that was a bargain, with a quick squeeze of their hands on it. And the Small Girl's mother went back to the kitchen, and the Next-Door-Neighbor came down with the receipt, and the Small Girl's mother went out of the back door and found that the orange band which had burned on the horizon was gone, and that there was just the wind and the sighing of the trees.

Two men passed her on the brick walk which led to the house, and one of the men was saying:

"If you'd only be fair to me, Father."

And the other man said, "All you want of me is money."

"You taught me that, Father."

"Blame it on me—"

"You are to blame. You and Mother—did you ever show me the finer things?"

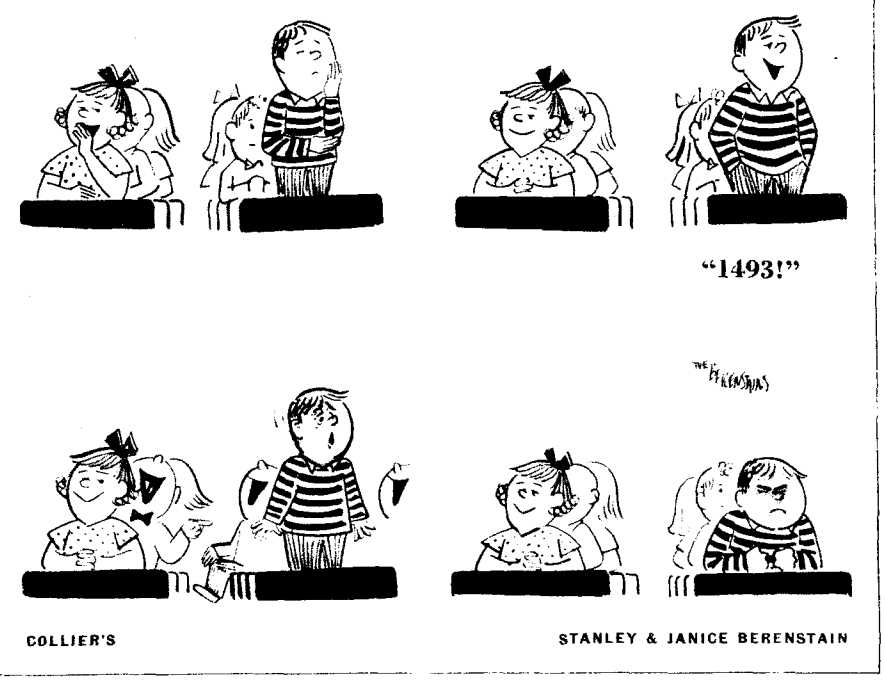
Their angry voices seemed to beat against the noise of the wind and the sighing trees, so that the Small Girl's mother shivered and drew her cape around her, and ran on as fast as she could to her little house.

There were all the shadows to meet her, but she did not sit among them. She made coffee and a dish of milk toast, and set the toast in the oven to keep hot, and then she stood at the window watching. At last she saw through the darkness what looked like a star low down, and she knew that the star was a lantern, and she ran and opened the door wide.

And the young husband set the lantern down on the threshold, and took her in his arms, and said, "The sight of you is more than food and drink."

When he said that, she knew he had had

SISTER



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jim: *I like Kaywoodie smoking best and it saves me money too.*

George: *My Kaywoodie keeps me relaxed all day.*

Tom: *Kaywoodie's style adds a keen look to a fellow's personality.*

Mr. Jones: *I have smoked Kaywoodie Pipes for more than 30 years, and Kaywoodie is still the best pipe for my money.*

Pictured at left, No. 08 Flame-Grain KAYWOODIE, $10.00, the best buy in pipes. Pictured below, No. 12B Super-Grain KAYWOODIE, $5., selected, mellowed, and processed for sweet smoking, and long service. Choose your style from Pamphlet 5, write to Kaywoodie Company, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York—and London.

Drinkless smoke-conditioner

Imported, selected and seasoned with 99 years experience

With a Kaywoodie Pipe you feel at home anywhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a hard day, but her heart leaped, because she knew that what he had said of her was true.

Then they went into the house together, and she set the food before him. And that he might forget his hard day, she told him of her own. And when she came to the part about the Next-Door-Neighbor and the rent, she said:

"I am telling you this because it has a happy ending."

And he put his hands over hers and said, "Everything with you has a happy ending."

"Well, *this* is a happy ending," said the Small Girl's mother, with all the sapphire in her eyes emphasizing it. "Because when I went over to pay the rent I was feeling how poor we were, and wishing that I had a pink doll for baby, and books for you, and —and—and a magic carpet to carry us away from work and worry. And then I went into the kitchen of the big house, and there was everything delicious and delectable, and then I went into the parlor and saw the tree—with everything hanging on it that was glittering and gorgeous—and then I came home"—her breath was quick and her lips smiling—"I came home—and I was glad I lived in my little house."

"What made you glad, dearest?"

"Oh, love is here; and hate is there, and a boy's deceit, and a man's injustice. They were saying sharp things to each other—and—and—their dinner will be a—stalled ox. And in my little house is the faith of a child in the goodness of God and the bravery of a man who fought for his country—"

She was in his arms now.

"And the blessing of a woman who has never known defeat." His voice broke on the words.

In that moment it seemed as if the wind stopped blowing and as if the trees stopped sighing and as if there was the sound of a heavenly host singing—

THE Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father sat up very late that night. They popped a great bowlful of crisp snowy corn and made it into balls. They boiled sugar and molasses and cracked nuts and made candy of them. They cut funny little Christmas fairies out of paper and painted their jackets bright red, with round silver buttons of the tin foil that came on a cream cheese. And then they put the balls and the candy and the painted fairies and a long red candle in a big basket and set it away. And the Small Girl's mother brought out the chocolate mouse.

"We will put this on the clock," she said, "where her eyes will rest on it the first thing in the morning."

So they put it there and it seemed as natural as life, so that Pussy Purr-up positively licked his chops and sat in front of the clock as if to keep his eye on the chocolate mouse.

And the Small Girl's mother said, "She was lovely about giving up the doll, and she will love the tree."

"We'll have to get up very early," said the Small Girl's father.

"And you'll have to run ahead and light the candle."

Well, they got up before the dawn the next morning, and so did the Boy-Next-Door. He was there on the step, waiting, blowing his hands and beating them quite like the poor little boys in a Christmas story, who haven't any mittens.

But he wasn't a poor little boy, and he had so many pairs of fur-trimmed gloves that he didn't know what to do with them, but he had left the house in such a hurry that he had forgotten to put them on.

So there he stood on the front step of the little house, blowing on his hands and beating them. And it was dark, with a sort of pale shine in the heavens, which didn't seem to come from the stars or to herald the dawn; it was just a mystical silver glow that set the boy's heart to beating.

He had never been out alone like this. He had always stayed in his warm bed until somebody called him, and then he had dressed and gone down to breakfast, where his father scolded because he was late, and his mother scolded because he ate too fast. But this day had begun with adventure, and for the first time, under that silver sky, he felt the thrill of it.

Then suddenly someone came around the corner—someone tall and thin, with a cap on his head and an empty basket in his hands.

"Hello," he said. "A Merry Christmas."

IT WAS the Small Girl's father, and he put the key in the lock, and went in, and turned on a light, and there was the table set for four.

And the Small Girl's father said: "You see we have set a place for you. We must eat something before we go out."

And the Boy said: "Are we going out? I came to see the tree."

"We are going out to see the tree."

Before the Boy-Next-Door could ask any questions the Small Girl's mother appeared with her finger on her lips and said: "Sh-sh," and then she began to recite in a hushed voice,

"Hickory-Dickory-Dock—"

Then there was a little cry and the sound of dancing feet and the Small Girl in a red dressing-gown came flying in.

"Oh, Mother, the mouse is *on* the clock! The mouse is *on* the clock!"

Well, it seemed to the Boy-Next-Door that he had never seen anything so exciting as the things that followed.

The chocolate mouse went *up* the clock and *under* the chair—and would have had its tail cut *off* except that the Small Girl begged to save it.

"I want to keep it as it is, Mother."

And playing this game as if it were the most important thing in the whole wide world were the Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father, all laughing and flushed, and chanting the quaint old words to the quaint old music.

The Boy-Next-Door held his breath for fear he would wake up from this entrancing dream and find himself in his own big house, alone in his puffy bed, or eating breakfast with his stodgy parents who never had played with him in his life. He found himself laughing, too, and flushed and happy, and trying to sing in his funny boy's voice:

"Heigh-o, says Anthony Rowley!"

The Small Girl absolutely refused to eat the mouse. "He's my darling Christmas mouse, Mother."

So her mother said, "Well, I'll put him on the clock again, where Pussy Purr-up can't get him while we are out."

"Oh, are we going out?" said the Small Girl, round-eyed.

"Yes."

"Where are we going?"

"To find Christmas."

That was all the Small Girl's mother would tell. So they had breakfast, and everything tasted perfectly delicious to the Boy-Next-Door. But first they bowed their heads, and the Small Girl's father said:

"Dear Christ-Child, on this Christmas morning, bless these children, and help us all to keep our hearts young and full of love for Thee."

The Boy-Next-Door, when he lifted his head, had a funny feeling as if he wanted to cry, and yet it was a lovely feeling, all warm and comfortable.

For breakfast they each had a great baked apple, and great slices of sweet bread and butter, and great glasses of milk, and as soon as they had finished, away they went, out of the door and down into the wood back of the house, and when they were deep in the wood, the Small Girl's father took out of his pocket a little flute and began to play, and he played thin piping tunes that went flittering around among the trees, and the Small Girl hummed the tunes, and her mother hummed the tunes until it sounded like singing bees, and their feet fairly danced, and the boy found himself humming and dancing with them.

COLLIER'S "No, no! I mean your *real* name!" BARNEY TOBEY

THEN suddenly the piping ceased, and a hush fell over the wood. It was so still that they could almost hear each other breathe—so still that when a light flamed suddenly in that open space it burned without a flicker.

The light came from a red candle that was set in the top of a small living tree. It was the only light on the tree, but it showed the snowy balls, and the small red fairies whose coats had silver buttons.

"It's our tree, my darling," he heard the Small Girl's mother saying.

Suddenly it seemed to the boy that his heart would burst in his breast. He wanted some one to speak to him like that. The Small Girl sat high on her father's shoulder, and her father held her mother's hand. It was like a chain of gold, their holding hands like that and loving each other—

The boy reached out and touched the woman's hand. She looked down at him and drew him close. He felt warmed and comforted. The red candle burning there in the darkness was like some sacred fire of friendship. He wished that it would never go out, that he might stand there watching it, with his small cold hand in the clasp of the Small Girl's mother. . . .

It was late when the Boy-Next-Door got back to his own house. But he had not been missed. Everybody was up, and everybody was angry. The Daughter-in-Law had declared the night before that she would not stay another day beneath that roof, and off she had gone with her young husband, and her little girl, who was to have had the pink doll on the tree.

"And good riddance," said the Next-Door-Neighbor.

But she ate no breakfast, and she went out to the kitchen and worked with her maids to get the dinner ready, and there were covers laid for nine instead of twelve.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor kept saying, "Good riddance—good riddance," and not once did she say, "a merry Christmas."

But the Boy-Next-Door held something in his heart that was warm and glowing like the candle in the forest, and so he came to his mother and said:

"May I have the pink doll?"

She spoke frowningly, "What does a boy want of a doll?"

"I'd like to give it to the little girl next door."

"Do you think I buy dolls to give away in charity?"

"Well, they gave me a Christmas present."

"What did they give you?"

He opened his hand and showed a little flute tied with a gay red ribbon. He lifted it to his lips and blew on it, a thin piping tune—

"Oh, that," said the mother, scornfully. "Why, that's nothing but a reed from the pond!"

BUT the boy knew that it was more than that. It was a magic pipe that made you dance, and made your heart warm and happy.

So he said again, "I'd like to give her the doll," and he reached out his little hand and touched his mother's—and his eyes were wistful.

His mother's own eyes softened—she had lost one son that day—and she said, "Oh, well, do as you please," and went back to the kitchen.

The Boy-Next-Door ran into the great room and took the doll from the tree, and wrapped her in paper, and flew out of the door and down the brick walk and straight into the little house.

When the door was opened, he saw that his friends were just sitting down to dinner —and there was the beefsteak pie all brown and piping hot, with a wreath of holly, and the Small Girl was saying,

"And the onions were silver, and the carrots gold—"

The Boy-Next-Door went up to the Small Girl and said: "I've brought you a present."

With his eyes all lighted up, he took off the paper in which it was wrapped, and there was the doll, in rosy frills, with eyes that opened and shut and shoes and stockings and curly hair that was bobbed and beautiful.

And the Small Girl, in a whirlwind of happiness, said, "Is it really my doll?"

And the Boy-Next-Door felt very shy and happy, and he said, "Yes."

And the Small Girl's mother said, "It was a beautiful thing to do," and she bent and kissed him.

Again that bursting feeling came into the boy's heart, and he lifted his face to hers and said, "May I come sometimes and be your boy?"

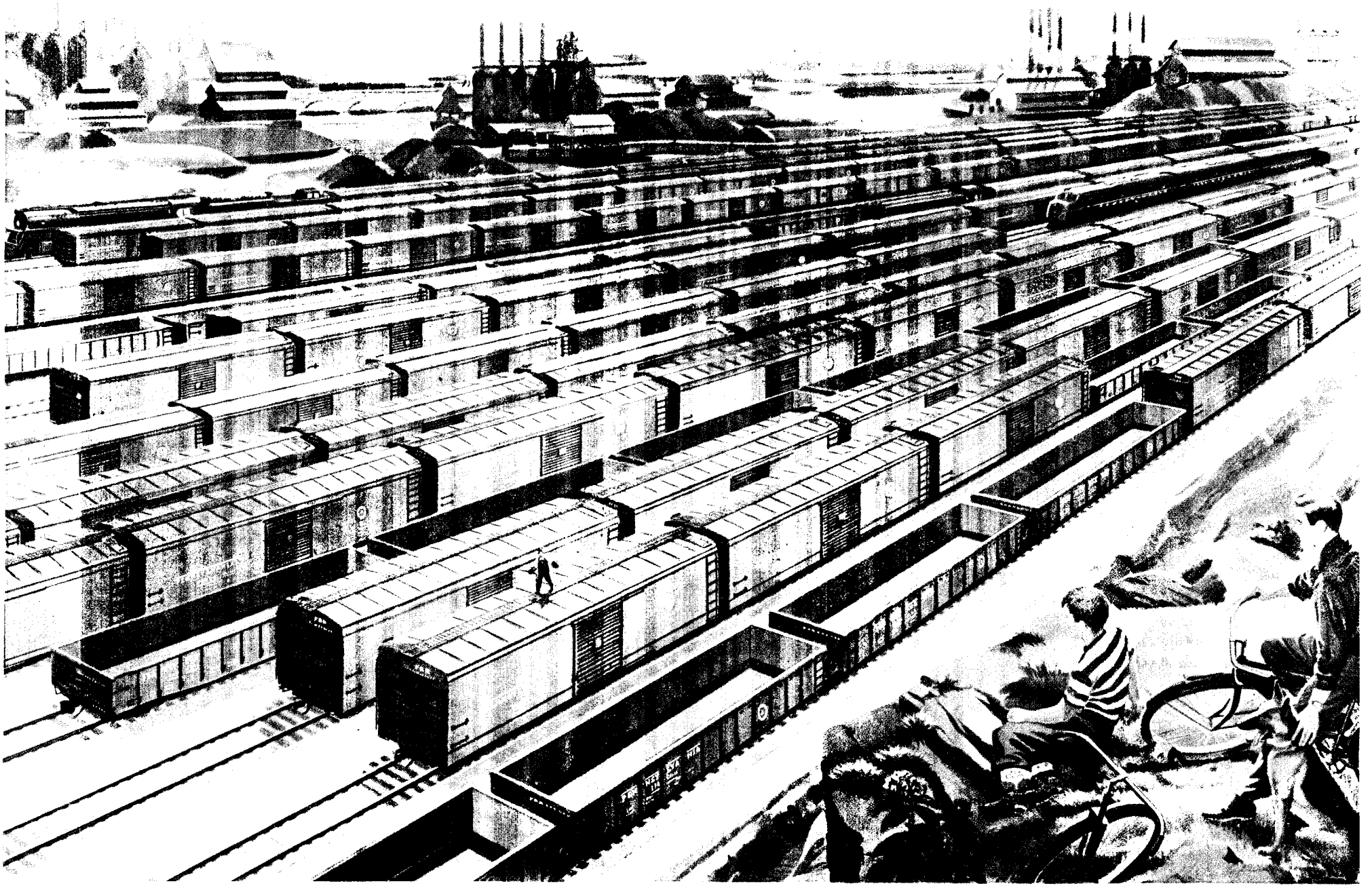
And she said, "Yes."

And when at last he went away, she stood in the door and watched him, such a little lad, who knew so little of loving. And because she knew so much of love, her eyes filled to overflowing. But presently she wiped the tears away and went back to the table. And she smiled at the Small Girl and at the Small Girl's father.

"And the potatoes were ivory," she said. "Oh, who would ask for turkey, when they can have a pie like this?" THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Biggest order in Railroad History!



enough to form one solid train extending from New York to Baltimore and beyond!

Just what industry is calling for as production speeds up everywhere . . . 8,250 box cars, 11,500 gondolas, 250 flat cars . . . an increase of 5,000 cars since our last report.

Several thousands of these new cars are already in service. Eleven thousand will have been completed and put to work by March 31. The balance will come along at an average of a thousand a month. Freight car builders say this is by far the largest car order ever placed by one railroad. These 20,000 cars will cost $114 million, making a total of $133 million the Pennsylvania Railroad will have spent for newer and better freight cars since January, 1950.

This order to car builders will expand the Pennsylvania Railroad's vast freight fleet to keep pace with the growing demand for railroad transportation by industry and defense.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Go by Train . . . Safety—with Speed and Comfort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miracle in the Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the floor and read by the hour how Kreiger was pioneering new routes and setting records with new airplanes. Used to dream I was Kreiger's copilot on the old trimotors, that Kreiger wouldn't think of taking a flight without me." Stan grinned sheepishly. "Of course, I was only fifteen then."

Weeks later Stan told Sue despairingly, "It sure beats me. I try my darnedest to please Kreiger. But I've yet to get a good word from him."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it, Stan," she reassured him. "You've said yourself he's fair. That his criticisms are usually right. Besides, you don't know what he has on his mind. Maybe he has troubles at home to worry about. Does he ever mention his family?"

Stan shook his head. "No. They say he lives alone in a hotel. But you're right. No one knows what he has on his mind. Best thing I can do is keep right on trying. And hoping," he added.

NOW he stood at Kreiger's elbow, hoping the older man would approve the flight plan. Kreiger tapped the final leg of cruising altitude. "Thirteen thousand feet is minimum instrument altitude here," he said quietly.

Stan stiffened. "That's right," he answered. "But I figure we'll be on top the clouds at eleven thousand."

Kreiger considered a moment. "Could be," he said. "We'll see." He signed the clearance with bold flourishes and they walked down to the ship. Stan stacked his boxes in the aisle behind the cockpit. As they fastened their seat belts Kreiger said, "You take it to Reno, Collins. I'll take it from there."

That gave Stan first take-off. When the agent waved them off, Stan taxied carefully to the end of the runway. With quick, accurate glances at the instruments he ran up the engines and checked the controls. He'd learned to whip it out fast in the Air Force, where you couldn't lose time getting fighters in the air when the bombers were coming over. He had it down pat.

"Pretty snappy check," Kreiger commented. "Don't forget the twenty people sitting behind us. Let's go through it again."

"Yes, sir," Stan replied. But it wasn't a slough-off job! He could tell Kreiger right now what every instrument had read. Still, he admitted, it's Kreiger's job to speak out any time it doesn't look safe. And maybe it did look too snappy to him. He swallowed hard and went methodically through the run-up again. Kreiger nodded and they took off.

Climbing eastward over San Francisco Bay, Stan took inventory of himself, determined to find his deficiency, the thing between him and Kreiger that highlighted every minor mistake he made. He knew he wasn't a perfect pilot, but he was a good pilot. He'd flown with several other men without difficulty. But none of them as critical as Kreiger. He'd long rejected the idea it was personal. Kreiger simply wasn't that kind of man.

The funny thing was that every time he thought about it he always wound up remembering the evening two months before in Denver. There'd been a bunch of crews weathered-in, sitting around the hotel lobby. They'd got into a pretty stiff bull session about Coastal's rumored purchase of new airplanes. In his enthusiasm for the turbojet engine Stan had made a pretty high-flown remark. "Listen," he'd said, "when I was testing at Wright Field I got my hooks on the first experimental turbo job. Believe me, I could fly the tail feathers off any windmill clunk in the air with that baby!"

What he had meant to say was that the airplane, not himself, was super. Most of the guys seemed to take it that way. But Kreiger, who was reading a magazine on the edge of the crowd, glanced at him quizzically; it made Stan's cheeks feel warm now, just remembering. It seemed to be shortly after that evening that Kreiger started bearing down on Stan's technique.

Leveling out over Bay Point marker Stan thought: But it isn't the criticism I mind. I'm learning stuff every day I'd never heard of before. It's just the uncertainty, not knowing whether you're cutting it or not, that gets you down.

At Sacramento, Stan walked into the station to pick up the latest weather. The operator was bent over the teletype. Stan slapped him on the back with a friendly, "Hiya, Charlie? Where've you got my present hid?"

Charlie jerked up with a good-natured laugh. "Gee, you scared me. Been watching that teletype like race returns all day."

"Oh, dear, I can't seem to find my change purse. Can you let me have fifty dollars, George?"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

"What's doing?" Stan asked curiously.

"Just the board of directors still meeting in Los Angeles. Looks like they're ready to buy new airplanes but they can't make up their minds what kind. Hope they decide before they fold for the holidays."

"That's what I like to hear!" Stan said enthusiastically. "These old Threes are sturdy turkeys, but you take the turbojet—"

"Okay, Collins," Kreiger called through the door. "Let's go."

"See you Saturday, Charlie," Stan said. "And a Merry you-know-what!"

THE plane sailed smoothly along toward the darkening eastern horizon, and Stan settled back in his seat and thought happily of the coming evening. He'd sure like a picture of Sue's and Terry's faces when he pushed through the front door with all those boxes. He could even imagine the gasp of astonishment that Terry would give when he opened the box with the engine in it. This would be a Christmas none of them would ever forget.

They had ten minutes at Reno. Time to go in the station and exchange greetings with Gil Bartold. Like Charlie, Gil was bent over the teletype. Only his forehead was creased in a frown. "Hiya, Gil," Stan said. "What's the trouble? Bad news from L.A.?"

Gil straightened up with a strained look. "Yes, there is," he said. "It isn't going to make you happy, Stan. I wish they'd waited until you got out of Reno to put it on the printer."

Feeling a sudden knot in his stomach Stan asked, "What do you mean, Gil? What's up?"

"Here," Gil said, handing him a clip board of messages. "The top one."

Stan read it quickly. The whole room seemed to roll over on its back. When it steadied he read again:

CHIEF PILOTS SALT LAKE & SEATTLE: EFFECTIVE THIS DATE NECESSARY FURLOUGH SIX JUNIOR PILOTS. ALLOW TWO WEEKS PAY PLUS ACCUMULATED VACATIONS. HARLAN T. MCMURRAY, SYSTEM CHIEF PILOT.

This can't be a gag! Stan thought, dropping onto a stool. They wouldn't pull one like this on a guy, would they? "When did this come in, Gil?" he asked.

"Five minutes ago. Like I said, Stan, I wish it hadn't been put on the circuit till you'd been through this station. I wouldn't have shown it to you if you hadn't asked."

Stan waved a reassuring hand. "It's okay, Gil. Might as well hear it from you as anybody. Number six," he added ironically. "Last man to get the ax."

How am I going to tell them? he asked himself, walking out to the ramp. How can I walk into that living room with Sue and Terry all smiles and secret winks, with surprises and special goings on? How am I going to walk in on that and announce I'm out of a job again?

Mechanically he fastened his seat belt and adjusted the various switches and gadgets for the flight to Salt Lake. *The train!* he thought suddenly as they thundered down the runway. I shouldn't have sunk my last buck in an expensive train. The rent's due on the first. Then there's groceries and insurance and . . . He pressed his lips tight and shook his head. There were so many things. Maybe if he mailed the train back with the boxes unopened, with the right kind of letter asking for his money back. The mixer, too—

No! he decided firmly. He wouldn't send anything back. He wouldn't even mention getting furloughed until the whole thing was straightened up. He'd bring in the presents and he'd laugh and be gay as any of them. Then on Tuesday morning he'd get up early and go downtown. He wouldn't peep a word to Sue that anything was wrong until he could walk in and tell her he had a job, an old job that she could count on from here on out. In Maganini's Shoe Store.

He was roused suddenly by Kreiger barking in his ear. "Snap out of it, Collins! That's the third time Salt Lake has asked for our Battle Mountain fix!"

"Yes, sir," Stan answered embarrassed. "I'm sorry. Guess I doped off." He scrambled for the log and mike.

"Better save that till you get on the ground," Kreiger said. "There's no future in doping at 11,000 feet."

No future! Stan thought. You're so right! The big wheels in Los Angeles have taken care of that. *The last man canned. One notch from hanging on.* But first or last, it didn't matter. Los Angeles' decision to tighten operations, to lay off pilots would come only after the most careful planning. Their announced decision was final. There was no recourse. Nothing short of a miracle could change it. A miracle. The only trouble was, where did you find a miracle for a standard, everyday copilot? . . .

At Winnemucca they met the early winter darkness, and east of Wendover they slid over the top of the cloud deck. A bright moon shone on the fluffy undercast. It was hard to realize the snow was falling in heavy squalls below.

"You were right, Collins," Kreiger remarked. "We're topping it nicely at eleven thousand."

"Thanks," Stan said. *Thanks!* What an underpowered word to cover so much territory: Thanks for the good word, Kreiger. Thanks for timing it when I need it most. Thanks for a lot of things, but especially thanks for letting me walk off my last flight feeling it was just the breaks that beat me, not my own performance. Stan turned a grateful smile on Kreiger. Kreiger responded with a cryptic nod.

A FEW minutes later Kreiger started a skillful approach on the Salt Lake radio range. Stan worked the radio. In a few minutes they picked up the high-intensity lights, settled gently onto the snow-packed runway, and at once were rolling blind in a thick swirling mass of gray.

Taxiing back in the poor visibility with snow piled on the boundary lights was ticklish. Kreiger opened the side window and stuck his head into the icy blast to pick his way through the snowdrifts. Stan wiped his hand over the windshield and strained to see the taxiway.

Suddenly Stan saw a vague, shapeless hulk loom ahead of the left wing tip. He glanced at Kreiger. It was on Kreiger's side. He was staring straight at it. Stan returned his eyes to the strange hulk, which grew larger, more distinct every second. Why the devil does he play it so close? Stan wondered. Why doesn't he edge over?

He doesn't see it! Stan realized suddenly. He's looking square at it—but he doesn't see it.

"Look out, Walt! There's something ahead!" Stan cried out. At the same instant he jammed a foot on the right brake and gunned the left engine. They swung to the right and missed what resembled a snowbound war tank by inches.

A second later the tower operator called on the radio: "Flight Seventeen. Airport manager advises us there's a snowplow stalled without lights on Taxiway C. Use extreme caution."

"Whew!" Stan sighed. "Now you tell us!"

Kreiger gave Stan a crooked smile and remarked dryly, "Thanks, Collins. That was close. Do you realize that probably cost you a rung on the seniority ladder? For a junior man that's a pretty stiff price for being alert."

Stan smiled and shook his head. Sure, he knew if Kreiger had got himself busted for cracking up a ship it would have boosted everybody a notch on the seniority list. But how could you explain that you couldn't take that much-needed rung if it meant putting your foot in your captain's face to make it? Funny thing, though, that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

. . .

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City. Four Roses blended whiskey. 90.5 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you rather give (and get) FOUR ROSES?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't see that snowplow, Stan thought. He was looking right at it.

A few minutes later they parked at the blocks and Kreiger cut the engines. Stan handed him the log for sign-off. Then he took a last look at the crowded instrument panel, a last feel of the worn control wheel. Well, what the devil? he thought. There are millions of guys in the country who don't fly airplanes for a living. He pulled on the hard-visored cap, picked up his flight kit and boxes and followed Kreiger down the aisle.

In spite of the dense, blowing snow and the wind that bit right through your clothes, the ground crew was gay as spring. "Merry Christmas, Stan. Merry Christmas, Walt," they called cheerily, stamping their feet, slapping their hands. "What a night for it!"

Then someone called jubilantly, "Well, boys, next year you'll be stepping out of a big job. The board voted new ships. How do you like that?"

STAN hugged his boxes and made for the Administration building. In Dispatch they were debriefed, turned in their papers and that was it. The dispatcher lowered his voice and said, "Heard about you, Stan. Sorry as hell."

"That's the way it goes," Stan said, forcing a grin.

"Well, glad you can take it grinning," the dispatcher said. "Some guys would be pretty hard hit. Good luck. Hope we'll see you in June."

Stan turned to leave. It was all entries in a log book now. He walked over to say good-by to Kreiger. Kreiger was tearing open a green envelope, marked Confidential Teletype Message. Stan extended his hand. "Looks like the end of the line, Captain. Before I go I'd like to wish you a Merry Christmas."

Kreiger grasped his hand firmly. "Thanks, Collins. I'm sorry about your furlough. Didn't hear about it until just now." He regarded Stan thoughtfully a moment. "Mind waiting until I read this teletype? I'll help you carry those boxes down to the parking lot."

"Sure," Stan said. "I'll wait." He'd be proud to walk through the lobby and out the front door with Walt Kreiger. He'd been a tough old bulldog, but Stan knew he'd miss him.

Kreiger read the teletype. When he looked up it did Stan good to see the pleasure and relief in his eyes. Kreiger handed him the message. "Read it, Collins!" he ordered.

Stan took the paper and read: WALTER KREIGER CAA REFUSES FURTHER WAIVER ON EYE CONDITION FOR PASSENGER FLITES. HOWEVER, DUE YOUR EXPERIENCE THEY AGREE TO SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS. FIRST WILL BE SIX MONTH TOUR OF FACTORIES SELECTING NEW TYPE AIRCRAFT. RE CO-PILOT COLLINS, HAVE CHECKED WRIGHT FIELD RECORD AT YOUR SUGGESTION. SUBJECT YOUR APPROVAL HE ASSIGNED SPECIAL RESERVE CAPTAIN DUTY WITH YOU ON EQUIPMENT REPLACEMENT PROGRAM. H. T. DENTON, VP OPERATIONS.

Stan lowered the teletype.

"How about it, Collins?" Kreiger asked with a happy grin. "You've certainly done a good job. There's no one I'd rather have."

Stan swallowed. It's a miracle, he thought. I asked for a miracle and I got a four-engined one.

His voice wouldn't respond properly; he simply nodded.

Walter Kreiger pumped his hand again. "Merry Christmas, Stan," he said.

"Merry Christmas, Walt," Stan answered in a faraway voice. In his heart he was already walking through the front door loaded with packages for a happy, bewildered Sue and Terry. He saw himself swinging pajama-clad Terry through the air and asking offhand, "Son, how'd you like your dad to be a captain?" And answering the surprised question in Sue's eyes with, "It's true, hon. I've got lots to tell you. But first, to bed with this young man. He's got to be rested for the rip-roaringest Christmas he ever saw." THE END

We Need Non-Atomic FOLKS

Dear editar:

I was out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville the other afternoon wandering around enjoyin the Texas weather when I picked up a copy of a newspaper which somebody had used to wrap garden seed in—ain't no chance of seeds sproutin through most newspapers I'm familiar with—and because they was perfectly good seed I shook em out over the fence on my neighbor's land, I learned long ago not to get tricked into plantin, it just envolves a lot of cultivatin, at any rate, I stuck the paper in my pocket and later on in the day pulled it out and read where there is considerable talk about a cave in the Ozark Mountains for use in case of an atomic war.

As I understand it, some man is proposin to use this cave to preserve civilization in case of a world-destroyin atomic- or hydrogen-bomb war, but instead of usin animals and textbooks he would fill it up with people worth keepin alive to carry on after most of the rest of the people was killed off by the bombs. This is not a bad idea except for one thing—he's proposin the people selected for the cave should be scientists and other brainy folks.

The last people we want in that cave is the brain-racking people who are responsible for needin the cave in the first place.

Ain't no use fillin that cave up with people who, the first thing they got out after the smoke cleared, would start right back in where they left off, this time probably settin their powerful minds to work on a bomb that not only would sweep over the face of the earth killin everything in sight but would also go down in the crevices and caves and wipe out whatever was hidin in there too.

No sir. The kind of folks who ought to be in that cave is the ordinary, non-atomic type that ain't got beyond the gunpowder stage, and ain't interested in carryin civilization to its highest peak.

Under my plan, might take in a few schoolteachers, a preacher or so, some harmless poets, some farmers, maybe a few carpenters, but we blamed sure don't want any brainy people in there. Be the worst thing that could happen to the post-atomic world.

Yours faithfully, H. B. Fox

The Second Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

of light and all the shadows hiding in the corners bounced to life. Something approached, came close. It couldn't be seen; nothing tangible moved, but those shapes were there. They not only lingered over him, next to his delicate cheek, but were at the same time at a great distance, far away, which roused a wild terror in Baby Jesus' poor little unarmed soul.

Flight was the only answer. Nothing but fleeing into the darkness could stamp out those feelings. And turning away, seeking cover, was the only flight possible to a baby. He must put a stop to seeing, and so be no longer there. With a stunted cry that uttered his soul's alarm, little Jesus rolled sharply over and buried his face in warm, soft obscurity. In the fleecy softness of the new birthday pillow (purchased that afternoon by the never-forgetting Joseph) the baby buried his whole being. He was not. Nothing could seize him now. Those strange shapes could not reach him in that consoling, warm, soft obscurity. No wonder that Joseph had commented on the luxurious quality of the new pillow. It certainly was seducing in its softness. Surely the child must have been uncomfortable on that hard straw bolster of a thing!

Out in the front room the two parents were intent on their usual evening occupation. That is to say, Mary was weaving at her loom, and Joseph sat motionless save for his rhythmic strokes with the file on the saw he was sharpening. Mary was, at the moment, endeavoring to count out the required twenty-five threads necessary for one weave. And except for an occasional secret recollection of the events of "that day" of the preceding year, she was silently filled with an enlightenment of which few women are gifted. Suddenly she looked up. "Did you hear anything, Joseph?" she turned to ask her husband.

"Uh . . . did you say something, Mary?" he inquired, a little peevishly, detaching his mind with reluctance from the beautiful chair he was planning to start carving in the morning.

"I thought I heard the baby."

"I didn't," mumbled Joseph, his thoughts already back on the chair.

MARY paused, finished the weave, which, she having miscounted, contained only twenty-four threads. Then she got up from her loom. "I don't suppose there's anything wrong," she said to herself, "but . . ." She went into the sleeping room.

A couple of minutes passed before she returned. Her face was quite pale. "Nothing wrong, is there?" inquired Joseph, who had sensed her departure from the room.

"He's all right now," was her brief answer. She was a quiet, prayerful woman, never known to make a fuss. Adjusting her stool, she continued her weaving. But it must not go by unnoticed that she was, however, shaken up a bit. She realized, and certainly would never forget, what a close call it had been. It is altogether conceivable that she might have merely noted with calm satisfaction the way the child pressed his tiny face into the soft pillow. She might have walked out without realizing that the new possession in which he appeared to take such comfort was actually smothering him! But a flash of intuition had led her to turn his head. Then she had replaced the soft pillow with the hard one, and added this episode to the many ponderings of her heart. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'An Editor Must Have No Friends'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

country; it was one of the prime movers in setting up the current Senate subcommittee to investigate interstate crime, and it has supplied that committee with some of its basic data. And while it regularly sends its reporters to Chicago, Kansas City, Miami, Los Angeles and Denver to bring back horrendous tales of the gangsters and gamblers and conniving politicians in those centers of iniquity, it is significant that newspapers from other cities rarely try to dig up such stories in St. Louis.

They know they could find nothing there that had not been printed already, and at length, in the Post-Dispatch.

In other departments, too, the Post-Dispatch is exceptionally well equipped. Its five-man Washington bureau, headed by Raymond P. ("Pete") Brandt, and including Pulitzer prize winner Edward A. Harris and the veteran European correspondent Wallace R. Deuel, ranks in quality—if not in quantity—with the best in the nation's capital. As its roving "national correspondent," the P-D has the shrewd and seasoned Joseph Driscoll, who covers the whistle stops with President Truman and digs into juicy national stories like the RFC's bailout of the Lustron and Texmass corporations.

In addition to its unusually large corps of straight news gatherers, the P-D maintains a separate staff of by-line writers for its Everyday Magazine section, and these are constantly on the move throughout the 48 states and across the borders, collecting feature articles of national and international interest. "There's no story in the world too expensive for us if we really want it," says managing editor Ben Reese.

The Post-Dispatch, however, has no full-time foreign correspondents of its own, and this is probably its greatest single weakness as a newspaper. Individual members of the St. Louis, Washington and New York bureau staffs are occasionally sent abroad on specific assignments, and the P-D has the pick of the New York Herald Tribune and Chicago Daily News foreign coverage, as well as several specialized news services.

Among other syndicated matter with which it provides its readers are the columns of Marquis Childs, Walter Lippmann, the Alsops, Doris Fleeson, Robert S. Allen, Walter Winchell, Bennett Cerf, Henry McLemore, John Crosby, Ely Culbertson, Oswald Jacoby, Eleanor Roosevelt, Emily Post, Angelo Patri, Dr. Frank Crane, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Martha Carr, Bob Considine, Fulton Oursler, Elsie Robinson, and the cartoons of Herblock and Low.

Tales from Possum Trot Farm

Despite this imposing roster of outside talent the most cherished of all P-D columnists is a strictly local celebrity—Leonard Hall, an Ozark farmer and wild-life expert who writes leisurely pieces about the activities of his Possum Trot farm under such headings as "Not-so-Merry Chase after Cows and Calves" and "Thrill to the Call of the Wild Goose." Hall, whose admirers class him with John Burroughs and Henry Thoreau as a writer on nature, has also won fame as a crusader for stricter conservation practices throughout the Midwest.

One measure of the caliber of the P-D's staff is in the long list of well-known names it has contributed to the general fields of writing and editing. "We don't lose many men to other papers," says managing editor Reese, "but we send a lot of 'em to the magazines." Five years ago, when editor Joseph Pulitzer celebrated his sixtieth birthday, he invited 1,092 past and present members of the P-D staff to join him in a repast that began with supreme of grapefruit (served with Manhattan cocktails) and proceeded through consommé Celestine (with Harvey's Gold Cap sherry), fillet of sole sauté, *amandine;* breast of guinea hen, port wine sauce (with Cook's Brut champagne) and various other items to a fitting climax of frozen Nesselrode pudding, *petit fours,* coffee and benedictine.

Among the better-known Post-Dispatch alumni who journeyed to St. Louis for this affair were Sam Hellman and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, of Hollywood, Herbert Bayard Swope, columnists Marquis Childs and Lowell Mellett, author Silas Bent, poet John G. Neihardt, cartoonist George McManus, writer Henry La Cossitt, Roy Alexander and Otto Fuerbringer of Time, Robert L. Taylor and Richard O. Boyer of the New Yorker, Jack Alexander and Rufus Jarman of the Saturday Evening Post, Sidney James of Life, Paul Palmer of the Reader's Digest, Tom Sears of Newsweek and Robert Minor, onetime acting secretary of the Communist party, U.S.A. (Minor, who was the P-D's daily cartoonist before D. R. Fitzpatrick took over in 1914, is no longer prominent in Communist activities.)

Highly Esteemed by "Alumni"

A good many of these men, and others who are still with the Post-Dispatch, got their start under the celebrated Oliver K. Bovard, who was managing editor of the paper from 1908 to 1938. Bovard may not have been the greatest managing editor who ever lived (though many of his pupils still think so), but he was certainly one of the most autocratic, and perhaps also the highest paid, his salary at one time reaching $75,000 a year.

An aloof and serious-minded man, Bovard wasted no time on unnecessary conversation. He would cut short a telephone call with the words, "I've heard enough of this," and hang up. A favorite Post-Dispatch legend tells of the incompetent copyreader who pleaded with Bovard for a raise, until he finally came to the fatal words, "But, Mr. Bovard, I've got to live, haven't I?"

"Not necessarily," replied the great managing editor, turning back to his desk.

But with men who did good work, Bovard was different. With Pulitzer's full backing, he paid the highest newspaper salaries in the country and handed out fat bonuses—one was for $5,000—for exclusive stories.

Husky Ben Reese, who sits now at the managing editor's desk in the middle of the P-D's big newsroom, has preserved certain amenities which were dear to the heart of his predecessor. During business hours he is "Mr. Reese" to all members of the staff and they are "Mr." to him, even though they have been working a few feet away for the last 35 years. Most P-D men have been on the staff at least 10 years, a considerable number for 20 or more, and one of its active reporters, Frank A. Behymer—known throughout the lower Midwest as "Mr. Bee"—has been with the Post-Dispatch since October 30, 1888. Being so well supplied with experienced men, the P-D rarely takes on cub reporters; in the last three years it has hired a total of three, which is little above its usual average.

Gal reporters are barred from its city staff. "There's nothing a woman can do for us that a man can't do better," says city editor Ray Crowley, and that's the way it is. Nevertheless, the Post-Dispatch has one crack woman reporter, Virginia Irwin, who won considerable acclaim as a war correspondent by getting into Berlin in a jeep ahead of the Allied troops in 1945. She is now assigned to the Everyday Magazine section, working out of New York.

The Post-Dispatch has other idiosyncrasies, some of which spring directly from its fanatical regard for the proper use of the English language. Its headline writers may never use such quick and easy words as "slay," "cop," "probe" (unless for a surgical instrument), or "coed"—none of these is correct enough for the Post-Dispatch. Slang and abbreviations are also barred from the headlines, as well as from re-

TAKE A DOZEN HOME AND SEE!

Spudnuts
TRADE MARK

THE BIGGEST AND BEST BAG OF ALL!

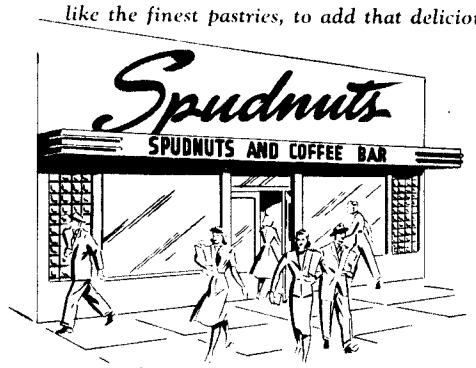
Good old Santa is welcome every year . . . but those good, golden Spudnuts are equally welcome *every day of the year!* Made of the finest ingredients, deep-cooked in highest quality shortening, Spudnuts are grand anytime as a whole meal, a dessert, a between-meals snack. Always a party favorite, Spudnuts are fluffy-as-a-cloud, energy-packed, instantly digestible! More than 300 franchised dealers are waiting to serve you. Try Spudnuts — and see!

Spudnuts are America's Finest Food Confection!

COAST TO COAST - - ALASKA TO MEXICO

MOST SPUDNUT SHOPS NOW HAVE Spud-Over THE NEWEST SPUDNUT FOOD PRODUCT

The formula for Spudnut mix, used to make the famous Spudnut product, is a closely guarded secret . . . but one ingredient is specially ground potatoes from which the product takes its name. Spudnuts are "raised" in a proofing box, just like the finest pastries, to add that deliciously different nut-like flavor.



EXCLUSIVE Spudnut FRANCHISES AVAILABLE

If you would like to have your own business with moderate investment; if you would like to join hands with an aggressive, expanding, nation-wide organization, many cities and towns throughout the country are still open for Spudnut franchises. For full details, write Franchise Division, Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc., 1488 South State, Salt Lake City, Utah. Canadian Offices, 1307 Burrard, Vancouver, B. C. Copyright 1950.

Pelton's SPUDNUTS Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SPUDNUTS - - a tasty, Pelton product, sold only by authorized, franchised dealers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porters' copy. The spectacle of a P-D copyreader trying to fit "submarine" or "quintuplet" into a two-line head, because such frequently used abbreviations as "sub" or "quint" are forbidden, is one to tickle the heart of a Torquemada.

The Post-Dispatch was the first newspaper to give its readers colored comics every day. It claims to be the first to use the word "syphilis" in cold print, and the first to call a woman "pregnant" instead of just "expectant." Yet despite its predilection to give things their correct names—or maybe because of it—the P-D goes out of its way to play down sex crimes and stories. In its pages there are no "sex fiends" or "perverts"—the Post-Dispatch words for such offenders are "child molesters" or "deviates." A reader unaccustomed to Post-Dispatch ways might feel a little puzzled to run across a headline like this, which recently appeared in the paper—

FOUND GUILTY OF DISTURBING
11-YEAR-OLD GIRL, FINED $300

The Post-Dispatch is one of the few newspapers whose managing editor ever killed an irate reader. That happened back in 1882, when the P-D was less than four years old, but already a lusty scrapper. Colonel John A. Cockerill, a Union veteran of the Civil War, was the quick-triggered editor and Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback, a fire-eating ex-Confederate, was the victim.

Homicide in the Office

The Post-Dispatch had been engaged in a political battle with Slayback's law partner, and had said some damaging things about him. Slayback replied, in a public speech, that the Post-Dispatch was nothing but a blackmailing sheet. The newspaper then opened up on Slayback, who announced that he would come into the office and settle things personally. One afternoon he burst into Cockerill's private office and made a lunge for the editor, who drew a revolver from a desk drawer and shot him dead.

Cockerill was exonerated on the ground of self-defense, although Slayback's friends complained bitterly that their man was not armed, and was killed in cold blood. Cockerill, however, insisted that both Slayback and a man who was with him carried guns. This was confirmed by other witnesses. An odd sequel to the tragedy was that Slayback's daughter later became society editor of the Post-Dispatch and held the job for years.

Not long after this episode another early critic of the Post-Dispatch came to an untimely end, though with a kind of reverse twist. Judge James C. Normile had sued the paper for $400,000 in libel damages because it called him "a bump on a log" and criticized his failure to instruct a grand jury. On the first day of the libel trial a Post-Dispatch lawyer asked Judge Normile a routine question: "Where were you born?" The judge, who was in a highly nervous state, excused himself, went home, and committed suicide.

Later it developed that he had been afraid to answer the question. He had always represented himself as coming from an old New Orleans family, when actually he was the son of poor but honest Irish immigrants. He left a note saying that his first impulse had been to go straight to the Post-Dispatch office and shoot as many editors as he could find there, but he decided it would be "more dignified" to step out without producing extra bloodshed.

One might think that two such examples would have discouraged other fractious officials and politicians from tangling directly with the Post-Dispatch, but that has not been the case. It has had to fight many battles to protect its freedom as a crusading newspaper, and it has never lost such an engagement. (Nor in the last 33 years, at least, has it ever lost a libel suit.) Its reporters, being in the forefront of things, have been shot at, arrested, run out of town and otherwise maltreated, but only one of them was ever hurt very much. He was struck and knocked down by a lawbook thrown from behind his back in a rural Arkansas courthouse.

In 1940, Judge Thomas J. Rowe, Jr., of the St. Louis Circuit Court unwisely attempted to chastise the Post-Dispatch for its published opinions of his conduct. He sentenced Ralph Coghlan, then editor of the editorial page, to 20 days in jail and fined him $200 for two editorials which Coghlan, as it happened, did not write. (They were written by Irving Dilliard, who would have been proud to go to jail for them.) The P-D's famed cartoonist, Fitzpatrick, was given a 10-day jail sentence and fined $100 by Judge Rowe, and the newspaper itself was fined $2,000.

The Post-Dispatch had started, some years before, a nation-wide exposé of racketeering in the theatrical unions. Among other things, the P-D disclosed that John P. Nick, boss of the St. Louis theater unions, had collected $16,500 from movie owners while sitting on his members' requests for higher wages. A picturesque State Representative named Edward ("Putty Nose") Brady had helped Nick with his collecting.

"Bad spelling, erasures, poor spacing . . . brother! She must be terrific!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE CRENSHAW

Both these men were indicted for extortion but when they appeared for trial Judge Rowe turned Nick loose on the ground that evidence showed Brady had taken the money. He then released Brady for "lack of evidence." (Nick, incidentally, was later convicted on the same evidence in federal court, and sentenced to five years in prison.)

The Post-Dispatch, in caustic editorials and cartoons, denounced this "burlesque of justice" in Judge Rowe's court. The judge slapped back with his contempt citations. Editor Joseph Pulitzer then got into the fray by repeating everything the paper had said about the case, with some extra flourishes, in a long editorial which he signed himself. But the judge would not arrest Pulitzer.

The defendants appealed, of course, and eventually the seven members of the Missouri Supreme Court unanimously reversed their conviction. To uphold Judge Rowe's charge, said the higher court, "would be to narrow the limits of permissible criticism so greatly that the right to criticize would cease to have practical value." But Judge Rowe himself never heard this final verdict. Exhausted, in part, by the strain of the case, he had dropped dead in a hotel room in Chicago, where he had gone to attend the Democratic National Convention. The Post-Dispatch gave him a modest, but on the whole a respectful obituary.

The P-D's fighting spirit is a treasured inheritance from its founder, Joseph Pulitzer the first, a man who has been called "the liberator of the American press," and who was certainly one of its greatest figures. It was Pulitzer's idea that a newspaper which confined itself merely to recording news and opinion, and did not fight actively for justice and decency in the world, was good for nothing at all. "To be on the side of right and TRUTH is what the Post-Dispatch always aims at, whether it be with the little bootblack whose cause it espouses when he is driven away unjustly from his corner, or with the capitalist when Communism seeks to threaten his property," he wrote, in 1881.

Pulitzer was the son of a Hungarian Jewish father and an Austro-German mother; at the age of seventeen he ran away from his home in Budapest and signed up with a recruiting agent in Hamburg, Germany, to fight on the Northern side in the American Civil War. When his ship reached Boston Harbor he jumped off and swam ashore to collect his own bounty for enlisting. After the war he made his way to St. Louis because some practical joker had told him there were no Germans there, and it would therefore be easier for him to learn to speak good English in that city.

Actually, St. Louis was the home of the largest and most cultured German community in the country, and Pulitzer's first important job was as a reporter on a German-language newspaper, the Westliche Post. At this stage of his career he was a skinny, unhandsome youth, with oval eyeglasses and what would now be called an "eager beaver" attitude toward his work. His English-speaking colleagues laughed at his scraggly red beard and made an unkind pun—"Pull-it-sir"—about his prominent nose.

But they had to admire his energy and his unquenchable thirst for news. They also applauded his courage when a well-known contractor and politician, who outweighed him by at least 75 pounds, pushed him around the lobby of a hotel and called him a liar for something he had written. Pulitzer went to his room, got a pistol from his bag, came back and shot his tormentor through the leg. In the scuffle he was cut on the head by a "derringer or some other weapon," but was hailed throughout Missouri as the victor.

On December 9, 1878, the dying St. Louis Dispatch, an evening newspaper with practically no assets whatever, was offered at auction on the old slave block at the St. Louis Court House. Pulitzer, who had made some money by buying and selling an interest in the Westliche Post, bid $2,500 and was handed the paper. The next day he formed a partnership with the evening Post, and on December 12th the first issue of the Post-Dispatch was published. It consisted of 987 four-page sheets, and was hauled away from the press in a single wheelbarrow.

After buying the paper Pulitzer had $2,700 left of his life's savings. His wife was expecting their first baby so he put $300 away in a trunk at home toward doctors' bills. The other $2,400 he planned to dole out each morning to his cashier to meet the previous day's losses. But before he got to the end of his meager capital the Post-Dispatch was making money, and it has never stopped since. Today its plants and good will are valued at more than $10,000,000, and its earnings have often exceeded $1,000,000 a year.

There is little doubt as to why the Post-Dispatch was such a huge success. From the beginning it was a fighting newspaper, colorfully written, endlessly ingenious in getting news ahead of its competitors and absolutely devoid of any entanglements with political parties, big business or high society. "An editor," said Pulitzer, "must have no friends," and with him this was almost a literal fact. When the P-D was only two months old he began printing long lists of rich tax dodgers who had been defrauding the city for years by submitting fake returns on their personal property; among them were members of St. Louis' first families. This was a story which other newspapers knew about, but had never dared to print. The P-D's exposé led to immediate reforms and brought it thousands of new readers.

After four years of his lively editorship the Post-Dispatch, which had cost Pulitzer $2,500 to begin with, was making him $85,000 a year. During the same period it had absorbed its principal competitor, increased its circulation 25-fold, and survived a fire, more than $100,000 in libel suits, and a fatal shooting in its own office. But the hard work and worry had impaired the owner's health and seriously affected his always weak eyesight. His doctors ordered a rest in Europe, and in May, 1883, he and his doctors started out.

New Venture Wrecks Health

Stopping off in New York, Pulitzer learned that the morning World in that city was for sale, bought it (out of Post-Dispatch profits), and buckled down again to the process of newspaper-building on an even bigger scale. In a relatively few years he had converted the World into one of the most popular and profitable papers of all time, but the effort left him totally blind and a chronic invalid as well.

His nervous system was so shattered that even the slightest mealtime noises, such as the rattle of a fork on a plate, or the crunching of salted almonds, would provoke an agonized outburst. From 1890 until his death in 1911, he lived mostly on his seagoing yacht or in soundproofed mansions at Bar Harbor and New York, with six secretaries to read to him, play the piano, and jot down a continuous flow of instructions to the managers of his papers.

In a way, this was good for the Post-Dispatch, whose editors now had to produce a newspaper that would interest and satisfy an irascible gentleman who was usually thousands of miles from St. Louis, and totally oblivious to its pettier happenings. In another way it was bad, for it became obvious in later years that the World was "J.P.'s" favorite paper. In his will, which disposed of $18,645,000, Pulitzer strictly enjoined his heirs and trustees from ever selling the World "under any circumstances whatever." But he gave them permission to sell the Post-Dispatch, if they should ever need money to keep the World going.

In the same will the elder Pulitzer also displayed a marked partiality among his three sons. In setting up a trust to operate his newspapers he decreed that three fifths of their profits should go to the youngest boy, Herbert, who was then fifteen and in prep school. One fifth went to the oldest, Ralph, aged thirty-two, who had already had 10 years' experience on the World. Half of the remainder was divided among various editors and executives, while a mere one tenth was to go to Joseph II, who was twenty-six years old, and had been working for five years on the Post-Dispatch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is one of the celebrated ironies of newspaper history that the two more favored Pulitzer sons, who took charge of the World, failed to maintain either its prestige or its profits, and sold it in 1931, after obtaining court permission to break their father's will. Joseph Pulitzer II, who stayed with the Post-Dispatch and is still its publisher and editor, has fully realized his father's ideal of a powerful, honest and national-minded newspaper, which is constantly fighting vigorous and worth-while battles, and also making a great deal of money.

Honors His Father's Memory

In arriving at this achievement, the incumbent Pulitzer has shown more than ordinary piety toward the parent who misjudged him. The most conspicuous feature of the marble-paneled entrance to the Post-Dispatch editorial building is a bronze bust, by Frederick Blaschke, of Joseph Pulitzer the elder. Its lean, tense features bear a striking resemblance to those of the son, who is now sixty-five.

The first Pulitzer became blind from overwork and disease; the second has lost all the sight of his left eye and 80 per cent of the right. He can read the largest headlines only by holding his paper within an inch of his forehead. But he can make his way easily through the P-D's big newsroom, or even city traffic, without help. He can catch a misty view of faces, and usually identifies them. He shoots ducks by watching for their silhouettes against the sky.

In 1945 he was invited, along with several other journalists, to visit and write about the Nazi concentration camps which had just been opened up by General Eisenhower's armies. The daily reports which he sent back to the Post-Dispatch were extremely moving, and notable—like most P-D stories—for their wealth of visual detail. But one of his more eloquent reports was not about the concentration camps at all; it concerned a side trip which his group had made to Paris and the famous Folies Bergère. It was Pulitzer's judgment that most Americans would enjoy the latter place because, as he wrote: "There was beautiful scenery, fine dancing, and many very beautiful and very naked girls."

It is a publisher's privilege to edit his own future obituary notice, and Pulitzer has already performed this chore. One line of the finished product of which he especially approves reads as follows: "His heart was more at home in the editorial sanctum than in the countinghouse." For Pulitzer regards himself, without undue humility, as "an active everyday newspaperman," constantly working away at the enjoyable task of making a good newspaper better. Except for long outdoor vacations in the summer months, prescribed by doctors to preserve what is left of his eyesight, the Post-Dispatch is his entire life.

Like his father, he has a battery of secretaries to read the papers to him from the moment he first dips into his morning grapefruit. They also take down a steady stream of comments and directives which go out to department heads on distinctive slips of yellow paper—sometimes known to the irreverent as "the yellow peril." These slips form the basis for the P-D's day-to-day tactics. Its grand strategy was set long ago by the words which are printed each day at the top of its editorial masthead—the farewell message of Pulitzer the first, when he retired from active control in 1907.

"I know," he wrote then, "that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."

This "Post-Dispatch Platform" is the nearest thing the P-D has to an official slogan, although managing editor Ben Reese once tried to whittle it down to more manageable length. ("The Post-Dispatch," suggested Reese, "will never be satisfied. Period.") To its author's successor and son it has been, quite literally, a bible. In keeping his newspaper "drastically independent," he has, at various times and on various issues, supported Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alf Landon, Harry Truman and Thomas E. Dewey, with the result that the Post-Dispatch has been frequently damned by both the demagogues and the serious thinkers of all parties.

He has also run the gamut on foreign affairs from isolationism in 1940 (when the Post-Dispatch attacked F.D.R.'s transfer of destroyers to Great Britain as "an act of war" and "dictatorship") to thoroughgoing internationalism in 1950 (when it gave all-out support to the American "police action" in Korea).

But under his direction the Post-Dispatch has never failed to fight "for progress and reform," has never tolerated any injustice or corruption that it could possibly find out about, and has seemed to find "predatory plutocracy" a more serious threat to contemporary America than "predatory poverty."

A reserved and modest but well-poised man, the present "J. P." is much easier to get along with than his father ever was. Only twice, so far as is known, has he ever permitted himself an emotional outburst in public. Once was back in 1906, when he won a brief bout with William Randolph Hearst in the Post-Dispatch city room. Hearst had stopped off in St. Louis on his way West after losing a bitter fight for the governorship of New York; during the campaign he had said some unpleasant things about the elder Pulitzer. Young Joe, who had studied boxing with Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy, asked him if he meant them, and Hearst replied that he usually meant what he said. Pulitzer then landed one stiff punch to the body before spectators dragged him away.

A Voice from the Audience

The other occasion was in May of this year while Pulitzer was attending the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington. The feature of this affair was a hard-swinging speech by Secretary of State Acheson defending his department against the unproved charges of Senator Joe McCarthy. At one moment, while the Secretary paused for breath, an excited voice from the audience cried out: "Pour it on, Mr. Secretary—pour it on!"

Everyone, including publisher Pulitzer, was a little startled.

But it was his own voice.

In one important respect publisher Pulitzer has failed to follow his father's example—he has not subjected his own son, Joseph Pulitzer III, to the kind of paternal hazing that launched him into the newspaper business back in 1907. (At that time he was suddenly yanked out of Harvard by his impulsive parent and sent to St. Louis with the following letter of introduction to the editor, George S. Johns: "Dear Mr. Johns, This is my son Joseph. Will you try to knock some newspaper sense into his head? J.P.")

The third Joseph Pulitzer, a competent executive at the age of thirty-seven, was allowed to finish his education at Harvard, where his personal interests led him to the study and collecting of modern paintings. For a while he even considered the idea of training to become a museum director. But the family tradition proved strong enough to lure him back to St. Louis and a beginner's job on the magazine section of the Post-Dispatch.

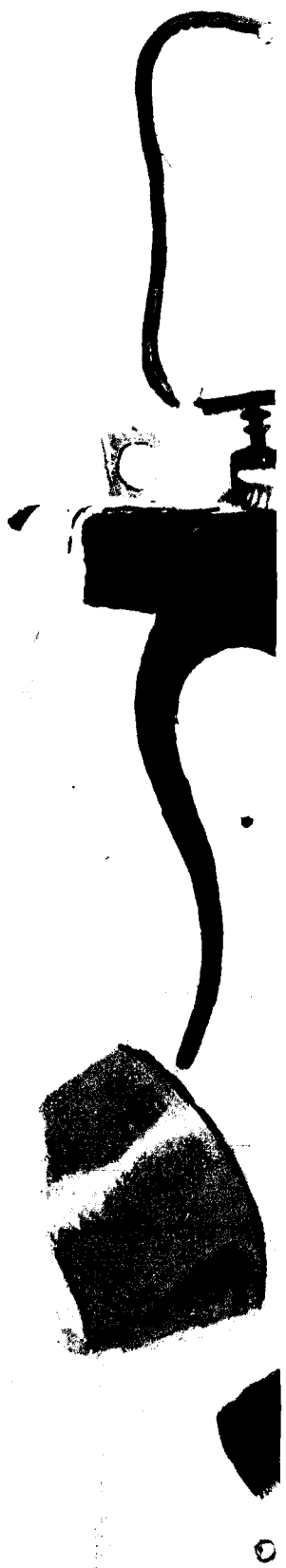
As associate editor, he is now his father's right-hand man in many matters relating to the paper, and since a Joseph Pulitzer IV was born in St. Louis a year ago, it seems probable that the Post-Dispatch will have a Pulitzer—and vice versa—for many years to come. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Racket Alley

By W. R. BURNETT

The out-of-town gang might kill Arky, with a little more luck, but they couldn't scare him. And now it was up to him to hold the organization together. He had the courage —and he'd never give up until he'd had his revenge



The Story: A big Midwestern city—a city in which organized racketeering and political influence go hand in hand—is the setting of this story of upheaval in the destinies of the men who make crime pay. The story's central figure is ORVAL WANTY, called ARKY, who is an intermediary in a pyramid of command that extends from scores of smalltime criminals, at the bottom, to a shadowy figure called the MOVER, at the top. Arky, each week, collects the take from the organization's front man and passes it along to a man named GORDON KING (known as the PAYMASTER), who receives it for the Mover. Arky's base of operations is his bookie joint in the 17th Ward, which is protected by the organization's chief police ally, Captain CARL DYSEN.

But now the organization is threatened on all sides. Police Commissioner THOMAS STARK, a crusading official, started to crack down on crime. He had to be got out of the way; so a prominent citizen, JUDGE GREET, arranged for his appointment to the State Supreme Court. But BEN REISMAN, a reporter for the Journal and a friend of Stark's, is continually snooping, hoping to find evidence to expose the organization's operations; and an out-of-town gang, represented by a man calling himself MR. KELLY, is trying to muscle in. HARRY RADABAUGH, a crooked ex-cop now with the district attorney's office, seems to be rising in the underworld; and LEON SOLLAS, the local organization's front man, has lost his nerve and skipped town, to be replaced by RUDY SOLANO.

Arky has domestic worries, too. His mistress, ANNA HUNCHUK, has taken in a homeless baby—the child of her niece MILLI. And a girl named Robbie, who worked for Leon at the Club Imperial and has been inherited by Rudy, has been sort of preying on Arky's mind. She's frankly on the make.

Arky's principal concern now is the safety of the Mover, and he pays little attention to his own. ZAND, his chauffeur and bodyguard, lives with his girl LOLA in the apartment below Arky's, and Arky feels well protected. But he is taken by surprise. One night, while Arky is alone in his room, a gunman fires at him through an open window, the shot grazing his skull. Anna, rushing into the room, is shot, and Arky leaps out the window to the roof below, in futile pursuit of his assailant.

III

LIGHTS were appearing all over Arky's place now. Lola screamed as she ran up the stairway in her nightgown, followed by Zand, who, gun in hand, was struggling to button his trousers on over his pajamas.

Lola rushed into the apartment ahead of him, crying, "Anna! Anna!" Then she stopped and turned greenish.

Zand came in, bewildered, and stood staring down in blank unbelief at Anna's body lying just inside the door.

The phone went on ringing. But Zand could not bring himself to answer it, he was so badly shaken. Moving cautiously into the dark bedroom, he switched on the overhead lights. Then he started violently. Arky, with blood on his face, was just climbing shakily back through the window.

In the alley below, the siren of a prowl car wailed to a stop. Cops' voices arose in the night.

ARKY sat staring off across the bedroom in a daze. "But why did you do it, Ark?" a fat cop insisted.

"I told her not to come in," said Arky. "I yelled at her. Look, Tubby, I ain't thinking straight."

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs and a couple of boys from the prowl car came into the hallway, glanced down at Anna's body, then entered the bedroom. One of them was carrying an odd-looking carbinelike gun with a hooded silencer on it.

"Somebody try to blast you, Ark?" asked the one carrying the gun.

"Yeah," said Arky. He lifted a shaking hand toward the hallway. "They got . . . they hit . . . Anna. I got clipped, too."

"Where the hell's that doctor?" cried the fat cop.

The phone began to ring again. Coming to himself, Arky answered it. Then his face turned from white to greenish as he listened to the usually calm Paymaster's excited voice.

"They tried to kill the Mover tonight, Arky. He was sitting reading in his study with the windows wide open. He's got a bad arm and shoulder wound. But somebody shot at the killer—nobody seems to know who—and a prowl car from the Pier 7 Station was wrecked chasing the getaway car. There is going to be a terrible mess. He should have listened to you."

"Yeah," said Arky, keeping his voice calm. "I had an inquiry here, too."

"Are you all right?" the Paymaster asked anxiously.

Arky glanced about him at the policemen. "Oh, sure," he said. "Business as usual. You know. Track odds." He hung up.

After a moment, Arky got shakily to his feet and crossed the room to take a look at Anna. Somebody had covered her face with a handkerchief. There was dust on the bottom of her bare feet, dust she'd picked up hurrying to Arky's bedroom to see why he didn't answer the phone.

In the back bedroom the baby began to cry.

"Go look after him, will you?" cried Arky, harshly, turning to Lola, who stood with her head on Zand's shoulder, crying quietly.

Lola started violently. "Oh, God! The poor kid! What'll become of him now?"

"Go look after him," shouted Arky. "Never mind the damn' carrying-on."

"She'll look after him, Ark," said Zand. "Take it easy."

Lola moved back from Zand and went down the hallway. In a moment, the crying stopped.

Arky stood staring down blankly at Anna. "I told her not to come in. I yelled at her," he said at last. "But that's the way she always was—wouldn't listen." After a moment, he went on in a low voice,

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I guess she figured something must be wrong with me—that's why she wouldn't listen."

A few moments later the doctor arrived. After a brief examination, he said to Arky, "I can't do anything for her. But I can patch you up good as new. What a lucky man you are! Half an inch more and you'd be lying there with her. This is the kind of crease you read about but seldom see."

DOWNY was frantic. He couldn't locate Reisman. He couldn't even raise anybody at Reisman's house, which was very strange, considering it was after one o'clock.

Downy sighed with relief when, on his sixth try, Reisman himself answered, sounding violently irritated.

"I been trying to call you for—" Downy began, but Reisman cut him off.

"I've still got my hat on. All this is what comes of living in the sticks where they haven't got a first-run house. We drove in to the Bijou. Double bill, both features; newsreel; comedy. Then, on the way home, I blew a tire. Nobody is speaking to me after what I said."

"Ben—they tried to kill Arky tonight."

"What! What!" cried Reisman. "Give it to me slow."

Downy explained at some length, and then, as Reisman said nothing, he added, "I phoned it in to Pee Wee at the Journal, but he says it will get nothing, nothing at all on account of—"

"Good," Reisman interrupted, "the less the better."

Downy persisted, "—on account of the Judge Greet business."

"The what?"

"Judge Greet. Somebody tried to kill him tonight, too."

"You *sure?*" Reisman's voice was almost hysterical.

"Yeah. Call Pee Wee."

"Okay. Hang up."

"Wait, Ben. What do I do now?"

"Go back to the 17th if you want to. Go home to bed. I don't care." Reisman broke the connection abruptly. . . .

At Downtown Station House and the Pier 7 Station House, the two main police department clearinghouses of the city, things were in an uproar. Yammering reporters were chased from room to room by the police, who kept falling over them. The attempted assassination of Judge Greet was the biggest crime story in ten years. Phones rang, and kept ringing, as leg men, hanging around the judge's house, and getting shooed away from time to time, kept calling one station or the other, trying to get some news.

At about three in the morning, Captain Dysen, looking grimmer than usual, showed up at the Pier 7 Station House, pushed reporters out of his way, and shut himself up in his office. Snooping, some of the boys heard him talking on the phone at intervals in a low voice, but could not make out a word he was saying. . . .

It was very quiet in Arky's apartment. Lola was sleeping in the spare bedroom so she could look after the baby. Arky was lying full-length on his bed, staring up at the ceiling, his bandaged head propped up on three pillows. Zand was sitting nearby, smoking nervously, and from time to time glancing at the open window.

After a long silence, Zand spoke, "What do we do now, Arky?"

"We wait to hear from the Mover. Why don't you go lay down someplace, get some sleep?"

"Not tonight," said Zand. "Them guys might come back."

Arky laughed. "They won't be back. Not them guys. They bungled it and they're going to hear about it at their end. This was a big try. Anyway, I winged the guy that was on the roof. I give it to him worse than he give it to me." He paused, then spoke in a low voice, "Except for Anna."

"He ought to be cut up in small pieces," said Zand.

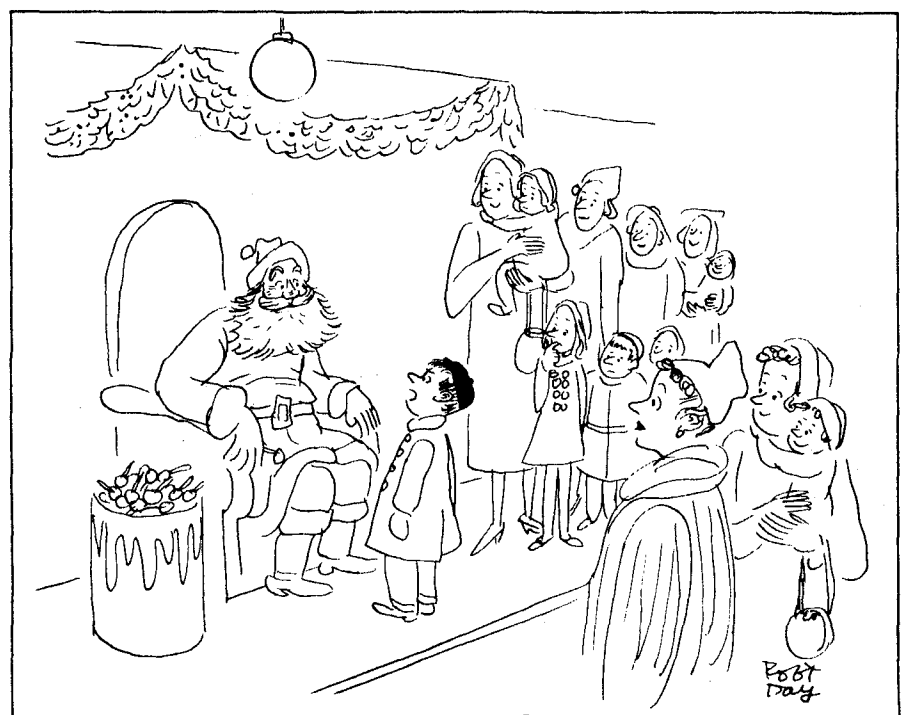
"I should've married her, Zand," Arky said softly, after a pause. "I'll never find another one like her. I ain't even going to look. That's my last woman. Permanent woman, I mean."

Arky sighed and rubbed his hand gingerly across his forehead. "You got to be pretty well satisfied to stay with a woman nearly ten years. I mean satisfied every way. It's not just going to bed. If that's all a guy wants, he can get it and forget it. No. It was just that Anna was—well, Anna was a gentleman."

At another time, Zand would have laughed. Now he nodded solemnly.

"She put up with a lot from me at first," said Arky. "I was always seeing some cutie. But that wore off. I been like an honest married man for quite a while now, though I did see one lately was beginning to interest me. Right now she interests me about as much as you do, Zand.

"Yeah," Arky went on, "I should have married her. She always wanted to; then she could have had some kids. I didn't want kids. After all, the business I'm in, well—But if I'd been back home, where kids could grow up right, it'd been different. Besides, I never liked kids—till Orv showed up."



"And I dare you to show up here the day *after* Christmas"

COLLIER'S — ROBERT DAY

"What are you going to do about the kid, Arky?" asked Zand.

"We got to get him back to his parents. Remember where you took that girl?"

"Yeah," said Zand. "I can find it."

"All right," said Arky. "Tomorrow early you and Lola take the kid and all that stuff Anna bought; find them Polish kids and give 'em back their baby. If they want to put Orv in an orphanage, that's their business. Besides, a kid's better off in an orphanage than in a stinking place like this."

"Yeah," said Zand thoughtfully. "Only thing is, Lola's going to raise a howl. She wants him."

IT WAS ten o'clock in the morning. Weak sunshine showed in the streets of the 17th Ward. Like a lost soul, Arky wandered about the big apartment, which seemed as empty now as an abandoned barn.

Arky looked in one room after the other. He felt a piercing sense of loneliness. He heaved a long sigh of relief and made a dash for his bedroom when the phone rang. It was young Mr. Black, of Dighton & Black. The firm would handle Arky's interests at the coroner's inquest. Young Mr. Black assured Arky that there would be no difficulties of any kind.

When the conversation ended, Arky sat looking off down the hill toward the river. It was a funny thing how a man never knew when he was well off. A man never seemed to get any satisfaction out of the present minute; it was always tomorrow that he was going to be happy, always tomorrow.

The phone rang again. It was the Paymaster and he sounded agitated.

"How's the Mover?" asked Arky.

"Not so good, but he thinks he's fine. He wants you to stand by—all day if necessary. There's a lineman working on his telephone now, fixing the private line so he can talk in the bedroom. Arky, I want you to know the truth. The Mover's in a bad way. I had a long talk with the doctor. We're not saying anything to the Mover's wife or the rest of the family, but I think you ought to know. It's not the wound so much—of course, that's not helping matters any—but the Mover's blood pressure is very high and the doctor's afraid of a heart attack or a stroke. All the Mover's family go that way and at just about his age. The Mover even makes jokes about it. Never saw such a man, Arky. Guess I don't have to tell you."

"No," said Arky, feeling lonelier than ever. Anna, Orv, now maybe the Mover. Looks like I'm running out of people, he thought.

"Among other things," the Paymaster went on, "the Mover said he'd like to see you and talk to you, but I made him understand the impossibility of that. Reporters all over the place—men from headquarters, and even the district attorney's office. What about Harry Radabaugh, Arky?"

Arky's face hardened. "That guy again. Listen, there's something funny going on between Radabaugh and Leon. I don't know what his game is, but keep him away from the Mover."

"All right. Now stand by."

"I'll be right here, day and night.". . .

The judge turned his head on his propped-up pillows when the door opened and the Paymaster came in. "Where's the lineman?" asked the Paymaster.

"Working around outside the house someplace," said the judge. "I can talk to Arky shortly. Terrible thing with poor Arky, losing his woman. Somebody will die for it eventually. Mark my word."

The Paymaster glanced at him in surprise. "I hope this shooting won't go on and on."

"No more shooting," said the judge. "I'll do my best to prevent it. But I won't be around forever."

"There you go again."

The judge laughed. "The penalty of a realistic view of life. In fact, my whole career—certainly from a conventional standpoint—has been ruined by a realistic viewpoint. Or maybe 'opportunist' is the word. Amazing how we all drifted into this."

"It crept up on me."

"Oh, I dragged you in, Gord. I needed somebody I could trust besides Arky. He's trustworthy, God knows, but not very presentable with that pinched Arkansas face and that accent."

The Paymaster sighed and sat down.

"At least," said the judge, "life hasn't been dull. And I can't stand dullness. A man's got to make a choice. He can't have it every way at once. I got to thinking this afternoon about how I drifted into this thing. Funny. Corruption breeds corruption. First, we're collecting campaign money, and having quite a hard time getting any, with the local Party showing definite signs of falling apart. Then we begin winning elections again. All over the city men start running to us with money; we have so much now we don't know what to do with it."

The judge laughed, then considered. "I just said 'corruption breeds corruption.' Maybe I should have said '*success* breeds corruption.' We were a huge success, and we soon found ways to spend our money. The more you spend, the more in the habit of spending you get, and finally the business pyramids into an insanity. Pretty soon we were combing the town for money again. No matter how fast it poured in, we never had enough. We took the gambling-house proprietors in, gave them service. Then the bookmakers, and finally the panderers. Not very pretty, is it? But you have to be a moralist to separate, in this day and age, clean money from dirty."

The judge paused. "Well, Gord, how do you like my story?"

"Fine," said the Paymaster. "It sounds so harmless the way you tell it. But how will it end?"

"End? It will never end, Gord. Never. To win elections, you've got to raise money. To raise money, you've got to do more than promise—you've got to perform. Men do not give you money because they love you, but in order to make more money. A candidate has only one choice—choice of masters."

There was a tap at the window and a young lineman, grinning, looked in. "Okay now, Judge," he said. "It's all yours."

THE Mover's voice sounded about as usual, and Arky felt heartened. "How you feeling, sir?"

"Fine, fine. I guess I'm tough. Sorry to hear about—well, you know."

"Thank you, sir. Damn' shame."

"More than that. A senseless, inexcusable thing. But don't let it unsettle you. Don't do anything foolish because of it."

"I'm waiting for orders."

"Why, business as usual. Collect at the usual time. Rudy's still functioning, so far as I know. Might be a good idea to take a man with you just on the remote possibility that there might be trouble, though."

"Okay. Say, one time you told me you knew who this Mr. Kelly was. If you want me to look him up, I'll be glad to."

The Mover laughed quietly. "A very intriguing idea, Arky; intriguing but futile. That's a big organization. Not like us, Arky. We are strictly whistle-stop."

"All the same, they want to cut in."

"An organization like that has got to expand. It's inevitable. Besides, George Cline and Leon gave them the idea. They were practically asked in."

"What about Leon and George?"

"Well, George will no doubt go back to Las Vegas or Reno or wherever he came from, and Leon will keep his head down. Or, maybe, Leon will try to come back in."

"Let him try."

"Now wait a minute, Arky. Leon's useful. We could do worse. Rudy's a rather shaky citizen, and who else is there? Maybe Leon has learned his lesson. He didn't finger us, Arky. Leon is a double-crosser but he's a little squeamish about murder. No. We were fingered, all right, and by somebody who knew, but I think Leon left town so he wouldn't have to finger us."

"Well, I'm damned."

"And you know it wasn't Rudy."

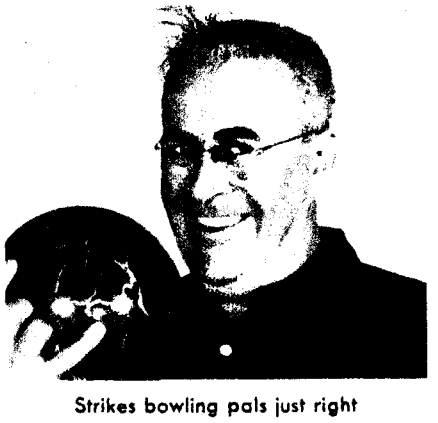
"What about George Cline?"

"I doubt if he could have given them the necessary information. These boys knew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tips for winning Christmas grins

Corby's is first-class for a mailman



Strikes bowling pals just right

Something for a barber to talk about

Just the ticket for a cop

Fixes things with the handy man

Corby's makes good relations with uncles

Super gift for super service

Neat approach to a golf partner

Great package for delivery men

Extra bonus for an office friend

Makes the butcher's heart tender

Swap bottles with the milkman

CORBY'S
CHRISTMAS
REMEMBRANCE
BOTTLE

Here's how people feel toward you when you give a Christmas remembrance of Corby's. And, their friendly regard for you will mount even higher once they *taste* this superb sociable whiskey.

Now one of the country's leading brands, Corby's was made famous by millions of folks who wanted good whiskey at a sensible price.

Say CORBY'S

A grand old name since 1859

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited, Peoria, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what they were doing. They were just unlucky, shall we say?"

"You got me going round in a circle."

"Well, it's no great matter. Collect as usual, Arky—taking the suggested precautions—and don't do anything rash. Goodby, Arky." The Mover hung up abruptly.

Arky replaced the receiver and sat staring out the window. He felt again that piercing sense of loneliness. Night would soon fall: the big apartment would be like a tomb without Anna and Orv.

He started slightly at the sound of a footstep on the stairs. Opening the drawer of the night table, he took out the automatic and shoved it into his pocket.

A voice spoke intensely in the outer hall: "Oh, God, Zand, I hate this. He'll—"

It was Lola.

"It's not our fault," came Zand's voice.

Arky sighed with relief, opened the front door of the apartment, then took a step backward and stared in astonishment. Lola had Orv in her arms, and Zand was carrying his basket.

Lola talked and cried at the same time. "I know what you'll think, Arky. But—but we just couldn't help it."

Zand cut in, showing weak defiance. "We been to hell and gone, Arky, trying to find them kids, but nobody knows where they went. They moved out of that first place right away. Honest to God, Arky, we're both worn out chasing all over Polishtown."

"Well," said Arky, "if you couldn't find 'em, you couldn't find 'em. Come on in."

Lola turned and stared at Zand in blank bewilderment, then turned back to Arky. "You mean you're not sore?"

"No," said Arky. "I'm not sore. What is there to be sore about? Bring him in. Put him back in the bedroom. I guess you and Zand better move in here with me if you're going to look after him. Okay, Zand?"

PAYDAY again. Zand strapped on a shoulder holster while Arky waited impatiently. "Come on, Zand," said Arky. "I want to be there on the dot. You think this Turkey kid is okay?"

"Sure," said Zand. "Toughest boy in the neighborhood. He's the one who starts most of our poolroom scraps, remember. Kicks these young hoods around like they were dogs. I give him a twenty and I thought he was going to kiss me."

"Okay," said Arky. "Come on, will you?"

Turkey was at the wheel of the Ford, waiting for them. He had a tough, square face, a corrugated brow, and a round head covered with short blond hair. He was wearing a checked shirt and a pair of dirty corduroy pants. About eighteen years old, he was a very rough young man, and seemed like a cinch for the Walls later on, but he was very much in awe of Zand and Arky.

"You know where we're going?" asked Arky, as they got in.

"Yes, sir," said Turkey.

"I told him everything," said Zand.

Arky leaned across and handed Turkey a short-barreled revolver of high caliber, known as a belly gun. "Don't let nobody take the car away from you."

Turkey took the gun with a proud look. "Don't worry, sir, I won't."

As they drove toward the Club Imperial, Arky began to wonder just exactly what was going through the kid's head.

"Kid," said Arky, "this is nothing. We got a date with a guy, that's all. Some guys would just as lief we didn't keep this date, see? So we want the car in the parking lot when we come out."

"It'll be there," said Turkey. . . .

The parking lot was deserted. Turkey eased the Ford into the right stall.

"We won't be long," said Arky, and the kid at the wheel nodded, his face set, as Arky went through the padded door, followed by Zand.

When they entered the outer office, Robbie looked up and gave a start. She seemed prettier than ever, but at the moment Arky felt nothing at all about her. "What's that behind you, Ozark?" cried Robbie.

But Arky was in no mood for jokes: he felt cold and sullen. He jerked his thumb toward the inner office.

Robbie studied his face; then her smile faded. "Yeah," she said. "Go ahead. Say, you been neglecting me. What's the matter? Did you meet one you liked better?"

"Not a chance, baby," said Zand, staring at her in open admiration.

"Take it easy, shorty," said Robbie. "You make me self-conscious."

"Don't encourage him," said Arky, moving toward the door of the inner office. Zand, still glancing at Robbie out of the corner of his eye, followed.

RUDY, plump and red-cheeked, was sitting at his desk. He had a fixed grin, showing strong, white teeth. Rudy was half Italian and half German, but he looked like an Irishman. He had started out as a saloonkeeper on Italian Hill. A gambler friend suggested opening a game in the back of the place. Rudy agreed; he always agreed—with everybody. The game prospered to such an extent that the police knocked it over. This made Rudy very sad. Who was he bothering? Someone told him to get in touch with Leon. Leon took a liking to him and gave him money to open a bigger place in a better neighborhood. Rudy prospered. In a little while he was Leon's closest friend and running unimportant errands. Leon felt like a very big man indeed in Rudy's company. Rudy was slavishly devoted.

So here he was, rattling around in Leon's chair, running Leon's night club, and getting headlines which frightened him.

"Everything okay, Arky?" he asked.

Arky took off his hat. "I'm parting my hair different now."

"Yeah. I heard about it," said Rudy. "Terrible!"

"What about the take?"

Rudy looked blank. "The take? Hell, I forgot this was the day. Just a minute, Arky. Everything's okay. I got the dough right here someplace. Now lemme think—did I put it all in the safe, or did I . . .?"

Arky and Zand exchanged a disgusted look. Rudy buzzed the intercom. Robbie's voice answered sweetly over the wire.

"Honey," said Rudy, "did I put all that stuff in the safe with the ledger, or did I—? Oh, that's right. Come on in, honey."

"My God, Rudy," Arky complained, "you mean this kid knows—"

He broke off as the door opened and Robbie came in, throwing a quick, veiled look at Arky.

"It's in the safe, Rudy," she said. "I'll open it for you. What a safecracker Rudy would make," she added, crossing over in front of Arky, brushing him. "Even with the combination, he can't open the thing."

Robbie deftly opened the safe, took out a large thick Manila envelope, shut the safe door, spun the combination, then rose slowly, showing considerable leg, and handed the envelope to Arky.

"This is yours, I believe."

Arky took the envelope without a word.

"Thanks, baby," said Rudy.

Robbie shrugged, then went out.

Arky turned to Rudy. "You damn' idiot—when Leon was here she didn't know the time of day. Now she runs the joint."

"Take it easy, Arky," said Rudy. "She don't know anything. She thinks you own this place, that's all."

Owned the place, huh? Arky smiled to himself. No wonder he was getting such a big play from Robbie. On the make, strictly on the make.

"She's a sharp cooky," said Arky. "So watch it, Rudy. Collections okay?"

Now Rudy beamed. "Up about ten G's from last week, and last week was high. Since the commissioner left, it's been hand over fist."

In the outer office, Robbie was making coffee on a little electric burner, as they went out.

"I wish I knew why you're so cold to me today, Ozark," she said. "I thought it was one of my *good* days."

"I may give you a ring," said Arky. "And I may not." Wanting Anna back was one thing. Going without a woman was another. He might feel different later.

Robbie scribbled something hastily on a pad, tore off a sheet, and handed it to Arky. "Home phone, too; and you're the only man who has it."

"The only tall slim guy named Ozark," said Arky, and went out laughing.

They found Turkey waiting for them calmly. As they got in, he said, "Guy with a badge buzzed me. Tall guy."

"What did he want to know?" Arky demanded.

"What I was doing here."

"What did you tell him?"

"Told him I was driving for a guy inside. The colored boy from the front parking lot came and tried to chase him away. He got pretty tough with the colored boy. Then a prowl went down the alley and he beat it."

Arky and Zand exchanged a quick look; Arky said, "Okay, Turk. Let's go home."

AS THEY turned into the alley, a prowl car, lights out, slid up beside them and cut them off. Turkey had to stop to avoid a collision.

"Arky?" called one of the cops.

"Yeah?"

"It's me—Lon Bucher."

The big cop, Bucher, was one of Arky's customers at the bookie room. "Yeah, Lon?"

"A guy from the D.A.'s office was buzzing your boy while you were inside."

"Yeah. The kid told me. Know him?"

"Yeah. Pal of Harry Radabaugh's—kind of a bird dog for him. We don't like them D.A. jerks horsing around on the Front, so we run him off. Did you hear about Harry?"

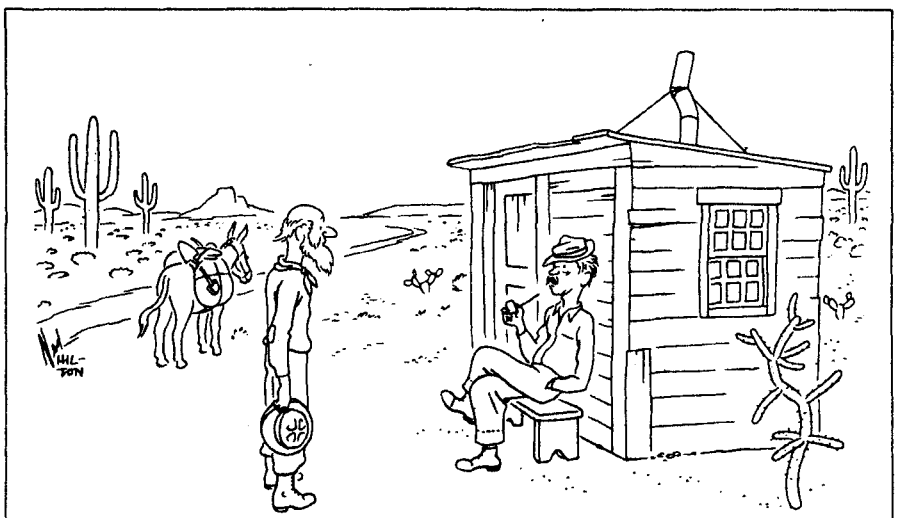
"No. What?"

"He got into some kind of a thing with the D.A., and the D.A. kicked him out. Harry's running out of law enforcement bodies to work for. Crooked boy—they always catch up with him. Guess he'll end up as a private dick. Them kind usually do."

"Oh, he'll light someplace. Much oblige, Lon."

Turkey drove off. His face was set as before but his eyes were big and uncomprehending. Coppers for friends. What next?

But Arky's face was dark. This was getting funnier and funnier. Radabaugh out at the D.A.'s, but his errand boy still checking up on things. It didn't smell right. . . .



"I was talking to a stranger driving through the other day, and do you know what? It's winter"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

WHILE newspapermen ran around in circles, and a twenty-four-hour watch was kept at the judge's house, and daily bulletins dealing with the judge's condition were front-page stuff, the coroner's inquest into the death of one Anna Hunchuk, thirty-five, went practically unnoticed.

There was hardly anything at all to it. The evidence was so cut-and-dried, so obvious, that a verdict was reached without difficulty: death at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown. Full exoneration for Arky.

Nobody could find Reisman, although it was reliably reported that he'd been seen here and there in the City Building and even in the morgue at the Journal. No matter where anybody called him, he never seemed to be in. Red Seaver finally got into a rage about it and made up his mind he'd find him or else. He drove out to Lakeside Village and camped outside Reisman's door. Nothing happened that day.

The next day, however, Red had just taken up his stand when Reisman slipped out the back door and into the alley, where a taxi was waiting for him. Smiling grimly, Red trailed him to the airport and accosted him at the barrier.

"Why, hello, Red," said Reisman. "Where have you been lately?"

"Where have *I* been? Look, Ben, this is no time for gags. I work on the Journal, too. I'm a fellow employee, and also a friend of yours. But every time I get assigned to a story where you could give me a few tips, you clam up on me. First it was the Leon Sollas disappearance. Now it's this Judge Greet shooting. If you got no ideas, say so. But this hide-and-seek business—I don't get it. What *is* all this?"

"All what? I been sick. I'm flying up to Cleveland to see Dr. Grunwald, the stomach specialist."

"Ben, man and boy we've known each other for many years. I hate to say this to you. You are a damned, double-crossing liar. I think you're chasing something. And I think it's my story."

Reisman's plane was called, and Reisman, turning, made a dash down the runway for his plane. Red called after him futilely, then subsided in disgust. . . .

Although Reisman had bought a through ticket to Cleveland, when the plane landed at the state capital airport he disappeared into the bar, took a stiff drink, went out the back way, and caught a taxi for town. With him was a small brief case, containing a change of underwear, a toothbrush and tooth paste, an electric razor, a suit of pajamas, and a few documents. He might have to stay overnight, and he liked to have his own things with him. . . .

Justice Stark was staggered. Reisman sat watching him as he paced up and down the big sitting room of his suite, at the eighty-year-old River House.

The justice went to one of the tall old windows, and stood looking out. Before him lay Capitol Square, with its ancient trees, stone benches and monuments.

"I don't know what to say, Reisman. I am dumfounded. Surely there must be some mistake. Some—"

"That's why I came to you, Commis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sioner." Reisman couldn't think of Stark as anything but the commissioner.

"Let's go over this again," said Stark.

"All right. First, Arky. His name is Orval Wanty. He killed a man in a saloon brawl in 1930. Clear case of self-defense. I've got the whole record. At that time Judge Greet was on the bench in the Criminal Court. Wanty's lawyer was incompetent and later disbarred. Judge Greet refused to accept the plea and maybe saved our friend Arky a few years in the Walls. Apparently the judge took a liking to this Arkansas boy because he acted as the judge's chauffeur for over five years."

"All right. That's not incriminating."

"No. For a few years I can't find any record of Wanty; then he turns up again." Reisman shuffled his papers. "Assault with a deadly weapon; no disposition; in fact, some of the records are missing. Arrested on bookmaking charges twice: dismissed, both times. No fingerprints in the files. I was told that they must have been mislaid. Things certainly get mislaid a lot."

Stark flushed slightly. "I'm afraid you are right. Go on, Reisman."

"It is obvious, Commissioner, that this man is being protected—and by high authorities. Right?"

"Right."

"Now let's come to the attempt on Judge Greet's life. There's a lot more in between—you can read the documents. But this is the nub. The judge and Arky were shot about the same hour of the same day. All right. Maybe it was a coincidence, you'll say. Maybe it was. But this is no coincidence. For weeks the judge's house had been watched by prowl cars from the Pier 7 Station House, Arky's stamping ground. I've got affidavits here from a Riverview special policeman. I scared him and he talked. Not only that. Some unknown person, probably a police officer, saved the judge's life by shooting at the assassin after he had fired only one shot. Something else. A Pier 7 prowl chased the getaway car and was smashed up taking a curve at a high rate of speed. There is a definite police cover-up going on. Dysen won't talk; and apparently no one is powerful enough to *make* him. Chief of Police Frick is in bed with a virus condition—it says here. Anyway he can't be reached. . . ."

"And what do you deduce from all this?"

"Leon Sollas was a cheap front. The same goes for Rudy Solano. Our Arkansas friend is a very big man indeed, and very smart to be able to seem so obscure. Leon runs the vice and collects. Arky is his boss. Arky is apparently Captain Dysen's boss, too, and has the run of the police department, at least in the 17th Ward. This would be impossible without the strongest pressure from above. So who is Arky's boss?"

Stark was staggered. "Incredible! I've known Judge Greet for years. Why, I—" Stark broke off and sat down heavily.

THERE was a long silence. Finally Reisman spoke: "For a long time, Commissioner, there has been talk of George Cline coming in but that was just talk. George is too small to make a dent now. But the Big City boys have had their eyes on us for a long time, and now with you out of the way— In other words, the judge finally outfoxed himself."

"How do you mean, Reisman?"

Reisman hesitated and took a deep breath. "Well, Commissioner, if you speak the word, I'll leave quietly—but this I've got to say. Judge Greet was responsible for your appointment to the Supreme Court."

Stark turned pale at once, glanced blankly at Reisman, then sat staring for a long time at the carpet. Finally he spoke as if to himself: "Incredible! Simply beyond belief." He rose now and walked back to the window. "There must be some other explanation. There *must* be."

"I hope there is," said Reisman, moved to see the commissioner so shaken.

The commissioner turned. "Would you mind leaving all the documents here? I'd like to study them carefully before I make up my mind to anything. Could you stay overnight, Reisman? I'll call you early tomorrow morning."

"I'll stay as long as you say. You understand, Commissioner, that this is the biggest newspaper story in fifty years, and that I'm not going to print a word of it, even a hint, without your permission."

"I appreciate your co-operation."

Reisman opened his brief case and added a stack of documents to the ones already on the desk. Stark watched him absentmindedly, his face puckered with thought. The phone rang and Stark answered it.

"Yes? Yes, Justice Stark. I'll hold on." He turned to Reisman. "It's Marley. Something must have happened in town."

"Yes? I'm holding on," said Stark. "Charles? Yes, it's me. I can't hear you. Lower your voice—stop shouting. What! When? Well, I'm certainly sorry to hear it. Yes. That's the way we all feel. Yes. Yes . . ." Stark covered the transmitter and spoke in a low voice to Reisman: "The judge just died."

REISMAN did not hear any more of Stark's phone conversation. The brief case slipped from his hand and fell to the floor and Reisman sank down into a chair. After a moment Stark hung up. "Well," said Stark, "at least this gives me an excuse to go back to town. I'll fly back tonight. Will you leave these documents with me?"

"Yes. Do what you like with them. I'm afraid the big story is out the window now."

"Time will tell," said Stark, shortly; then: "Reisman, what will happen now?"

"I think the Big Boys will walk in—that is, with the present setup in the city. Creeden's a joke, and you know it."

Stark nodded, turned away, and moved to the window. After a moment, Reisman went out, closing the door softly. . . .

"No, Arky," said the Captain stubbornly, "I'm through—all through."

It was a dark, cloudless night. Arky and Zand had driven to the closed filling station out beyond Locust Grove to meet Dysen.

"Now listen, Captain," said Arky, quietly, "it's up to us to run it. Run it, or get out. And I ain't getting out. They killed him, Captain. Murdered him." There was a long pause. It seemed hard for Arky to go on. "And if they want me out of here they got to kill me, too."

Dysen groaned. "When he was in, all right. But now he's gone, I got no belly for it. I'm going to quit—retire."

"They run you out, huh? Listen, without you they can't operate, Captain. As fast as they open, you can knock them over. You'll be a big hero—maybe chief of police."

"I don't want to be chief of police, Arky," said Dysen. "I don't want anything. When he died, I lost my starch."

"You and the Paymaster! Jellyfish—the only thing holding you up was the Mover."

"The Paymaster's a mighty sick man, I understand. Nurses day and night. He collapsed, just like that. Heart—I don't know. And let's look at it fairly: we're all out in the cold with the Mover dead and the Paymaster on his back in the hospital."

"I'm not. They killed the Mover, they killed Anna, and they tried to kill me. Now they're in bad trouble. I want the finger man. When I know who he is, he's dead."

"Don't talk to me like that, Arky. I'm still a police officer, you know."

"Oh, cut it out, will you?"

"I just don't know what to do, Arky."

"You do just what I tell you," said Arky harshly. "We'll run these guys out if we bust up the whole damn town doing it."

"Why? For what?"

"*For what!*" Arky shouted, grabbing the Captain's lapels and shaking him. "For the judge, damn it! He was a man if *you* ain't, and *I* ain't. He's dead. They killed him."

There was a long pause and the Captain stood breathing heavily in the semidarkness. Finally he spoke in a low voice. "All right, Arky. All right. We'll go ahead." . . .

Arky paced back and forth nervously in his bedroom, smoking one cigarette after another. He was so keyed up he couldn't

Your guests know ROMA best . . served more often than any other fine wine

No wonder Roma Wines are America's first choice! For in Roma's vast cellars the world's largest reserves of fine wine are resting . . . selected and bottled *only* at their peak of mellowness. Roma waits to bring you carefully tended wines that never vary in quality—fine wines that *you* can afford to serve often.

© 1950 ROMA WINE CO.
FRESNO, CALIF.

ROMA
America's Largest Selling
WINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even sit down and try a game of solitaire. He hadn't had four straight hours of sleep for nearly a week.

Below him in the darkened bookie room, Turkey sat to one side of an open window with a sawed-off shotgun across his knees. Turkey was happy, living in clover—plenty to eat; plenty spending money; nothing to do but keep his eyes open. Big doings—and he was in on it. This Arky—a great guy, none better. Just let somebody turn up. "I'll cut him in half with this thing," Turkey told himself grimly.

In the spare bedroom upstairs, Lola was face down on the bed, crying loudly. And Zand was walking the floor, waving his arms and cursing. The baby had been crying off and on for almost four hours; nothing seemed to pacify him. Lola had tried everything. No matter what she did, after a moment he started howling again.

"I'm telling you," cried Zand, "pretty soon you got to make a choice, you hear what I'm saying? Ain't the baby enough without you joining in? Be quiet. What the hell kind of a life is this, anyway? I'm sick and tired of it, you hear me?"

Lola turned over, sobbing. "What will we do, Zand?"

"Give him to somebody. Arky ain't going to keep him. You know that—he just got stuck with him, that's all. Arky's got his own life to lead and so have I—and so have you, I hope."

"You mean you want to say something about it to Arky? You mean you—" Lola turned over on her face and began to cry again. "Oh, the poor little thing—the way he's been passed around—"

The baby drowned her out with piercing howls and Zand clutched his head again. At that moment Arky came in.

"What the hell is going on back here?" he shouted.

Zand started but made no comment, a little worried by the look in Arky's eyes; but Lola said hurriedly, "It's Orv. He's been crying for four hours. I don't know what to do, Arky."

Arky walked over and stood looking down at the fat baby, whose face was puckered up and purple. Ear-splitting howls were coming out of his little mouth, and he was sawing the air with his small fists. Arky poked him gently with a long forefinger. Making a blind grab, the baby caught the finger in his right hand and hung onto it. He stopped crying immediately; his face resumed its usual smooth placid look, and he stared up at Arky with blank round blue eyes.

"Little pig," said Arky, grinning. "Look at him hanging on to my finger."

ZAND and Lola exchanged a quick look behind Arky's back, and Lola shook her head warningly, but Zand spoke up anyway. "Ark," he said, "this is getting too rough—for Lola, I mean. It's wearing her out. She worries all the time and she don't get half enough sleep."

Arky turned and studied both of them. "I thought you were so set up about having this kid, Lola."

"I was—I *am*," Lola stammered. "But—I don't know. I'm just not up to—"

"Tell you what," Arky said, "you better call Doc Fiaschetti, Zand. Have him come take a look at this baby. If he's sick, we ought to know about it. If you ain't going to look after him, Lola, I'll have to get a nurse or something."

"You mean you're dead set on keeping him?" asked Zand.

"What do you want me to do—throw him out in the gutter?"

"I don't get it," said Zand. "But if you want to keep him, Lola'll look after him."

"I'll be only too glad to look after him, Arky," said Lola, "but it's sure wearing me down."

Arky studied Lola for a moment: she certainly seemed washed out and sagging. But wasn't it a woman's business to take care of a baby? Back home they looked after them, and did all the housework; not just one kid, maybe six. And with Anna everything always went smoothly and Orv had always seemed calm and happy. Lola just wasn't cut out for it, or maybe she'd lost her woman's touch.

"I'll hire you a girl, Lola," he said at last; then: "Pick him up, why don't you? Jounce him around a little. That's the way they do back home."

ARKY woke with a start and looked about him in bewilderment. He was sitting in the armchair beside his bed, and all the lights were on.

Zand, looking very tired and drawn, was in the doorway.

"The doc just left, Arky. You were snoring when he got here, so I let you snore."

Arky cleared his throat. "Doc? Yeah. How's Orv?"

"Hell, he's fine," said Zand wearily. "Doc says he's as husky a kid as he's seen in a long time; most of 'em round here pretty weedy."

Arky laughed shortly, then said, "Okay. But why does he cry and yell so much?"

"Doc says the healthier they are the more they yell, and the louder. Great, huh? We got to end up with the healthiest baby in the ward. Look, Ark. We got to do something about this. Doc put Lola to bed. She's got a temperature; maybe virus or something. Doc says maybe it's only exhaustion, but is that good? I know you got your troubles and all, Ark, and this is a hell of a time for Lola to blow up on you, but she's just human. Besides," he added, bitterly, "I just got no more home life than a monk."

Arky studied Zand for a moment. "What you mean is, you wish the baby was to hell and out of here, is that right?"

"Well," said Zand, "where's the percentage? You ain't even married or anything, Arky. What in hell are you going to do with him?"

Arky waved his hands impatiently. "Look, you tell Lola I'll get her a girl. Then all she'll have to do is tell the girl what to do." Arky got up, yawning and stretching. "I'll go down and talk to Turkey. He knows every girl in the ward."

"I don't get it," said Zand, on his way out.

Arky wasn't sure he got it either. Why was he being so stubborn? The last thing in the world anybody would think he'd want would be a baby. Maybe it was because Orv now seemed like a part of Anna—all that was left.

Arky shook his head, puzzled; then he put on his coat and went down the stairs toward the bookie room. When he was a few steps from the bottom, the door opened below.

Turkey glanced up. He had the shotgun gripped tightly in his right hand.

"Mister," he said, "there's a car out there in the alley. I heard it pull up so I took a quick look. Big car. Think maybe there's a couple of people in it."

Turkey unlocked the alley door and opened it a few inches. A light in the alley gave off a feeble, whitish illumination. Arky listened, but heard nothing.

"We'll wait it out," he said.

At a gesture from Arky, the Turk went back to his place by the window, and sat, hardly moving, with the shotgun across his knees.

Arky lighted a cigarette and leaned against the wall beside the doorway, smoking. He had the belly gun in his coat pocket just in case, but actually he wasn't worried. Nobody would be stupid enough to step out into an alley to get shot. That wasn't the pitch. It was something far different, he was sure. But what?

In a moment he heard rapid, light footsteps coming down the alley toward him; a car door slammed. High heels? Arky started slightly. A dame? Funnier and funnier.

A tall, slender form appeared in the doorway. Arky caught an aroma of expensive perfume. Then a soft, agitated voice demanded, "Ozark! That you?"

Arky gasped and stood away from the wall abruptly. "Robbie! What the hell—?"

(To be continued next week)

JAMES LEWICKI

Christmas Carol—1950

Kris Kringle was worried, Kris Kringle was sad
As he pored through his mail in his shop at The Pole.
"The world," he reflected, "is growing quite mad,
And a deep melancholy is filling my soul.

"Time was when these youngsters, these sweet girls and boys
Used to write me for roller skates, bicycles, dolls.
Now they clamor for weapons and death-dealing toys
Better suited for embryo gangsters and molls.

"Here's a cherub who wants 'a machine gun that works,'
And a maiden who asks for a 'pistol that shoots.'
Here are millions who write me for daggers and dirks,
And I shudder to think of those Hopalong suits.

"Alas for the days when my reindeer and I
Brought a message of peace to each innocent brow,
And it grieves me to think as I speed through the sky
That Santa is running an arsenal now.

"What the dickens—" He paused; then a radiant grin
Spread over his face as he chuckled with mirth.
"That's the answer, of course. It's quite time to begin
To bring back the Christmas of Dickens to earth.

"A Christmas of jollity, friendship, and joy.
A Yuletide of peace and good will to all men.
Here's my message of cheer to each girl and each boy:
Old Santa is back making toys once again!"

Then he laughed as his merry voice rang through the shop,
"Cease working at once on those death-dealing gats!
Saint Nick's reconverting. Let everything stop.
From now on it's bicycles, baseballs and bats."

How his ruddy face gleamed and his eyes sparkled bright
As he strode toward the stables that sheltered his deer.
"A jolly good job I've accomplished tonight.
Merry Christmas to all and a Happy New Year!"

NEWMAN LEVY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Christmas Dream and How It Came True

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

what I can do to please you, and not say a word until all is ready. If I could only get a new idea to start with!" And Mamma went on tying up her pretty bundles with a thoughtful face, while Effie strolled to the window to watch the rain that kept her indoors and made her dismal.

"Seems to me poor children have better times than rich ones. I can't go out, and there is a girl about my age splashing along, without any maid to fuss about rubbers and cloaks and umbrellas and colds. I wish I was a beggar-girl."

"Would you like to be hungry, cold, and ragged, to beg all day, and sleep on an ash-heap at night?" asked Mamma, wondering what would come next.

"Cinderella did, and had a nice time in the end. This girl out here has a basket of scraps on her arm, and a big old shawl all around her, and doesn't seem to care a bit, though the water runs out of the toes of her boots. She goes paddling along, laughing at the rain, and eating a cold potato as if it tasted nicer than the chicken and ice cream I had for dinner. Yes, I do think poor children are happier than rich ones."

"So do I, sometimes. At the Orphan Asylum today I saw two dozen merry little souls who have no parents, no home, and no hope of Christmas beyond a stick of candy or a cake. I wish you had been there to see how happy they were, playing with the old toys some richer children had sent them."

"You may give them all mine; I'm so tired of them I never want to see them again," said Effie, turning from the window to the pretty baby-house full of everything a child's heart could desire.

"I will, and let you begin again with something you will not tire of, if I can only find it." And Mamma knit her brows trying to discover some grand surprise for this child who didn't care for Christmas.

NOTHING more was said then; and wandering off to the library, Effie found "A Christmas Carol," and curling herself up in the sofa corner, read it all before tea. Some of it she did not understand; but she laughed and cried over many parts of the charming story, and felt better without knowing why. All the evening she thought of poor Tiny Tim, Mrs. Cratchit with the pudding and the stout old gentleman who danced so gaily that "his legs twinkled in the air." Presently bedtime arrived.

"Come now, and toast your feet," said Effie's nurse, "while I do your pretty hair and tell stories."

"I'll have a fairy tale tonight, a very interesting one," commanded Effie, as she put on her blue silk wrapper and little fur-lined slippers to sit before the fire and have her long curls brushed.

So Nursey told her best tales; and when at last the child lay down under her lace curtains, her head was full of a curious jumble of Christmas elves, poor children, snowstorms, sugarplums, and surprises. So it is no wonder that she dreamed all night; and this was the dream, which she never quite forgot.

SHE found herself sitting on a stone, in the middle of a great field, all alone. The snow was falling fast, a bitter wind whistled by, and night was coming on. She felt hungry, cold, and tired, and did not know where to go nor what to do.

"I wanted to be a beggar-girl, and now I am one; but I don't like it, and wish somebody would come and take care of me. I don't know who I am, and I think I must be lost," thought Effie, with the curious interest one takes in one's self in dreams.

But the more she thought about it, the more bewildered she felt. Faster fell the snow, colder blew the wind, darker grew the night; and poor Effie made up her mind that she was quite forgotten and left to freeze alone. The tears were chilled on her cheeks, her feet felt like icicles, and her heart died within her, so hungry, frightened, and forlorn was she. Laying her head on her knees, she gave herself up for lost, and sat there with the great flakes fast turning her to a little white mound, when suddenly the sound of music reached her, and starting up, she looked and listened with all her eyes and ears.

Far away a dim light shone, and a voice was heard singing. She tried to run toward the welcome glimmer, but could not stir, and stood like a small statue of expectation while the light drew nearer, and the sweet words of the song drew clearer.

"From our happy home
Through the world we roam
One week in all the year
Making winter spring
With the joy we bring
For Christmas-tide is here.

"Now the eastern star
Shines from afar
To light the poorest home;
Hearts warmer grow,
Gifts freely flow,
For Christmas-tide has come.

"Now gay trees rise
Before young eyes
Abloom with tempting cheer;
Blithe voices sing.
And blithe bells ring,
For Christmas-tide is here.

"Oh, happy chime,
Oh, blessed time,
That draws us all so near!
'Welcome, dear day,'
All creatures say,
For Christmas-tide is here."

A child's voice sang, a child's hand carried the little candle; and in the circle of soft light it shed, Effie saw a pretty child coming to her through the night and snow. A rosy, smiling creature, wrapped in white fur, with a wreath of green and scarlet holly on its shining hair, the magic candle in one hand, and the other outstretched as if to shower gifts and warmly press all other hands.

Effie forgot to speak as this bright vision came nearer, leaving no trace of footsteps in the snow, only lighting the way with its little candle, and filling the air with the music of its song.

"Dear child, you are lost, and I have come to find you," said the stranger, taking Effie's cold hands in his, with a smile like sunshine, while every holly berry glowed like a little fire.

"Do you know me?" asked Effie, feeling no fear, but a great gladness at his coming.

"I know all children, and go to find them; for this is my holiday, and I gather them from all parts of the world to be merry with me once a year."

"Are you an angel?" asked Effie, looking for the wings.

"No; I am a Christmas spirit, and live with my mates in a pleasant place, getting ready for our holiday, when we are let out to roam about the world, helping to make this a happy time for all who will let us in. Will you come and see how we work?"

"I will go anywhere with you. Don't leave me again," cried Effie, gladly.

"First I will make you comfortable. That is what we love to do. You are cold, and you shall be warm; hungry, and I will feed you; sorrowful, and I will make you gay."

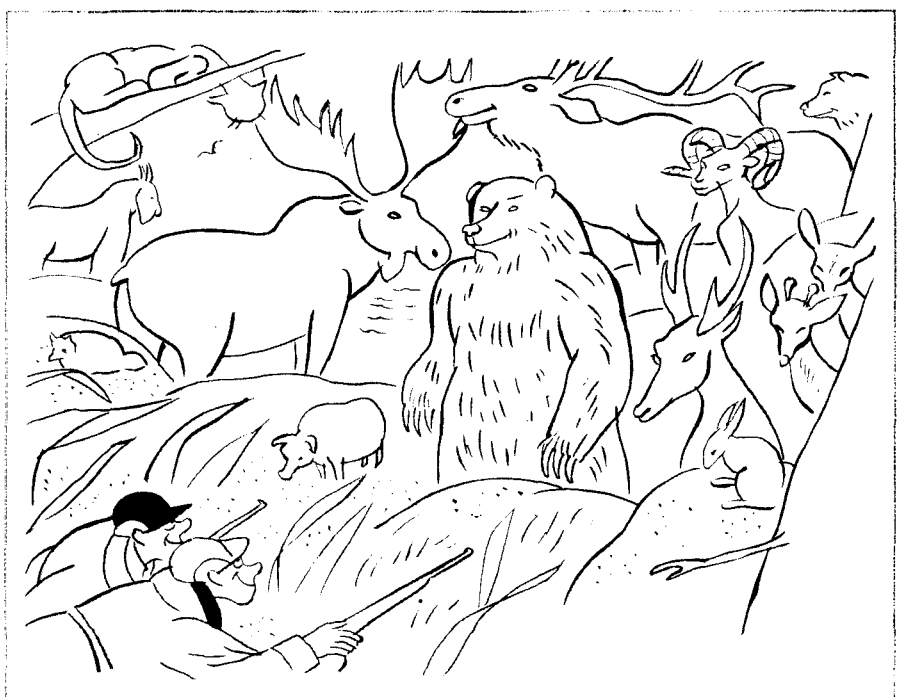
WITH a wave of his candle all three miracles were wrought—for the snowflakes turned to a white fur cloak and hood on Effie's head and shoulders; a bowl of hot soup came sailing to her lips, and vanished when she had eagerly drunk the last drop; and suddenly the dismal field changed to a new world so full of wonders that all her troubles were forgotten in a minute.

Bells were ringing so merrily that it was hard to keep from dancing. Green garlands hung on the walls, and every tree was a Christmas tree full of toys, and blazing with candles that never went out.

In one place many little spirits sewed like mad on warm clothes, turning off work faster than any sewing machine ever invented, and great piles were made ready to be sent to poor people. Other busy creatures packed money into purses, and wrote checks which they sent flying away on the wind—a lovely kind of snowstorm to fall into a world below full of poverty.

Older and graver spirits were looking over piles of little books, in which the records of the past year were kept, telling how different people had spent it, and what sort of gifts they deserved. Some got peace, some disappointment, some remorse and sorrow, some great joy and hope. The rich had generous thoughts sent them; the poor, gratitude and contentment. Children had more love and duty to parents; and parents renewed patience, wisdom, and satisfaction for and in their children. No one was forgotten.

"Please tell me what splendid place this



COLLIER'S "This looks like a good spot" THURSTON GENTRY

Make This TABCIN 2 DAY TEST *and see for yourself!*

TABCIN is a wonderful cold fighting formula that offers more complete relief for your cold than any anti-histamine alone can give you.

This two day test will show you how much better TABCIN is. Try it and FEEL the difference.

The next time you have a cold, start taking TABCIN at the first sniffle or sneeze. See how fast it checks these symptoms and helps you feel better. Keep taking TABCIN according to directions for two days (48 hrs.). Then if you're not pleased and satisfied your money will be refunded.

TABCIN acts in all these ways:

(a) **Antihistaminic** action checks sneezes and sniffles.

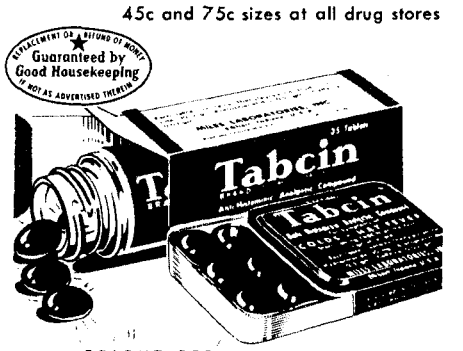
(b) **Analgetic;** relieves headaches and "all-over" aches and pains of a cold.

(c) **Antipyretic;** helps reduce fever of a cold.

(d) **EXTRA ingredient** to help combat the dull, drowsy feeling.

Remember—You can't take a cold preparation that offers more. So take TABCIN—*quick!* Feel better—*fast!*

45c and 75c sizes at all drug stores



THE BRIGHT RED TABLETS IN THE BRIGHT RED PACKAGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gift
by

DECANTERS SAME PRICE AS REGULAR BOTTLE

This season Glenmore proudly presents not one, but *two* beautiful decanters brimful of world-famous Kentucky Tavern, "The Aristocrat of Bonds."

THE EARLY AMERICAN (above). This sturdy, sparkling reproduction of a manly Colonial decanter is a joy to give or get. The "find" of '50, it's sure to star on that personal bar. (⅘ Qt.)

THE CURRIER & IVES (right). Here's a colorful, stately decanter with decorations inspired by legendary Currier & Ives prints of life long ago. It's made to order for those "who have everything." (⅘ Qt.) Companion glasses by Libbey at leading stores.

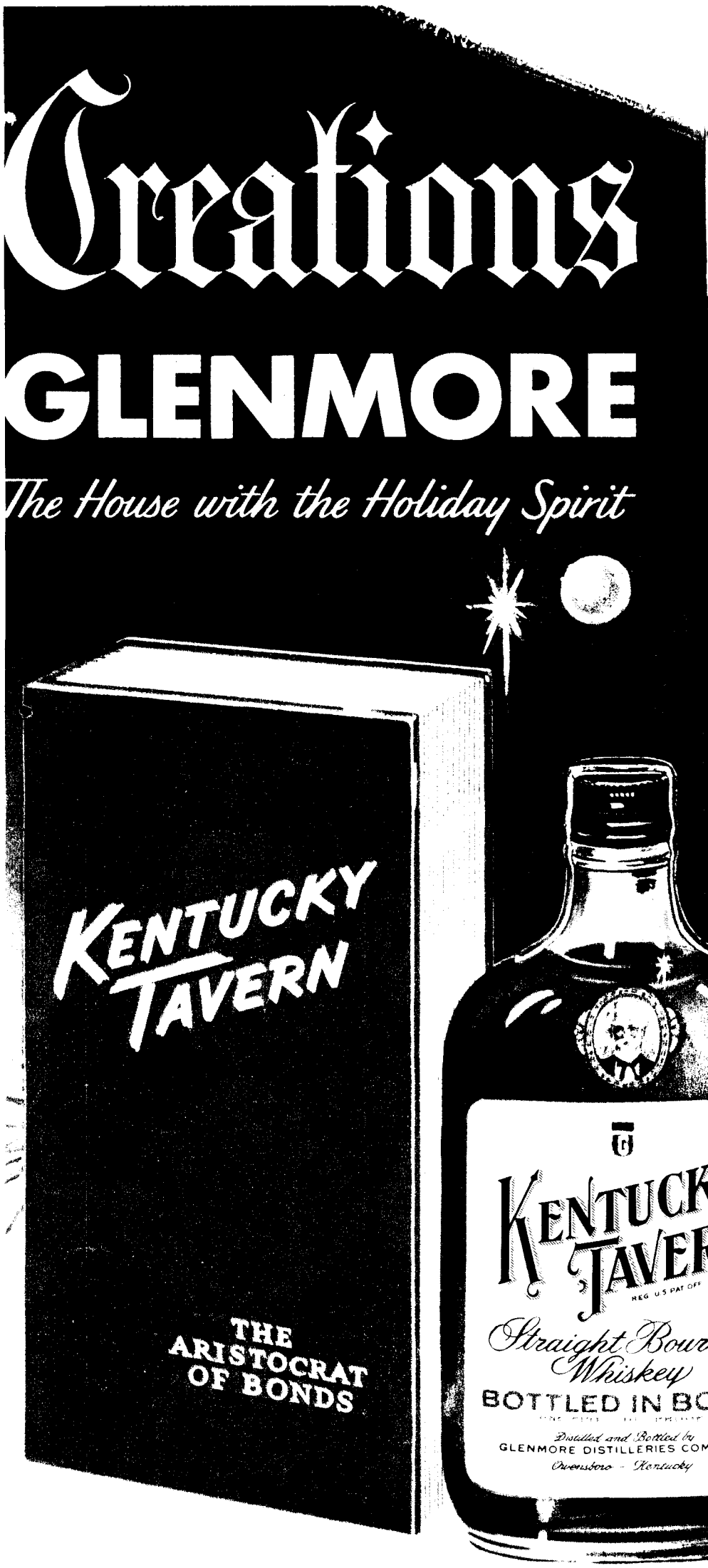
© GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY

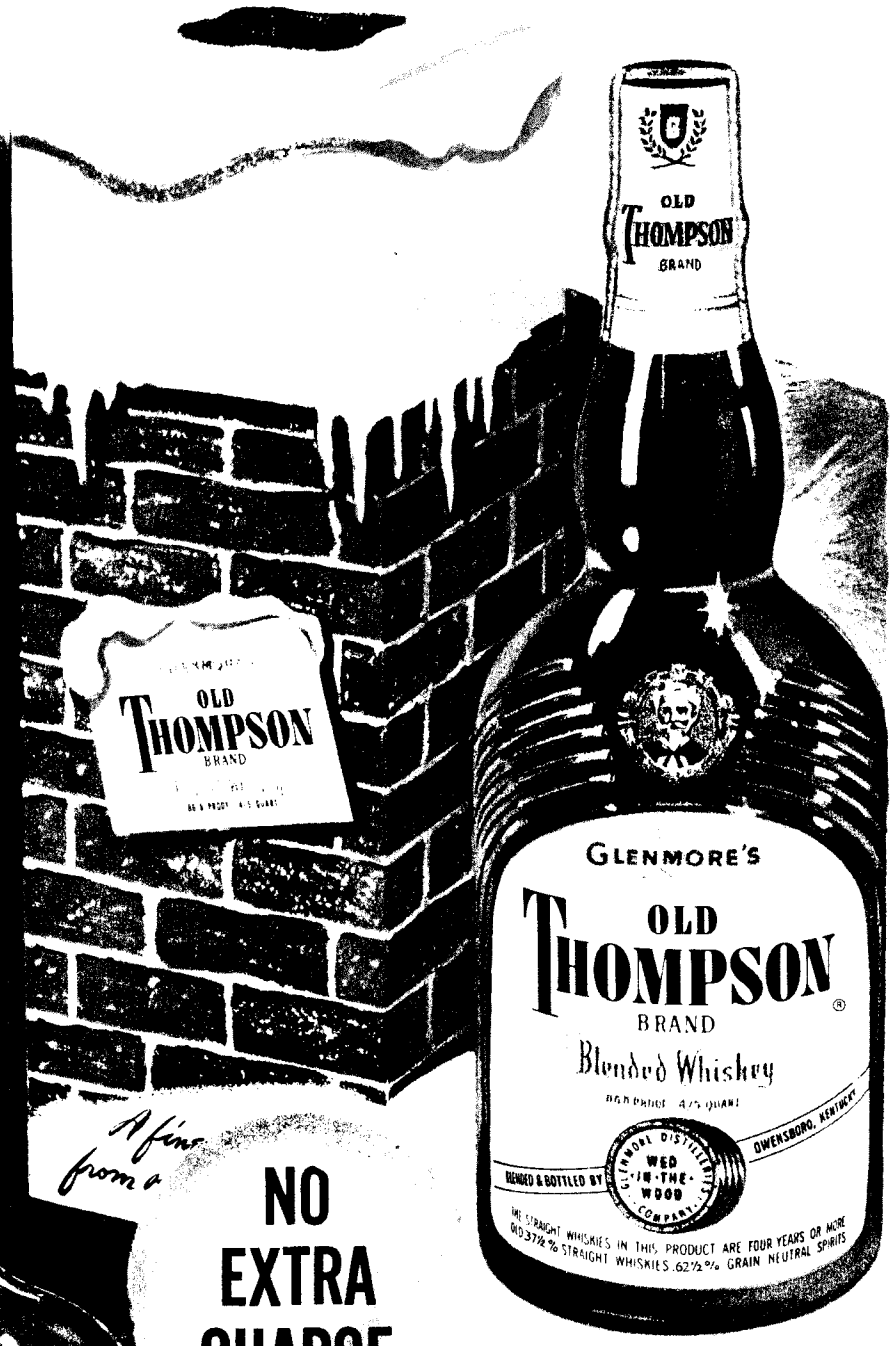
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creations

GLENMORE

The House with the Holiday Spirit




OLD THOMPSON BRAND
A fine gift from a
GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
WED · IN · THE · WOOD
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

NO EXTRA CHARGE

OLD THOMPSON, Glenmore's "WED · IN · THE · WOOD" whiskey, is all dressed up with plenty of places to go this Holiday Season. It's new, different — a "Chimney" package that's clever, colorful and easy to wrap. (⅘ Qt.) Same package is available in pint size. Blended Whiskey, 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies — 62½% grain neutral spirits.

KENTUCKY TAVERN. Something new . . . a brilliant Kentucky Tavern *pint* gift package! Yes—in response to the demand for a top gift designed for wider distribution, we present the clever "Book" which holds one pint of "The Aristocrat of Bonds," proving that fine things also come in small packages.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is?" asked Effie, as soon as she could collect her wits after the first look at all these astonishing things.

"This is the Christmas world; and here we work all the year round, never tired of getting ready for the happy day. See, these are the saints just setting off, for some have far to go, and the children must not be disappointed."

As he spoke the spirit pointed to four gates, out of which four great sleighs were just driving, laden with toys, while a jolly old Santa Claus sat in the middle of each, drawing on his mittens and tucking up his wraps for a long cold drive.

"Why, I thought there was only one Santa Claus, and even he was a humbug," cried Effie, astonished at the sight.

"Never give up your faith in the sweet old stories, even after you come to see that they are only the pleasant shadow of a lovely truth."

Just then the sleighs went off with a great jingling of bells and pattering of reindeer hoofs, while all the spirits gave a cheer that was heard in the lower world, where people said, "Hear the stars sing."

"I never will say there isn't any Santa Claus again. Now, show me more."

"You will like to see this place, I think, and may learn something here perhaps."

THE spirit smiled as he led the way to a little door, through which Effie peeped into a world of dolls. Baby-houses were in full blast, with dolls of all sorts going on like live people. Waxen ladies sat in their parlors elegantly dressed; black dolls cooked in the kitchens; nurses walked out with the bits of dollies; and the streets were full of tin soldiers marching, wooden horses prancing, express wagons rumbling, and little men hurrying to and fro.

Shops were there, and tiny people buying legs of mutton, pounds of tea, mites of clothes, and everything dolls use or wear or want.

But presently she saw that in some ways the dolls improved upon the manners and customs of human beings, and she watched eagerly to learn why they did these things. A fine Paris doll driving in her carriage took up a black worsted Dinah who was hobbling along with a basket of clean clothes, and carried her to her journey's end, as if it were the proper thing to do. Another interesting china lady took off her comfortable red cloak and put it round a poor wooden creature done up in a paper shift, and so badly painted that its face would have sent some babies into fits.

"Seems to me I once knew a rich girl who didn't give her things to poor girls. I wish I could remember who she was, and tell her to be as kind as that china doll," said Effie, much touched at the sweet way the pretty creature wrapped up the poor fright, and then ran off in her little gray gown to buy a shiny fowl stuck on a wooden platter for her invalid mother's dinner.

"We recall these things to people's minds by dreams. I think the girl you speak of won't forget this one." And the spirit smiled, as if he enjoyed some joke which she did not see.

A little bell rang as she looked, and away scampered the children into the red-and-green schoolhouse with the roof that lifted up, so one could see how nicely they sat at their desks with mites of books, or drew on the inch-square blackboards with crumbs of chalk.

"They know their lessons very well, and are as still as mice. We make a great racket at our school, and get bad marks every day. I shall tell the girls they had better mind what they do, or their dolls will be better scholars than they are," said Effie, much impressed, as she peeped in and saw no rod in the hand of the little mistress, who looked up and shook her head at the intruder, as if begging her to go away before the order of the school was disturbed.

Effie retired at once, but could not resist one look in at the window of a fine mansion, where the family were at dinner, the children behaved so well at table, and never grumbled a bit when their mamma said they could not have any more fruit.

"Now, show me something else," she said, as they came again to the low door that led out of Doll-land.

"You have seen how we prepare for Christmas; let me show you where we love best to send our good and happy gifts," answered the spirit, giving her his hand again.

"I know. I've seen ever so many," began Effie, thinking of her own Christmases.

"No, you have never seen what I will show you. Come away, and remember what you see tonight."

Like a flash that bright world vanished, and Effie found herself in a part of the city she had never seen before. It was far away from the gayer places, where every store was brilliant with lights and full of pretty things, and every house wore a festival air, while people hurried to and fro with merry greetings. It was down among the dingy streets where the poor lived, and where there was no making ready for Christmas.

Hungry women looked in at the shabby shops, longing to buy meat and bread, but empty pockets forbade. Tipsy men drank up their wages in the barrooms; and in many cold dark chambers little children huddled under the thick blankets, trying to forget their misery in sleep.

No nice dinners filled the air with savory smells, no gay trees dropped toys and bonbons into eager hands, no little stockings hung in rows beside the chimney piece ready to be filled, no happy sounds of music, gay voices, and dancing feet were heard; and there were no signs of Christmas anywhere.

"Don't they have any in this place?" asked Effie, shivering, as she held fast the spirit's hand, following where he led her.

"We come to bring it. Let me show you our best workers." And the spirit pointed to some sweet-faced men and women who came stealing into the poor houses, working such beautiful miracles that Effie could only stand and watch.

Some slipped money into the empty pockets, and sent the happy mothers to buy all the comforts they needed; others led the drunken men out of temptation, and took them home to find safer pleasures there. Fires were kindled on cold hearths, tables spread as if by magic, and warm clothes wrapped round shivering limbs. Flowers suddenly bloomed in the chambers of the sick; old people found themselves remembered; sad hearts were consoled by a tender word and wicked ones softened by the story of Him who forgave all sin.

But the sweetest work was for the children; and Effie held her breath to watch these human fairies hang up and fill the little stockings without which a child's Christmas is not perfect, putting in things that once she would have thought very humble presents, but which now seemed beautiful and precious because these poor babies had nothing.

"That is so beautiful! I wish I could make merry Christmas as these good people do, and be loved and thanked as they are," said Effie, softly, as she watched the busy men and women do their work and steal away without thinking of any reward but their own satisfaction.

"You can if you will. I have shown you the way. Try it, and see how happy your own holiday will be hereafter."

As he spoke, the spirit seemed to put his arms about her, and vanished with a kiss.

"Oh, stay and show me more!" cried Effie, trying to hold him fast.

"Darling, wake up, and tell me why you are smiling in your sleep," said a voice in her ear; and opening her eyes, there was Mamma bending over her, and morning sunshine streaming into the room.

"Are they all gone? Did you hear the bells? Wasn't it splendid?" she asked, rubbing her eyes, and looking about her for the pretty child who was so real and sweet.

"You have been dreaming at a great rate—talking in your sleep, laughing, and clapping your hands as if you were cheering some one. Tell me what was so splendid," said Mamma, smoothing the tumbled hair and lifting up the sleepy head.

Then, while she was being dressed, Effie told her dream, and Nursey thought it very wonderful; but Mamma smiled to see how curiously things the child had thought, read, heard, and seen through the day were mixed up in her sleep.

"The spirit said I could work lovely miracles if I tried; but I don't know how to begin, for I have no magic candle to make feasts appear, and light up groves of Christmas trees, as he did," said Effie sorrowfully.

"Yes, you have. We will do it! we will do it!" And clapping her hands, Mamma suddenly began to dance all over the room as if she had lost her wits.

"How? how? You must tell me, Mamma," cried Effie, dancing after her, and ready to believe anything possible when she remembered the adventures of the past night.

"I've got it! I've got it!—the new idea. A splendid one, if I can only carry it out!" And Mamma waltzed the little girl round till her curls flew wildly in the air, while Nursey laughed as if she would die.

"Tell me! tell me!" shrieked Effie.

"No, no: it is a surprise—a grand surprise for Christmas day!" sung Mamma, evidently charmed with her happy thought. "Now, come to breakfast; for we must work like bees if we want to play spirits tomorrow. You and Nursey will go out shopping, and get heaps of things, while I arrange matters behind the scenes."

They were running downstairs as Mamma spoke, and Effie called out breathlessly—

"It won't be a surprise; for I know you are going to ask some poor children here, and have a tree or something. It won't be like my dream; for they had ever so many trees, and more children than we can find anywhere."

"There will be no tree, no party, no dinner in this house at all and no presents for you. Won't that be a surprise?" And Mamma laughed at Effie's bewildered face.

"Do it. I shall like it, I think; and I won't ask any questions, so it will all burst upon me when the time comes," she said; and she ate her breakfast thoughtfully, for this really would be a new sort of Christmas.

All that morning Effie trotted after Nursey in and out of shops, buying dozens of barking dogs, woolly lambs, and squeaking birds; tiny tea-sets, gay picture-books, mittens and hoods, dolls and candy. Parcel after parcel was sent home; but when Effie returned she saw no trace of them, though she peeped everywhere. Nursey chuckled, but wouldn't give a hint, and went out again in the afternoon with a long list of more things to buy; while Effie wandered forlornly about the house, missing the usual merry stir that went before the Christmas dinner and the evening fun.

As for Mamma, she was quite invisible all day, and came in at night so tired that she could only lie on the sofa to rest, smiling as if some very pleasant thought made her happy in spite of weariness.

"Is the surprise going on all right?" asked Effie, anxiously; for it seemed an immense time to wait till another evening came.

"Beautifully! better than I expected; for several of my good friends are helping, or I couldn't have done as I wish. I know you will like it, dear, and long remember this new way of making Christmas merry."

Mamma gave her a very tender kiss, and Effie went to bed.

THE next day was a very strange one; for when she woke there was no stocking to examine, no pile of gifts under her napkin, no one said, "Merry Christmas!" to her, and the dinner was just as usual to her. Mamma vanished again, and Nursey kept wiping her eyes and saying: "The dear things! It's the prettiest idea I ever heard of. No one but your blessed ma could have done it."

"Do stop, Nursey, or I shall go crazy because I don't know the secret!" cried Effie, more than once; and she kept her eye on the clock, for at seven in the evening the surprise was to come off.

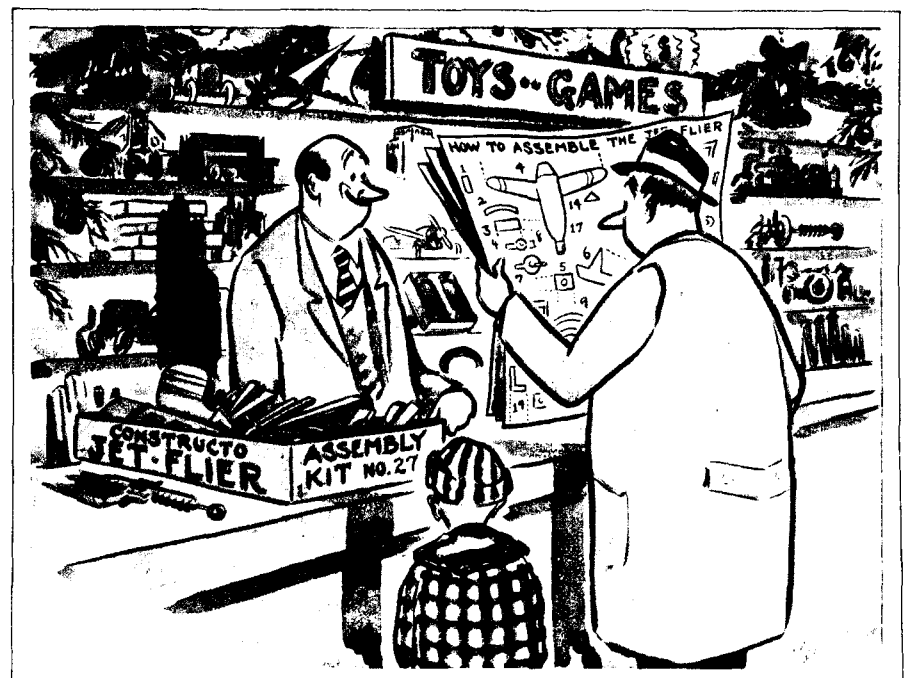
The longed-for hour arrived at last, and the child was too excited to ask questions when Nursey put on her cloak and hood, led her to the carriage, and they drove away, leaving their house the one dark and silent one in the row.

"I feel like the girls in the fairy tales who are led off to strange places and see fine things," said Effie, in a whisper, as they jingled through the gay streets.

"Ah, my deary, it *is* like a fairy tale, I do assure you, and you will see finer things than most children will tonight. Steady, now, and do just as I tell you, and don't say one word whatever you see," answered Nursey, quite quivering with excitement as she patted a large box in her lap, and nodded and laughed with twinkling eyes.

They drove into a dark yard, and Effie was led through a back door to a little room, where Nursey coolly proceeded to take off not only her cloak and hood but her dress and shoes also. Effie stared and bit her lips, but kept still until out of the box came a little white fur coat and boots, a wreath of holly leaves and berries, and a candle with a frill of gold paper round it. A long "Oh!" escaped her then; and when she was dressed and saw herself in the glass she started back, exclaiming, "Why, Nursey, I look like the spirit in my dream!"

"So you do; and that's the part you are to play, my pretty! Now whist, while I



COLLIER'S — **"It can be fully assembled in one hour by any eight-year-old boy's father"** — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blind your eyes and put you in your place."

"Shall I be afraid?" whispered Effie, full of wonder; for as they went out she heard the sound of many voices, the tramp of many feet, and, in spite of the bandage, was sure a great light shone upon her when she stopped.

"You needn't be; I shall stand close by, and your ma will be there."

After the handkerchief was tied about her eyes, Nursey led Effie up some steps, and placed her on a high platform, where something like leaves touched her head, and the soft snap of lamps seemed to fill the air.

MUSIC began as soon as Nursey clapped her hands, the voices outside sounded nearer, and the tramp was evidently coming up the stairs.

"Now, my precious, look and see how you and your dear ma have made a merry Christmas for them that needed it!"

Off went the bandage; and for a minute Effie really did think she was asleep again, for she actually stood in "a grove of Christmas trees," all gay and shining as in her vision. Twelve on a side, in two rows down the room, stood the little pines, each on its low table; and behind Effie a taller one rose to the roof, hung with wreaths of popcorn, apples, oranges, horns of candy, and cakes of all sorts, from sugary hearts to gingerbread Jumbos. On the smaller trees she saw many of her own discarded toys and those Nursey bought, as well as heaps that seemed to have rained down straight from that delightful Christmas country where she felt as if she was again.

"How splendid! Who is it for? What is that noise? Where is Mamma?" cried Effie, pale with pleasure and surprise, as she stood looking down the brilliant little street from her high place.

Before Nursey could answer, the doors at the lower end flew open, and in marched twenty-four little blue-gowned orphan girls, singing sweetly, until amazement changed the song to cries of joy and wonder as the shining spectacle appeared. While they stood staring with round eyes at the wilderness of pretty things about them, Mamma stepped up beside Effie, and holding her hands fast to give her courage, told the story of the dream in a few simple words, ending in this way:

"So my little girl wanted to be a Christmas spirit too, and make this a happy day for those who had not as many pleasures and comforts as she has. She likes surprises, and we planned this for you all. She shall play the good fairy, and give each of you something from this tree, after which every one will find her own name on a small tree, and can go to enjoy it in her own way. March by, my dears, and let us fill your hands."

Nobody told them to do it, but all the hands were clapped heartily before a single child stirred; then one by one they came to look up wonderingly at the pretty giver of the feast as she leaned down to offer them great yellow oranges, red apples, bunches of grapes, bonbons, and cakes, till all were gone, and a double row of smiling faces turned toward her as the children filed back to their places in the orderly way they had been taught.

Then each was led to her own tree by the good ladies who had helped Mamma with all their hearts; and the happy hubbub that arose would have satisfied even Santa Claus himself—shrieks of joy, dances of delight, laughter and tears (for some tender little things could not bear so much pleasure at once, and sobbed with mouths full of candy and hands full of toys). How they ran to show one another the new treasures! How they peeped and tasted, pulled and pinched, until the air was full of queer noises, the floor covered with papers, and the little trees left bare of all but candles!

"I don't think heaven can be any gooder than this," sighed one small girl, as she looked about her in a blissful maze, holding her full apron with one hand, while she luxuriously carried sugarplums to her mouth with the other.

"Is that a truly angel up there?" asked another, fascinated by the little white figure with the wreath on its shining hair, who in some mysterious way had been the cause of all this merrymaking.

"I wish I dared to go and kiss her for this splendid party," said a lame child, leaning on her crutch, as she stood near the steps, wondering how it seemed to sit in a mother's lap, as Effie was doing, while she watched the happy scene before her.

Effie heard her, and remembering Tiny Tim, ran down and put her arms about the pale child, kissing the wistful face, as she said sweetly, "You may; but Mamma deserves the thanks. She did it all; I only dreamed about it."

Lame Katy felt as if "a truly angel" was embracing her, and could only stammer out her thanks, while the other children ran to see the pretty spirit, and touch her soft dress, until she stood in a crowd of blue gowns laughing as they held up their gifts for her to see and admire.

MAMMA leaned down and whispered one word to the older girls; and suddenly they all took hands to dance round Effie, singing as they skipped.

It was a pretty sight, and the ladies found it hard to break up the happy revel; but it was late for small people, and too much fun is a mistake. So the girls fell into line, and marched before Effie and Mamma again, to say good night with such grateful little faces that the eyes of those who looked grew dim with tears. Mamma kissed every one; and many a hungry childish heart felt as if the touch of those tender lips was their best gift. Effie shook so many small hands that her own tingled; and when Katy came she pressed a small doll into Effie's hand, whispering, "You didn't have a single present, and we had lots. Do keep that; it's the prettiest thing I got."

"I will," answered Effie, and held it fast until the last smiling face was gone, the surprise all over, and she safe in her own bed, too tired and happy for anything but sleep.

"Mamma, it *was* a beautiful surprise, and I thank you so much! I don't see how you ever did it; but I like it best of all the Christmases I ever had, and mean to make one every year. I had my splendid big present, and here is the dear little one to keep for love of poor Katy; so even that part of my wish came true."

And Effie fell asleep with a happy smile on her lips, her one humble gift still in her hand, and a new love for Christmas in her heart that never changed through a long life spent in doing good. THE END

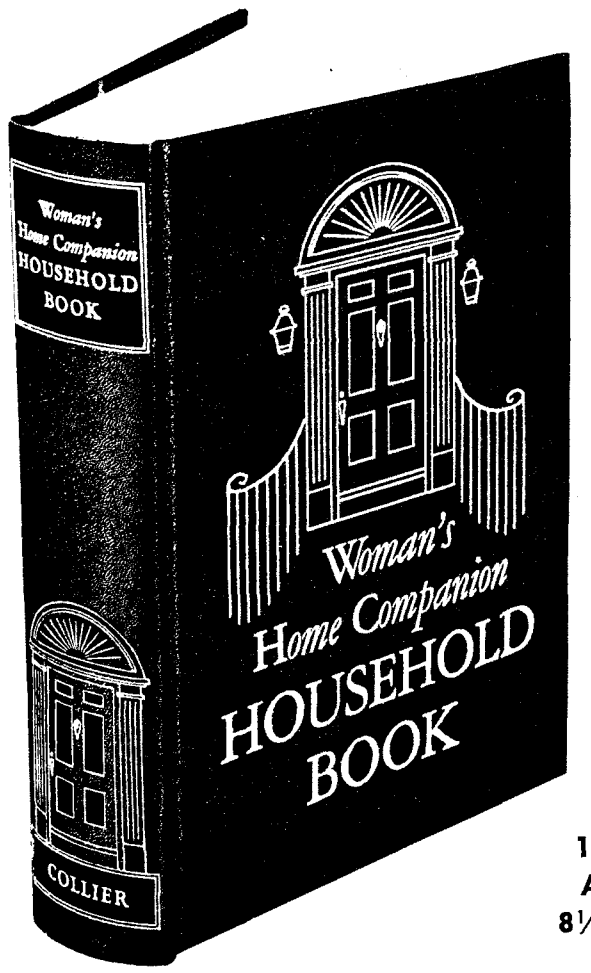
HARRY DEVLIN

Material Attraction

Some sweaters shed; and then again,
Some pick up lint and thread—and men.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

WHY WAIT FOR THAT MORE ATTRACTIVE HOME?



1,006 Pages
Actual Size
8½" x 6" x 2"

Here in one big, colorful book, *Companion* Experts bring to Homemakers, easy-to-follow advice on the care and repair of those things that make the average home a better place to live in, to enjoy and to be proud of. Merely by undertaking with confidence their suggestions on the ordinary repairs and improvements around your home, you can save, many times over, the cost of this volume.

"With prices for simple home repairs mounting to fantastic heights, many housewives and their husbands are turning their hands to odd jobs they never thought they knew how to do. All of these homemaking and repairing tasks are fully discussed and described in the *Woman's Home Companion Household Book*." THE BOSTON POST

"Bound in tough blue Fabrikoid and profusely illustrated, this attractive book tells the housewife and her menfolk how to keep their home in apple-pie order." CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

"The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* gives comprehensive and minute consideration of home maintenance and repair with a view to putting both beginner and experienced householders on their own and freeing them from complete dependence on repairmen." NEWARK SUNDAY NEWS

"Probably the best of many books on the market on the varied subjects that come under the general heading of home care and maintenance. The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* is a bride's dream come true. Should serve for a lifetime of profitable reference on any housewife's shelf." THE HARTFORD COURANT

"The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* is a comprehensive, well-organized and up-to-date reference book, useful for the experienced as well as the inexperienced householder." SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS BULLETIN

An IDEAL and USEFUL GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY Co-25

The Companion Homemaker's Book Shelf
Crowell-Collier Bldg., 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the "WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION HOUSEHOLD BOOK" for a Week's Examination ON APPROVAL. If I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.95 and $1.00 each month until the total price of $4.95, plus a few cents postage, is paid. Otherwise, I will return the book at the end of one week and pay nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(If you prefer to send your check or money order for $4.95 with this coupon, we will pay the postage. Same return privilege and money-back guarantee if not satisfied.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Kaplan and the Magi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Mr. Parkhill would say a few halting phrases of gratitude and surprise, everyone would smile and fidget uneasily, and the lesson would drag on, somehow, to the final and distant bell.

"*Ac*cept . . . *Ex*cept . . . Cucumber."

And as the students filed out after the final bell, they would cry "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year!" in joyous voices. The Committee would crowd around Mr. Parkhill with tremendous smiles to say that if the present wasn't *just right* in size or color (if it was something to wear) or in design (if it was something to use), Mr. Parkhill could exchange it. He didn't *have* to abide by the Committee's choice. He could exchange the present for *any*thing. They would have arranged all that carefully with Mr. Mickey Goldstein himself.

That was the ritual, fixed and unchanging, of the last night of school before Christmas.

"Nervous . . . Goose . . . Violets."

The hand on the clock crawled around to eight. Mr. Parkhill could not keep his eyes off the three seats, so eloquent in their vacancy, which Miss Mitnick, Mr. Bloom, and Mr. Kaplan ordinarily graced with their presences. He could almost see these three in the last throes of decision in Mickey Goldstein's Arcade, harassed by the competitive attractions of gloves, neckties, an electric clock, a cane, spats, a fountain pen. Mr. Parkhill grew cold at the thought. Three times already he had been presented with fountain pens, twice with pencils to match. Mr. Parkhill had, of course, exchanged them. Once he had chosen a woolen vest instead; once a pair of mittens and a watch chain. Also Mr. Parkhill hoped it wouldn't be a smoking jacket. He had never been able to understand how the Committee that year had decided upon a smoking jacket. Mr. Parkhill did not smoke. He had exchanged it for fur-lined gloves.

Just as Mr. Parkhill called off "Sardine . . . *Ex*quisite . . . Palace" the recess bell rang. The heads of the students bobbed up as if propelled by a single spring.

THERE was a rush to the door, Mr. Sam Pinsky well in the lead. Then, from the corridor, their voices rose. Mr. Parkhill began to print "Banana" on the blackboard, so that the students could correct their own papers after recess. He tried not to listen, but the voices in the corridor were like the chatter of a flock of sparrows.

"Hello, Mitnick!"

"Bloom, Bloom, vat is it?"

"So vat did you gat, Keplen? Tell!"

Mr. Parkhill could hear Miss Mitnick's shy "We bought—" interrupted by Mr. Kaplan's stern cry, "Mitnick! Don' say! Plizz, faller-students! Come *don* mit de voices! Titcher vill awreddy hearink, you hollerink so lod! Still! Order! Plizz!" There was no question about it: Mr. Kaplan was born to command.

"Did you bought a fontain pan sat, guarantee for de whole life, like *I* said?" one voice came through the door. A fountain pen set, guaranteed. That was Mrs. Moskowitz. Poor Mrs. Moskowitz, she showed so little imagination, even in her homework. "Moskovitz! Mein Gott!" the stentorian whisper of Mr. Kaplan soared through the air. "Vy you don' open op de door Titcher should *positivel* hear? Ha! Let's goink to odder and fromm de hall!"

The voices of the beginners' grade died away as they moved to the "odder and" of the corridor, like the chorus of Aïda vanishing into Egyptian wings.

Mr. Parkhill printed "Charming" and "Horses" on the board. For a moment he thought he heard Mrs. Moskowitz's voice repeating stubbornly, "Did—you—bought—a—fontain—pan—sat—*guarantee?*"

Mr. Parkhill began to say to himself, "Thank you, all of you. It's *just* what I wanted," again and again. One Christmas he hadn't said "It's just what I wanted" and poor Mrs. Oppenheimer, chairman of the Committee that year, had been hounded by the students' recriminations for a month.

It seemed an eternity before the recess bell rang again. The class came in *en masse*, and hastened to the seats from which they would view the impending spectacle. The air hummed with silence.

Mr. Parkhill was printing "Cucumber." He did not turn his face from the board as he said, "Er—please begin correcting your own spelling. I have printed most of the words on the board."

There was a low and heated whispering. "Stend op, Mitnick!" he heard Mr. Kaplan hiss. "You should stend op *too!*"

"The *whole* Committee," Mr. Bloom whispered. "Stand op!"

APPARENTLY Miss Mitnick, a gazelle choked with embarrassment, did not have the fortitude to "stend op" with her colleagues.

"A fine raprezantitif *you'll* gonna make!" Mr. Kaplan hissed scornfully. "Isn't for *mine* sek I'm eskink, Mitnick. Plizz *stend op!*"

There was a confused, half-muted murmur, and the anguished voice of Miss Mitnick saying, "I *can't.*" Mr. Parkhill printed "Violets" on the board. Then there was a tense silence. And then the voice of Mr. Kaplan rose, firmly, clearly, with a decision and dignity which left no doubt as to its purpose.

"Podden me, Mr. Pockheel!"

It had come.

"Er—yes?" Mr. Parkhill turned to face the class.

Messrs. Bloom and Kaplan were standing side by side in front of Miss Mitnick's chair, holding between them a large, long package, wrapped in cellophane and tied with huge red ribbons. A pair of small hands touched the bottom of the box, listlessly. The owner of the hands, seated in the front row, was hidden by the box.

"De hends is Mitnick," Mr. Kaplan said apologetically.

Mr. Parkhill gazed at the tableau. It was touching.

"Er—yes?" he said again feebly, as if he had forgotten his lines and was repeating his cue.

"Hau Kay!" Mr. Kaplan whispered to his confreres. The hands disappeared behind the package. Mr. Kaplan and Mr. Bloom strode to the platform with the box. Mr. Kaplan was beaming, his smile rapturous, exalted. They placed the package on Mr. Parkhill's desk, Mr. Bloom dropped back a few paces, and Mr. Kaplan said, "Mr. Pockheel! Is mine beeg honor, becawss I'm Chairman fromm de Buyink an' Deliverink to You a Prazent Committee, to givink to you dis fine peckitch."

Mr. Parkhill was about to stammer. "Oh, thank you," when Mr. Kaplan added hastily, "Also I'll sayink a few voids."

Mr. Kaplan took an envelope out of his pocket. He whispered loudly, *"Mitnick, you still got time to comm op mit de Committee,"* but Miss Mitnick only blushed furiously and lowered her eyes. Mr. Kaplan sighed, straightened the envelope, smiled proudly at Mr. Parkhill, and read.

"Dear Titcher—dat's de beginnink. Ve stendink on de adge fromm a beeg holiday." He cleared his throat. "Ufcawss is all kinds holidays in U.S.A. Holidays for politic, for religious, an' *plain* holidays. In Fabrary, ve got Judge Vashington's boitday, a *fine* holiday. Also Abram Lincohen's. In May ve got Memorable Day, for dad soldiers. In July comms, netcheral, Fort July. Also ve have Labor Day, Denksgivink, for de Peelgrims, an' for de feenish fromm de Voild Var, Armistress Day."

Mr. Parkhill played with a piece of chalk nervously.

"But arond dis time year ve have a *difference* kind holiday, a spacial, movvellous time. Dat's called—Chrissmas."

Mr. Parkhill put the chalk down.

"All hover de voild," Mr. Kaplan mused, "is pipple celebraking dis vunderful time.

Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON

America's military installations in Alaska are being rapidly improved and strengthened for the very good reason that Soviet Russia lies just across the Bering Strait. All of us know that the Bering's cold waters separate American territory from Communist soil, but just how close is the U.S. to Soviet Russia?

There are two islands in Bering Strait, Big Diomede, a part of Chukot National District of the Soviet Union, and Little Diomede, a part of the U.S. Territory of Alaska. The islands are three-and-a-half

miles apart and, in winter, can be reached by sled across the heavy ice.

Because of proximity and the winter freeze, which provides a smooth highway between the islands, there is much intermingling among the residents of the two islands—one U.S., the other Communistic. Those who have reported on the islanders say they speak the same language and often intermarry.

The Diomedes are treeless, rocky and almost flat on top, and they actually form the boundary between the Western and the Eastern hemispheres. The international date line runs between the two islands, and a full day is lost in the three-and-a-half miles between them. When it is Friday on the American side, it is Saturday on the Russian side.

* * * * * * * * *

Fine book bindings are usually done in morocco or calf leather, but books have been known to be bound in the skin of the seal, crocodile, cat, dog, buffalo, tiger, wolf and rattlesnake. Even human skin has been used. The law library of the city of Bristol, England, contained several volumes bound in the skin of local criminals flayed after execution and specially tanned. A Russian poet—identity unknown—sent his lady friend a book of his own sonnets bound in skin taken from his own thigh.

* * * * * * * * *

Muggers have, in the last few years, caused U.S. police more and more concern. Youngsters form into gangs, sneak up behind their victims, throttle and rob them. Mugging is a particularly stealthy kind of crime and a great number of murders have been committed by choking or breaking the necks of victims. It is, however, no modern invention of criminals. India's thugs have practiced mugging through the ages and they even concocted special religious rites to go along with their crimes. The Indian thugs strangled their victims with handkerchiefs according to rigid form, robbed and then buried them. The religious rites accompanying the crime usually included the consecration of the pickaxes. These Indian thugs were known as phansigars, or "noose-operators." Most of them were finally wiped out in a vigorous campaign which took from 1828 to 1835.

* * * * * * * * *

By 1960, the average American will be nearly 33 years old. This means that Americans are growing older as a nation. In 1900, the average American was only 23 years old, and in 1940 he was still under 30—exactly 29. At the beginning of this century, less than a fifth of all Americans were 45 years old or older. A full third of Americans were then under 15 years old. By 1940—four decades later—more than a fourth of all Americans were 45 or over and the percentage of children under 15 had dropped to a fourth of the population. Ten years from now, a third of all Americans will be in the middle- and old-age brackets.

* * * * * * * * *

Notwithstanding such modern-warfare developments as the use of the airplane for transport of supplies, it is likely that a World War III, especially in the Near East, will once again make camels as vital a cargo carrier as they were in World Wars I and II. The biggest war camel transport caravan on record was that used by General Allenby in his attack on Jerusalem in 1917. His "camel corps" numbered 50,000 animals. When they walked in single file, the line of camels stretched for more than 80 miles.

* * * * * * * * *

Among the lesser-known duties of government agencies is the effort by various state geographic boards to eliminate duplicate place names, especially those whose nearness to each other confuses

HARRY GOFF

the tourist and geographer. The size of the problem is considerable. For example, California has 26 mountains or peaks named Sugarloaf, 21 named Black and 18 named Bald. Wisconsin has 35 Long Lakes, 28 Bass Lakes, 27 Twin Lakes, 24 Round Lakes, 22 Pine Creeks and 20 Hay Creeks. New York has 60 ponds and lakes called Little and at least 71 called Mud.

* * * * * * * * *

When Alexander Graham Bell and his young assistant, Thomas Augustus Watson, completed their first conversations over a wire strung for several miles—the first long-distance call—the celebrated inventor, who was especially fond of rhyme, declaimed:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Becawss of som pipple is Chrissmas like for *odder* pipple is Passover. Or Chanukah, batter. De most fine, de most beauriful, de most *secret* holiday fromm de whole bunch!"

(" 'Sacred,' Mr. Kaplan, 'sacred,' " Mr. Parkhill thought, ever the pedagogue.)

"Ven ve valkink don de stritt an' is snow on de floor an' all kinds tarrible cold!" Mr. Kaplan's hand leaped up dramatically, like a flame. "Ven ve see in de vindows trees mit rad an' grin laktric lights boinink! Ven is de time for tellink de fancy-tales about Sandy Claws commink fromm Naut Pole on rain-enimals, an' climbink don de jiminies mit *stockings* for all de leetle kits! Ven ve hearink abot de beauriful toughts of de Tree Vise Guys who vere follerink a star fromm de dasert! Ven pipple saying, 'Oh, Mary Chrissmas! Oh, Heppy Noo Yiss! Oh, bast regotts!' Den ve *all* got a *varm fillink in de heart for all humanity* vhich should be brodders!"

Mr. Feigenbaum nodded philosophically at this profound thought; Mr. Kaplan, pleased, nodded back.

"*You* got de fillink, Mr. Pockheel. *I* got de fillink, dat's no qvastion abot! Bloom, Pinsky, Caravello, Schneiderman, even Mitnick—" Mr. Kaplan was punishing Miss Mitnick tenfold for her perfidy—"got de fillink! An' vat is it?" There was a momentous pause. "De Chrissmas Spirits!"

(" 'Spirit,' Mr. Kaplan, 'spirit,' " the voice of Mr. Parkhill's conscience said.)

"Now I'll givink de prazent," Mr. Kaplan announced subtly. Mr. Bloom shifted his weight. "Becawss you a foist-class titcher, Mr. Pockheel, an' learn abot gremmer an' spallink an' de hoddest pots pernonciation—ve know is a planty hod job mit soch students—so ve fill you should havink a sample fromm our—fromm our—" Mr. Kaplan turned the envelope over hastily—"aha! Fromm our santimental!"

Mr. Parkhill stared at the long package.

"Fromm de cless, to our lovely Mr. Pockheel!"

Mr. Parkhill started. "Er—?" he asked involuntarily.

"Fromm de cless, to our lovely Mr. Pockheel!" Mr. Kaplan repeated with pride.

(" *'Beloved,'* Mr. Kaplan, *'beloved.'* ")

A hush had fallen over the room. Mr. Kaplan, his eyes bright with joy, waited for Parkhill to take up the ritual. Mr. Parkhill tried to say, "Thank you, Mr. Kaplan," but the phrase seemed meaningless, so big, so ungainly, that it could not get through his throat. Without a word Mr. Parkhill began to open the package. He slid the big red ribbons off. He broke the tissue paper inside. For some reason his vision was blurred and it took him a moment to identify the present. It was a smoking jacket. It was black and gold, and a dragon with a green tongue was embroidered on the pocket.

"Horyantal style," Mr. Kaplan whispered.

Mr. Parkhill nodded. The air trembled with the tension. Miss Mitnick looked as if she were ready to cry. Mr. Bloom peered intently over Mr. Kaplan's shoulder. Mrs. Moskowitz sat entranced, sighing with behemothian gasps. She looked as if she were at her daughter's wedding.

"Thank you," Mr. Parkhill stammered at last. "Thank you, all of you."

Mr. Bloom said, "Hold it op everyone should see."

Mr. Kaplan turned on Mr. Bloom with an icy look. *"I'm* de chairman!" he hissed.

"I—er—I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness," Mr. Parkhill said without lifting his eyes.

Mr. Kaplan smiled. "So now you'll plizz hold op de prazent. Plizz."

Mr. Parkhill took the smoking jacket out of the box and held it up for all to see. There were gasps—"Oh!s" and "Ah!s" and Mr. Kaplan's ecstatic "My! Is beauriful!"

"Maybe ve made a mistake," Mr. Kaplan said hastily. "Maybe you don' smoke—dat's how *Mitnick* tought." The scorn dripped. "But I said, 'Ufcawss is Titcher smokink! Not in de cless, netcheral. At home! At least a pipe!' "

"No, no, you didn't make a mistake. It's—it's *just* what I wanted!"

The great smile on Mr. Kaplan's face became dazzling. "Hooray! Vear in de bast from helt!" he cried impetuously. "Mary Chrissmas! Heppy Noo Yiss! You should have a *hondert* more!"

This was the signal for a chorus of acclaim. "Mary Chrissmas!" "Wear in best of health!" "Happy New Year!" Miss Schneiderman burst into applause, followed by Mr. Scymzak and Mr. Weinstein. Miss Caravello, carried away by all the excitement, uttered some felicitations in Italian.

The ceremony was over. Mr. Parkhill began to put the smoking jacket back into the box with fumbling hands. Mr. Bloom marched back to his seat. But Mr. Kaplan stepped a little closer to the desk. The smile had congealed on Mr. Kaplan's face. It was poignant and profoundly earnest.

"Er—thank you, Mr. Kaplan." Mr. Parkhill said gently.

Mr. Kaplan shuffled his feet, looking at the floor. For the first time since Mr. Parkhill had known him, Mr. Kaplan seemed to be embarrassed. Then, just as he turned to rush back to his seat, Mr. Kaplan whispered, so softly that no ears but Mr. Parkhill's heard it, "Maybe de spitch I rad vas too *forminal.* But avery void I said—it came fromm *below mine heart!*"

Mr. Parkhill felt that, for all his unorthodox English, Mr. Kaplan had spoken with the tongues of the Magi. THE END

The Shepherd

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

time for a hundred sheep. They are my sheep. I will abide."

This the others did not take so much amiss, for they saw now that there was a terror in all the flocks and they too knew the ways of sheep. And before the shepherds departed on the road to Bethlehem toward the bright star, each talked to Amos and told him what he should do for the care of the several flocks. And yet one or two turned back a moment to taunt Amos, before they reached the dip in the road which led to the City of David. It was said, "We shall see new glories at the throne of God, and you, Amos, you will see sheep."

Amos paid no heed, for he thought to himself, "One shepherd the less will not matter at the throne of God." Nor did he have time to be troubled that he was not to see the Child who was come to save the world. There was much to be done among the flocks and Amos walked between the sheep and made under his tongue a clucking noise, which was a way he had, and to his hundred and to the others it was a sound more fine and friendly than the voice of the bright angel. Presently the animals ceased to tremble and they began to graze as the sun came up over the hill where the star had been. "For sheep," said Amos to himself, "the angels shine too much. A shepherd is better."

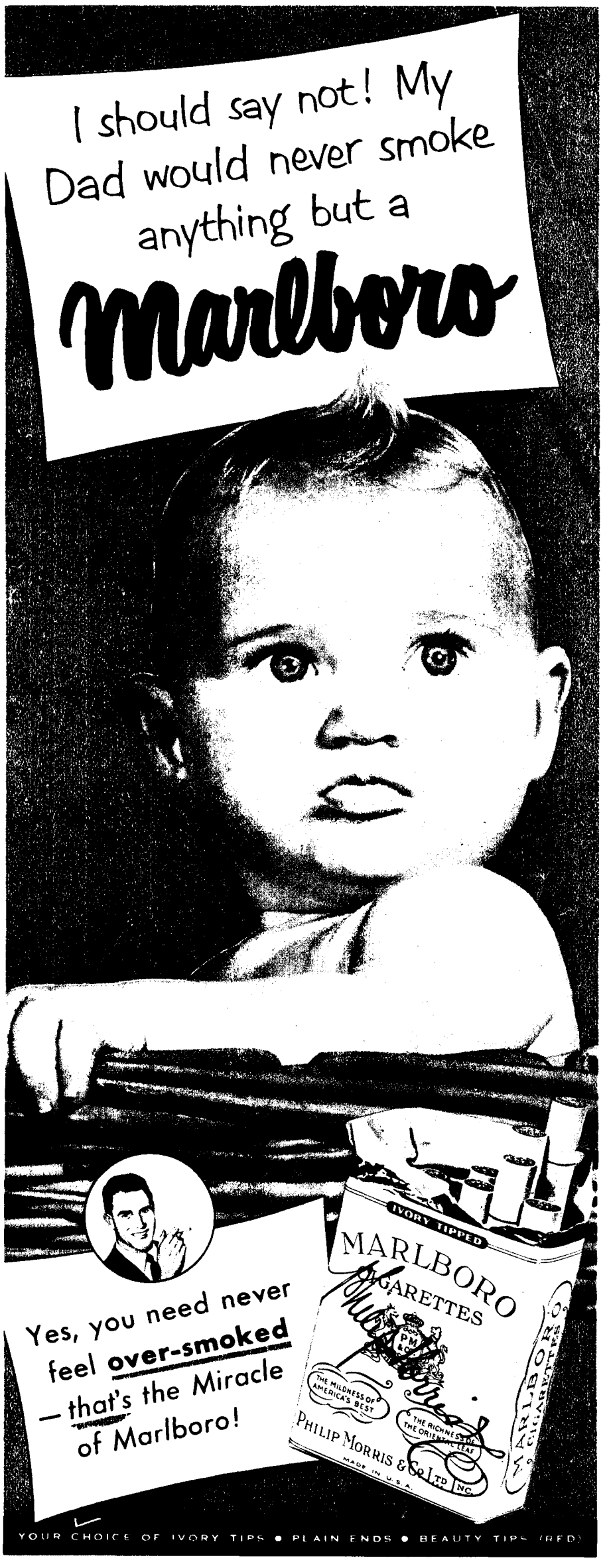
With the morning the others came up the road from Bethlehem, and they told Amos of the manger and of the wise men who had mingled there with shepherds. And they described to him the gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And when they were done they said, "And did you see wonders here in the fields with the sheep?"

Amos told them, "Now my hundred are one hundred and one," and he showed them a lamb which had been born just before the dawn.

"Was there for this a great voice out of heaven?" asked the eldest of the shepherds.

Amos shook his head and smiled, and there was upon his face that which seemed to the shepherds a wonder even in a night of wonders.

"To my heart," he said, "there came a whisper." THE END


I should say not! My Dad would never smoke anything but a
Marlboro
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked — that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
YOUR CHOICE OF IVORY TIPS • PLAIN ENDS • BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distribution Problem

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

he said. "If we kept this dog, we'd have to give Muggins away."

"Rubbish," said my mother, so we wouldn't be scared, but we weren't scared because we knew my father would as soon thought of giving away Tommy or Larry or Anne or me or our mother as Muggins.

"We cannot have two dogs," said my father.

"Why?" said Larry who was not even pretending not to be interested.

"Too expensive," said my father, "too much trouble—and they take up too much room."

"I'd take care of her," said Tommy. "And you know my allowance? I'll save up to buy her food."

"You said the other day," said Anne, "that this house was as big as a barn."

"You said once," I said, "that we had much more yard than we need."

"You said last week," said Larry, "that this family throws away enough food to feed ten refugees."

"You know that old chair in my room?" said Tommy. "She can sleep there."

"No," said my father, and everybody relaxed and my father saw at once what he had done, and he desperately poured himself another cup of coffee, and made a face because now it was cold. My mother took the pot out to make some fresh. She is very helpful.

"I didn't mean No she can't sleep in your room," said my father. "I meant No she can't stay here. Where did you find her?"

"You know Mr. Bigelow?" said Tommy. "She was in front of his house. He was chasing her away. He was throwing stones at her."

"He was!" said my father. "Why, the old buzzard. Well, we won't chase her, Tommy, and naturally nobody in this family would throw anything at anything. We'll just put her in the car and take her down to the Animal Home and they'll find some nice family to adopt—"

TOMMY has a trick, and nobody has ever figured out if he can really do it on purpose. Instead of crying when he is upset, he gets sick—very hard. He did. Anne and I cleaned up because we didn't wants things to be interrupted too long. Tommy's clothes were all right. He leans over. He gets over it right away. It is a very sudden and useful thing.

My mother came back with the fresh coffee. Alice and Muggins were lying down side by side and they and the rest of us watched my father thinking.

"She must be somebody's dog," he said. "Somebody's probably out looking for her right now. It's only fair to try to find her owner."

"*That's* true," said my mother. She says that once in a while and I don't think my father likes it very well, because it sounds as if all the other things he's been saying haven't been true, which I guess is what my mother means.

Suddenly my father noticed something. He couldn't have looked really hard not to notice it before because it was very plain.

"Two dogs!" he said. "It's going to be a lot more than two dogs."

Because of course one thing that made Alice very nice and interesting, besides her ears and tail and kind eyes, was that she was going to have puppies.

"You know that nice corner in the cellar by the furnace?" said Tommy. "And you know that wooden box the new dishes came in? I'll make her a nice soft place in the box and put it by the furnace and she can have them there."

"You can always give away puppies," said Larry.

"People like them," I said. "Everybody does."

"We could even sell them," said Anne.

"And make some money," I said.

"And buy a great Dane," said Tommy.

"No!" said my father very loud. We all looked at him.

"No what?" I said.

"No, we are not going to buy a great Dane!" said my father still louder.

"Oh, of course not," said my mother. Nobody else said anything more about great Danes so my father began to look like the kind of man who when he says No his family agrees with him. Tommy knelt down beside his dog Alice and put his cheek against her and she licked his face and Muggins thumped his tail on the floor My father finished his coffee and got up and looked at Alice sort of thoughtfully and then he leaned down and patted her and said, "I don't think her name ought to be Alice in Wonderland," and Tommy said, "Then what?" and my father said, "The United Nations."

You could see Tommy thinking about it but you could see he was going to call her Alice just the same.

My father went to play golf and Larry to play baseball and my mother to wash the dishes and Anne to help her because it was her turn. Tommy and Muggins and I took Alice all over the house and showed it to her. She liked it. Tommy thought we might start teaching her not to get up on the beds but Muggins sort of spoiled it by getting up in the middle of my father's bed and going bang off to sleep the way he does.

My father insisted, and my mother too, that we had to advertise in the paper for a week before we could count Alice really ours, I mean Tommy's. We put an ad in the paper every night in the Found column and Tommy wanted somebody to read him the Lost column every night even before they read him the comics. Every time the telephone rang we all listened kind of anxiously and my father would hold his paper aside and listen too and he did not look as if he hoped somebody was going to take Alice away. Nobody put any ads in the paper and although one woman telephoned she was looking for a pedigreed male collie, which Alice was not—any of those.

Muggins took Alice around the neighborhood and showed her the woodchuck hole in the empty lot and where the cats lived and the Parkers' cook who throws bones out the back door. Alice did not want to walk very far or chase woodchucks or cats and she did not jump on beds. She was being careful because of the puppies.

She understood from the beginning that she was Tommy's dog. She was nice to all of us but when we came home from school she just lay on the porch and thumped her tail, but Tommy would ring his bicycle bell as soon as he turned the corner of the block and Alice would walk (on account of being careful) down the street to meet him and he would get off and she would go wild with joy and they would walk back together, with Tommy wheeling the bicycle. She slept in the chair in Tommy's room but he made her the bed down by the furnace for having the puppies in because it was rather cool in his room at night. He showed her the bed and she got in and tried it and it was okay.

Next to Tommy, she liked my father best. She did not go down the street to meet him but she got up when she saw him coming. He would lean down and pat her and say, "Hello, old girl. Nothing happened yet, I see." Then she would follow him into the house and sit with her head on his knee while he read the paper.

All the neighbors found her very interesting, both her herself and her condition, and Mr. Parker came and took some pictures of her. He said he had never seen anything like her and never would again, and he thought something ought to be saved—for prosperity, I think it was—to look at.

We had a family council about whether the puppies were Tommy's just because Alice was, and my father said they were—by right of eminent domain, he said—but he said it didn't matter because Tommy would be giving away the puppies, anyway. All the kids in the neighborhood wanted puppies, although sometimes their fathers called up and said to unregard the request. Tommy got asked to play in a lot of ball games where before they had said he was too little. He did not make any promises. Not making any promises kept the bubble gum and the candy coming in. You can never tell just how far Tommy figures. Quite far.

We had thought the puppies were coming right away—it certainly looked that way—but time went on and so did Alice. My father got worried and one night after Tommy was asleep he sneaked Alice out and down to the vet's. But the vet said she was fine and she was certainly a remarkable specimen and it would be any day now.

ABOUT a week after that I woke up in the night and was thirsty. I went down the hall to the bathroom for a drink. It is very mysterious to be the only one awake in the middle of the night. It is nice, and it is scary too. I was thinking about everybody else being asleep and liking it but sort of wishing one of them would wake up. Then I saw that Tommy's door was open. I looked in and he wasn't in bed and Alice wasn't in her chair. I went down cellar very quickly and quietly and there was Tommy sitting in a wooden chair by the furnace, with his hair standing straight up and his eyes wide.

Alice was in her box, and Muggins was sitting in the corner by the stairs keeping watch.

"Two have come," said Tommy. Sure enough, there were two little round balls beside Alice. Alice's eyes were kinder than ever. I patted her and she wagged her tail a little. Muggins came over to look and I patted him too. He is a very nice and uninterfering dog.

"She started to cry a little and I knew," said Tommy. "So I carried her down here."

"My goodness," I said, "why didn't you call somebody? She's heavy."

"She wasn't too heavy for me," said Tommy. "She trusts me. I didn't want anybody—but I'm glad you woke up, Jane. There's going to be more. She hardly cries at all. Just whimpers."

He was shaking with excitement and I guess with cold, too. He didn't have any bathrobe on, and was barefoot. I went back upstairs and got two blankets, and Tommy's bathrobe and slippers. I made him put them on, and I wrapped a blanket around him and I got another chair and wrapped the other blanket around me. Muggins didn't seem to be cold or excited. He went to sleep after a while.

Tommy and I, because we're the two youngest, have always done a lot together and while we fight sometimes, we love each other a little special. I was suddenly terribly happy down there by the warm furnace, just the two of us, the whole house still and dark and just our own little light on and Muggins asleep in the corner and Tommy sitting there in his blanket with his eyes as big as plates and his blond hair standing up.

It is something I'll remember always, I said to myself—how he looks and how it feels all nice and quiet and strange and warm and the dark corners of the cellar not scary the way they sometimes are, but cozy and friendly, and Alice so proud and happy and the puppies being born. I'll think of it when I'm by myself—even when I'm an old, old lady I'll think of it and remember how it felt.

Alice whimpered a little and Tommy went over and sat beside her and put his hand on her head and soon another puppy was born. Altogether, Alice had six puppies. Just after she had the sixth I looked at the little window high in the wall and saw it was beginning to get light and I could hear the robins singing.

"Look, Tommy, it's day," I said, and we both looked at the light getting brighter and listened to the birds getting louder.

BUTCH

"Aw'right, so I'm actin' very mysterious. But you'll understand why on Christmas mornin', Slug"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S **"Now, tell me all about yourself and don't leave out a single decimal point"** LEONARD DOVE

"Oh," said Tommy on a kind of sigh, "Oh, gosh!"

Suddenly we were sleepy. I thought it would be all right to leave Alice now—she was tired and had fallen asleep and I didn't think she was going to have any more—but Tommy wouldn't leave so we put the blankets down on the floor and fell asleep ourselves. When I woke up I was in my own bed and it was three o'clock in the afternoon. My mother said my father had carried us upstairs, and he had smiled, kind of, and looked fond of us, and nobody had minded that we had been up all night or the blankets on the cellar floor or anything, and they had let us miss a day of school to catch up.

THE puppies were named Lancelot, Guinevere, Bob Son of Battle, Winston Churchill, Dick Tracy and Eleanor Roosevelt, according. My father named Eleanor Roosevelt, and my mother said he had second sight because she was the first one to get out of the box and go wandering around the cellar being interested in things. Of course they were too little to give away for a long time. Our cellar was always getting full of kids wanting to see them, and Alice loved to show them off and would lead the way to the box and sit by wagging and smiling. It was a long time before she would leave them enough to go out in the yard. The first day she did Muggins saw her go and he scratched at the cellar door. I let him down there and went with him to see what he wanted. He only wanted to sit and guard the puppies until Alice came back. He is a very thinking kind of dog.

You never knew anything as different as those puppies. Guinevere was mostly white with a little black, and Dick Tracy was mostly black with a little white and the rest were just mixed-up colors with quite a lot of brown. Winston Churchill was somewhat cross-eyed and at first we thought we ought to change his name in case of being insulting to a well-known person, but my father said as long as the pup had guts and personality it was all right. Bob Son of Battle had a huge black patch over one eye and was very bowlegged.

As the puppies got some bigger, and we all knew it would be time pretty soon to start giving them away, Tommy began to look more and more worried. The puppies not only looked different—they *were* different. You could tell each one's bark and what would make each wag most and which would push hardest to get at the food and which would run fastest after a ball and lots of other things.

It was going to seem strange around the place with any of them gone, even if they had only been there a few weeks. It only takes a few weeks for animals to get into families.

There was a boy named Mark Britton who lived a little way from us, and his father died. It seemed very strange that we knew someone who had died. We never had, except Grandma, and we hadn't seen her much because she lived in California. But Mr. Britton used to walk by our house on his way home from work and stop and talk with my father about the things that are always going on, like politics and the weather. And now he had died.

One day I saw Tommy come in the yard with Mark Britton. I was surprised. He was a lot older than Tommy. Nearer Larry's age. I listened at the top of the cellar stairs and I heard Tommy say, "Any one you want." I ran down after them. Mark looked at the puppies and he played with them and they were all so cute I didn't see how anyone in the world could choose, but after a long time Mark chose Bob Son of Battle. I saw Tommy swallow and I knew his stomach was going round. Tommy always had a favorite and while it changed from time to time, Bob Son of Battle had been his favorite for about a week now. But he picked up Bob Son of Battle and put him in Mark's arms. And Mark leaned his head down and Bob Son of Battle licked his face, and Mark walked off down the street carrying Bob Son of Battle and talking to him in a low voice and Tommy and I knew that it was a good thing. It seemed very lonesome without Bob Son of Battle even though there were still five puppies and two dogs.

Larry and my father built a wire pen out in the yard and a doghouse and the puppies went to live out there. We have a big yard, with an empty lot next door on each side, and our garage used to be a barn so we are really like in the country and it is a fine place for dogs to be, and it really doesn't matter how many. The puppies went on getting more and more in the family and Tommy went on not making promises even though the kids stopped giving him gum and stuff. One night my father said, "Who's getting the rest of those pups?" and he went away quickly to a meeting. Tommy couldn't finish his supper and we all went out and looked at the puppies cavorting around their play yard and we didn't talk much.

IT WAS Anne who had the idea. The next afternoon she called us to a council out in the garage. Alice and Muggins came, too, but not the puppies. They stood in a row with their front paws on the wire and cried with excitement while we went by.

Anne said, "We all have one dog together—Muggins." Muggins banged his tail. And Anne said, "And Tommy has six dogs—Alice and five puppies and I don't think that's fair. I have never had a dog all my own and Larry hasn't and Jane hasn't. How about giving us each a puppy?"

Tommy is very quick to get a point. He grinned, showing all the gaps in his teeth, because it certainly would be nice for him to give the puppies away and have them right there. "Sure," he said.

It was a very short council because we didn't say anything more. We went into the play yard with the puppies and Tommy broke a stick into three pieces different lengths and we drew lots. Larry got first and he chose Lancelot. Anne chose Dick Tracy and I chose Guinevere. She had been my favorite from the first but I had thought it would be good luck not to say so, and it was.

We stayed and played with our puppies a while and we were especially nice to Eleanor Roosevelt and Winston Churchill in case their feelings were hurt at not being chosen.

"What about *them?*" said Tommy and it seemed to all of us all at once that Eleanor Roosevelt and Winston Churchill were the best ones of all.

I had the next idea. "There's Mom and Daddy," I said. "They would each like a dog of their own, I should think."

Tommy grinned again and we said good-by to the puppies, leaving Alice with them, and the rest of us and Muggins went back to the house. My mother came home from shopping and we told her and she said she had always wanted a dog of her own and she had admired Winston Churchill from the beginning and thought his crossed eyes unusual. She wasn't sure about my father, though, and she said we'd have to take it up with him ourselves and she wouldn't be an inter-something for us.

We waited until my father had had his supper and was sitting smoking his pipe and looking at a magazine. Then we sent Tommy in to talk to him, and the rest of us and Muggins listened at the door.

"You know the puppies?" said Tommy. My father put down his magazine and took off his glasses and said he did.

"I've given them away," said Tommy, "all but one."

"You *have!*" said my father in a voice that didn't sound very pleased and he quickly changed his voice and said, "You have?"

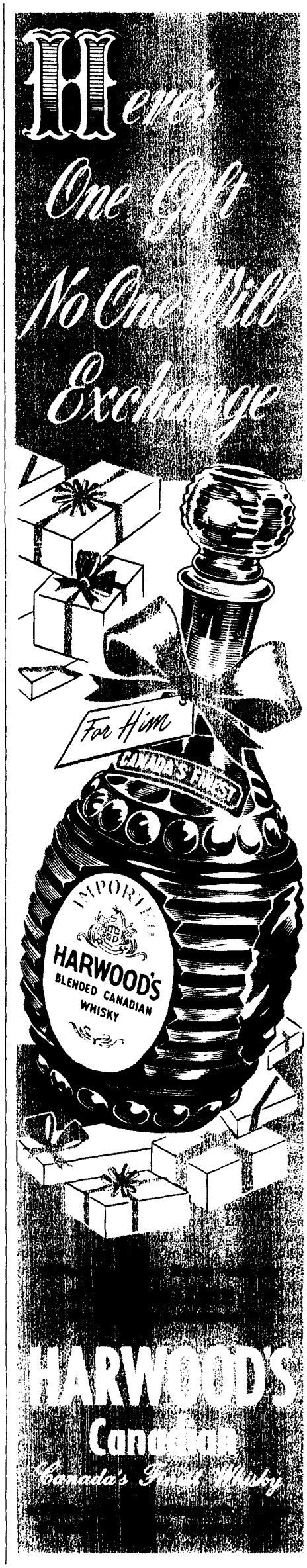
"You know who to?" said Tommy and my father said, "No."

"I gave Lancelot to Larry," said Tommy, "and Dick Tracy to Anne and Guinevere to Jane and Winston Churchill to Mom."

"Oh," said my father. He smoked a while and then he said "Oh," again and then he said, "What about Eleanor Roosevelt?"

Tommy climbed up in my father's lap.

"You know *you?*" he said. THE END



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I Fetched the Fixin's Fer Christmas Dinner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the back door like a farmer's kid oughta." An' right at the back door we met.

"Hello, Sonny. Guess y'd like to get warm," he says jest as smooth as oil, an' pointed t' the house. "Go right on in an' warm yerself. Purty cold t'day!" An' he started t' leave.

"I ain't cold," I says. "But Paw sends his respects an' he'd like t' have his money."

"His money? What money?" he ast. "Oh yes, you're the little boy from Wood Farm. Y' musta got up early this mornin' if y've come sich a long way. Y'd better rest. Give yer Paw m' best wishes fer a Merry Christmas. I was goin' up there anyway one o' these days. We kin settle things then."

When he says that, it near bowled me over, 'cause if I didn't git no money we wouldn't git no Christmas dinner.

"Aw gee, please, mister, *please*, can't I have the money now? I gotta buy flour an' shortenin' an salt, an' I dassn't go home with an empty sack."

He stared at me. "Y' know how t' work it, don't y'," he grumbled. Slow-like he pulled out his big red wallet, an' fished round among the papers till he found a dollar, an' 'en he says, "Take this fer now. Yer Paw will git the rest in two weeks. Only t'day I ain't got no more."

He shoved the money into m' hand and walked away, leavin' me standin' there.

I didn't stand there long, but went over to Doppelreiter's store. Calm an' easy-like, jest like there was nothin' wrong, I ordered all the fixin's fer Christmas dinner. Mr. Doppelreiter hisself waited on me. He put ev'rythin' in papers an' bags fer me real nice, an' tied it all up with string. Then he fixed the flour sack so's I could carry it on m' shoulder, with part hangin' down in front an' part hangin' down behind.

WHEN it was all ready, I ast jest as calm as before, how much it'd be all t'gether. "That makes three dollars an' fifteen cents," he says.

"Yeah, that's right," I says. "There's a dollar fer now, an' my Paw, from Wood Farm in Alpel, will pay y' the rest at Easter."

The good ol' man looked at me suspicious-like an' ast, "At Easter? In what year?"

"Why, next Easter, when he gits paid for his charcoal."

Jest then Mrs. Doppelreiter, who'd been waitin' on some other customers, come over an' says, "Let 'im have it. The folks from Wood Farm often buy things on credit, an' they always makes good on it later."

"I a'ready let 'im have it. I ain't gonna take it back agin," Doppelreiter comes back at 'er. He sure was a nice man to do business with! Jest then I remembered the rolls Maw wanted.

"Kin I have half a dozen rolls, too?" I ast.

"Y' git rolls at the baker's," says the storekeeper.

I knowed that, o' course, only I ain't never heard o' no one gittin' a few rolls on credit. So I told the storekeeper's wife, who 'peared to be on my side, jest what m' money sichiation was. She give me two nickels fer the rolls, an' when she seen me lookin' at some prunes she'd put in an ol' woman's basket, she give me a han'ful o' them, too. "T' nibble on the way," she says.

Purty soon I was hikin' along, loaded down with all m' good things. In ev'ry house people was butcherin', bakin', an' fryin'. I didn't envy nobody, though. I pitied 'em instead 'cause they wasn't me, climbin' up t' Alpel with sich great blessin's. What a Christmas dinner we'd have next day! 'Cause Maw knowed how to do it if she had the fixin's. A pig had a'ready been killed, an' that meant we'd have soup, bacon, sausage, roast pork with horse-radish, an' 'en doughnuts, sugar noodles, an' shortcake with raisins an' saffron! The rich folks in Langenwang might have that sort o' stuff ev'ry day—that was nothin'; but we had it once a year, an' come to it with a real hankerin'—*that* was *somethin'!*

PAT ROONEY

On Fire

Money burns my pocket
Until it's but a cinder.
To some, it's legal tender,
To me, it's legal tinder.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

An' then, as I went m' happy way, I begun t' think less about eatin' an' more about Jesus an' what Christmas was for. In the evenin', when I got home, I aimed t' read about it in the Bible an' have Maw and Myrtel sing Christmas songs. Then 'bout ten o'clock we'd set out fer Saint Catherine's an' 'tend Midnight Mass in the church, with bells, music an' lots o' lights. An' at a side altar there'd be the crib set up, with oxen an' asses an' the manger, an' the town o' Bethlehem, an' over it all the angels singin', "Glory be t' God in the highest!"

'Fore I knowed it, it was time fer lunch. I was so hungry fer the one roll that belonged t' me I felt like gobblin' it down all t' once. But I knowed from the 'sperience o' others that quick gobblin' ain't healthy, an' from m' own 'sperience that slow eatin' makes the fun last longer. So I nibbled the roll kinda slow an' thoughtful-like, munchin' dried prunes in between bites.

It was a mighty tasty meal. Now'days it takes plenty o' trouble an' money t' git somethin' good. The more y' git, the less y' have. I was rich when I was pore!

After lunch I picked up m' bundle an' went on m' way. I was gittin' purty tired o' climbin' when I got a good strong whiff o' tobacco smoke. Jest in back o' me was Green Kilian, lopin' along easy. A long time back Kilian was 'sistant forester in the public forest, but he wasn't no more. He was livin' with his family in a little hut over near Fish Brook, an' nobody knowed jes' what he was doin' fer a livin'. Now he was on his way home. On his back he had a basket, which didn't look hard t' carry. He still wore his forester's clothes, an' a big, black beard hid most o' his ugly face. When I seen him, he took his pipe out o' his mouth an' laughed an' says, "Where y' goin', bud?"

"Home," I says.

"Whatcha got there?"

"Fixin's fer Christmas dinner."

"Y' don't say! Where d' y' live?"

"At Wood Farm."

"That's some climb up t' Wood Farm. Better git a move on!"

"That's what I'm a-doin'," I says.

"After a climb like that, y'oughter sleep good t'night," Kilian goes on, a-keepin' step with me.

"Ain't gonna sleep t'night. It's Christmas Eve."

"Whatcha gonna do, if y' ain't gonna sleep?"

"Goin' t' Mass at Saint Catherine's."

"Saint Catherine's?" he ast. "All that way?"

"We'll leave home at ten t'night, an' by three in the mornin' we'll be 't home agin."

Kilian bit his pipe stem an' says, "Well, say, y' must be some Christian! Goin' way down t' the valley by day, an' t' Saint Catherine's fer Mass at night. I ain't that good a Christian, but if y' wanna stick yer bundle in m' basket, so's I kin carry it an' rest y' a spell, it's okay with me. Why shouldn't the ol' donkey carry the load fer a ways?"

That suited me to a T, an' as m' bundle went into Kilian's basket I says to m'self, "Looks like Green Kilian ain't sich a bad guy as folks say."

Then we got goin' agin, with me dancin' along free and easy beside 'im.

"Yep, that's Christmas fer y'!" Kilian says, puffin' away at his pipe. "Makes everythin' all topsy turvy. People talk theirselves into a holiday spirit, an' there ain't nothin' to it. Christmas Day's jest like any other day, not a smidgin diff'r'nt. I tell y', rich folks has Christmas ev'ry day; us pore folks has Good Friday ev'ry day."

"Good Friday's pretty nice, too," I says.

"Sure, fastin' ain't bad, if y' got plenty o' fish an' butter an' eggs an' cakes an' cookies," says Kilian, laughin'.

WHAT he was sayin' sounded kinda heathenish t' me. But I couldn't hear what he said next 'cause he started walkin' fast an' I couldn't keep up with him. With ev'ry step I kep' a-slippin' on the icy path, while Kilian, who was wearin' spikes on his shoes an' had long legs an' wasn't so tired as me, went along easy.

"Mr. Kilian!" I called.

He didn't hear. The distance between us got bigger an' bigger; lots o' times he disappeared round a bend in the road, an' 'en I'd catch sight o' him agin still further away, half hidden in the mist. I begun t' git anxious 'bout m' bundle. By this time we was nearin' Hell's Peak, where the road to Alpel turns off the road t' Fish Brook. I begun t' run. With danger a-facin' me, all m' tiredness was forgot an' I run like a little dog, gittin' closer an' closer. But what'd I do when I caught 'im, if he wasn't a mind t' give me back m' bundle, an' I wasn't strong enough t' take it? That'd be a fine end t' m' day's doin's! I wasn't goin' t' let m'self be tricked out o' them fixin's, even if I had to chase 'im all the way t' his hut in Fish Brook Forest.

As we was both a-goin' along at a purty good clip, we caught up with a sleigh movin' along the road ahead with two grey oxen an' a black charcoal dealer. It was Hansel o' the Gully. My Green Kilian was 'most up t' the sleigh, so I yelled loud as I could: "Hansel! Hansel! Please take m' Christmas dinner fixin's on yer sleigh! Kilian has 'em in his basket; he'll give 'em to y'!"

M' yells musta sounded real anxious, 'cause Hansel jumped right out o' his sleigh an' got set fer action. When Kilian seen I had somebody on my side, he snatched the basket off his back and chucked the bundle onto the sleigh, mumblin' somethin' as he went his way.

Hansel straightened up the bundle an' ast if it was a'right t' set on it. I told 'im he'd better not, so he didn't. We set beside each other on the sleigh, an' I held m' Christmas dinner fixin's careful on m' lap with both hands. So we finally got t' Alpel. When we come t' the first brook, Hansel says t' the oxen, "Whoa!" an' t' me, "Okay!" They knowed what he meant, an' stood still. I didn't, an' I set still. But it wasn't long before I clumb down, 'cause Hansel had t' go left, down into the gully, an' me t' the right, up the mountain.

"May God thank y', Hansel!"

"That's all right, little Peter!"

By the time I got up the steep mountain t' Paw's house with m' heavy load, it was gettin' dark an' snowin'. But at last I was home. "Got ev'rythin'?" Maw ast, standin' near the stove.

"Ev'rythin'."

"Good boy! An' I bet yer hungry."

I 'lowed she was right 'bout both. Maw took m' frozen shoes off m' feet right away. I knowed they had t' be greased agin before we went t' Mass that night. Then I set down in the warm room t' eat.

I don't remember what happened after that. The next thing I knowed it was mornin' an' I was lyin' cozy in m' bed, and through the little window the Christmas sun was shinin'. THE END

COLLIER'S

"He spends all his time studying. It seems he'd rather graduate than be engaged to me!"

KATE OSANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
OLD FORESTER

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:
"There is nothing better in the market."

Now! *Two* Ways to Say "Merry Christmas" with Famous Bonded OLD FORESTER

A sparkling new Old Forester decanter! A famous gift-boxed bottle! Either way you give, you may be sure you are giving the elegant flavor—the traditional quality that has made Old Forester *America's Guest Whisky* since 1870!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

©1950—B. F. DIST. CORP.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR HAPPIER HOLIDAYS..
If you have acid indigestion at bedtime take Alka-Seltzer for fast relief. You will rest better and wake up feeling better the next morning. Try it and see.
AT ALL DRUG STORES U.S. and CANADA
Alka-Seltzer
COLD DISCOMFORTS AND HEADACHES
Alka-Seltzer- FIRST AID FOR RELIEF OF ACID INDIGESTION
IT SETTLES UPSET STOMACHS TOO. AND HEADACHES SELDOM LAST. DISCOMFORTS OF A COLD GROW LESS AND SOON OUR TROUBLE'S PAST.
GOOD OLD ALKA-SELTZER, AN OLD "STANDBY" OF MINE. MAKES MUSCLE ACHES FEEL BETTER, I'LL WAKE UP FEELING FINE.
ALL AROUND THE WORLD AGAIN, DOWN CHIMNEYS LARGE AND SMALL, I FEEL A LITTLE TUCKERED OUT, BUT HAPPY ...AFTER ALL.

Meet the high cost of living

MAKE EXTRA MONEY

by 'phone and mail

Whatever your age or occupation, Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines.

For money-making supplies, *mail a penny postal or the coupon now.*

-----EXTRA INCOME COUPON-----

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-32
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

How can I make EXTRA INCOME by 'phone, mail or personal calls?

NAME.....
(Please Print)

STREET.....

CITY.....Zone No.....

STATE.....

Brahms, Bratwurst and Bock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

philanthropy. Dill pickles and tiny raw onions burst in my throat and sprayed my brain with a fine tickle. I guzzled not like an epicurean—an epicurean is always an invalid, a flannel-belly—but like a healthy animal, like a man who salutes his gullet, his tongue, his appetite, his thirst, reverently and joyously. I was then and there a Luchower forevermore. *Hoch!"*

It was the original Luchow who gave the place the air of plenty-for-everybody which it has never lost. The free lunch counter was symbolic, not only of a bygone age, but of August Luchow himself. Some 48 years ago he threw a free-load that is still spoken of in awed terms by the graybeards of New York's eating belt.

He chartered a ship about the size of a Mississippi river boat and loaded it to the portholes with tons of Würzburger and Pilsner, mountains of hot and cold food and an army of bartenders and waiters. Then he invited his remarkable clientele to accompany him down the bay to bid farewell to Prussian Prince Henry, sailing that day after a visit to America. Luchow's guests swore, as a man, that they never remembered returning to New York.

Luchow died a bachelor in 1923. His will left most of the institution to Victor Eckstein, an enterprising waiter who had worked in the place since 1901 and had married Luchow's niece. Luchow also remembered his veteran chef, Oscar Hofmann, many other long-time employees, and a number of friends and associates.

For the unhappy remainder of prohibition, Luchow's stressed its food, in the wistful hope of making its customers forget that travesty of the period: near beer, a name which "Bugs" Baer said was coined by a bad judge of distance.

When, at long last, the beer taps of the nation flowed again, nobody in New York resented the bestowal upon Luchow's of New York State Liquor License No. 1. As prohibition died, all New York seemed to be heading toward Fourteenth Street—though by now Luchow's stood with glum nineteenth-century grandeur in a street that had turned into honky-tonk town, hard by the bewhiskered oratory of Union Square and the wheezing struggles of stout bargain-hunting housewives.

When Real Beer Came Back

In the first two hours of the postprohibition era, Luchow's served 2,000 customers. Thirty-five old Luchow waiters were found, dusted off, and returned to duty. The veteran head of the restaurant's music department, Eddie Fink, rounded up an additional covey of violinists whose only qualification (then, as now) had to be a thorough knowledge of Strauss. It was held most fitting and proper when, at six thirty that evening, Al Smith, one of the leaders in the fight for repeal, entered with his entire family. New York feature writers wrote their return-of-beer stories around Luchow's, with Eckstein pontificating in the Journal—for the benefit of young readers—on the proper glasses for the serving of legal beer.

While the repeal of prohibition brought back to Luchow's the finest of native brews and the most famous imported brands, there was no slacking off in the succulent bill of fare, which today still features such delectable items as the rich, sweet-and-sour *Sauerbraten,* the subtly flavored *schnitzel mit Steinpilzen,* the crisp, tasty German pancakes and the delightful sweet dessert called *rote gruetze.*

The always enormous and often bewildering menus (try the *Hoppel-Poppel, Kopfsalat;* or the *Rinderbrust mit Nudeln im Topf,* or the *Doppeltes Mastkalbsteak mit hausgemachten Nudeln)* take on the added luster of tradition around holiday times. The Thanksgiving turkeys seem fatter and sweeter at Luchow's and the Easter lamb is out of the ordinary, too. But August Luchow's Hanoverian heart was most moved by Christmas. He set the tradition of having one of the biggest indoor Christmas trees in the country, and it is always featured, along with roast Christmas goose, served generally with chestnut dressing, kale, stewed apples and *Kronsbeeren,* plus plenty of pan gravy. (The restaurant annually takes the entire output of the Goose Growers Association of Watertown, Wisconsin.)

Sauerbraten

1½ pounds round steak
½ tablespoon salt
1 large onion, sliced
1 small carrot
1 stalk celery, small
2 cloves
a few peppercorns
½ pint red wine vinegar
2 bay leaves
1 ounce shortening
3 ounces butter
2 ounces flour
½ tablespoon sugar
a few crushed gingersnaps
small piece of dark honeycake

Make a marinade of salt, onion, carrot, celery, cloves, peppercorns, vinegar and bay leaves. Immerse meat, leave in refrigerator for four days. Drain meat, pat dry, sauté in one ounce of butter and the shortening until seared on outside. Add liquid from marinade; simmer about three hours very slowly, or until meat is tender. Melt two ounces butter, adding flour, sugar. Blend and brown to dark color; add to simmering meat mixture. Continue cooking until meat is very tender. Remove meat, add gingersnaps and honeycake to gravy. Be sure gravy is thick and dark. Serve with potato or bread dumpling. Serves 2.

The old place attracts an odd cross section of New York's people for its customers. In its vast, dark reaches—illuminated at night by the uncertain golden lighting of 1890 fixtures—one can see a family which looks as if it is just off the boat, while nearby sits a group of old-line politicians who might have stepped out of a Nast cartoon, hard by a table spread for two young Greenwich Village lovers. Incongruously, considering the character of the area, a typical "neighborhood trade" continues—solidly and phlegmatically attached to the food. And, more and more, one finds happy tables of café society people—come down from the more sophisticated uptown area for a brush with a past whose very lack of glitter is healing. As remote from one another as only crowded New Yorkers can get, the patrons somehow always seem on the verge of communal singing, as Julius Richter, head violinist, plays his tender old melodies.

When Mencken read in August, 1949, that Victor Eckstein had sold Luchow's after half a century as a fixture of the restaurant, the Baltimore Sage cried, "This is the end of civilization as we knew it!"

It turned out to be a premature farewell both to civilization and Luchow's. Except for the introduction of air-conditioning ducts—almost unrecognizable among the Bavarian hunting-lodge beams, old paintings, stained-glass windows and ornamented steins—Luchow's remains Luchow's. Only the owner is new.

He is Leonard Jan Mitchell, a young Swede filled with Old World restaurant know-how. Mitchell (he gets his surname from his great-grandfather, an English sea captain who settled in Sweden) comes from a well-to-do family. His first interest in artistically prepared meals was aroused while watching his father's servants prepare food for as many as a hundred guests at expansive parties on various Mitchell estates in Sweden, Finland and Estonia. The first chef at whose feet he sat was one whom his father had lured away from Alfred Nobel, donor of the Nobel prizes.

Learning the Hotel Business

Young Mitchell was headed for the country squire's life in 1932, when a visit to the United States diverted him. Upon his return to Stockholm he announced that someday he would go back to America to live. What was more, he wanted to learn the restaurant business. His indulgent parent obtained for him a job as a kitchen slavey in Stockholm's Grand Hotel, believing it would cure him. Instead, Mitchell reveled in the work. After studying at a school of hotel management in Zurich and at the University of Stockholm, he went back to the Grand to become a dining-room captain.

In 1940 he returned to America for keeps. He bought an established old restaurant in Washington, D.C.—Olmsted's—and the war-born crowds marched in to make the place a greater success than ever before.

About a year after arriving in Washington, Mitchell began making regular trips to New York. He had become infatuated with Luchow's. In 1945, not yet thirty years of age, he began to plead with the nearly seventy-year-old Eckstein to sell him the place. Eckstein refused until the young man more than convinced him that he could not only pay a good price for the business but would preserve the air and traditions of the place.

Mitchell is especially proud of passing the latter test. "My greatest ambition," he told me not long ago, "is to become a part of the Luchow tradition."

His menus appear to be the same ones that were proudly brandished by beaming headwaiter Ernst Seute and waiter Hugo Schemke (still working at Luchow's after 38 and 45 years of service, respectively) when the Gish girls worked down the street at the Biograph Company for $5 a day. Seven other Luchow waiters have been there at least 30 years and 21 others for at least 20 years.

Many of these men, of course, hark back to the days when old August was running the place. He was strict in many ways, and his rule over his waiters was that of an old German father over his sons. At one time he even devised an intricate system of mirrors which enabled him to sit almost anywhere in the restaurant and command a fair view of what his men were doing.

From such a vantage point one night he espied a veteran waiter, who was excessively fond of strawberry shortcake, cutting himself a huge slice. Quietly the employee went to a corner table to eat it. Luchow started to cross the restaurant, and the waiter, sensing approaching doom, disposed of the remainder of his shortcake in a nearby linen hamper. Old August was beside himself.

"John," he boomed, "that was an expensive cake you just had. It would not have been so expensive if you had eaten it all, but to throw it away—that's trying to make a fool of me and wasting things besides. This will cost you $5,000."

It did, too. John's legacy was $5,000 short, when August Luchow's will was read.

In most eating places, this anecdote might serve as an excellent first lesson for young waiters. But there don't seem to be any young men among Luchow's waiters. They, like the restaurant itself, with its leisurely Old World mood, appear to be something out of another century. For all practical purposes, the clock stopped at Luchow's in 1882, to enable future generations to savor a gentler time. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Collier Trophy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

feet, the automatic pilot *still* was flying the aircraft. Finally, at 25 feet, Snow pushed a button on his control stick, disengaging the F-5, and landed. "If I had wanted to," he said, "I could have waited until we were five feet above the ground."

The wartime applications of this device are obvious. A jet fighter pilot now can take off in any kind of weather, attack an enemy plane formation that is planning to bomb by radar through the overcast, and then, using the half-pint F-5, make an automatic landing—just as Snow did at Cleveland—even though the overcast is within a few feet of the ground. This is so important that Air Force General Sory Smith calls the device the basis of our capability to fend off enemy attack, no matter what the weather.

"It is," he told me, "the guts and core of the air defense of America."

"Also," says Air Force engineer Bernard Levine, "it is a miracle of engineering." He points out that our fighter planes never had successful automatic pilots before Lear was awarded the contract which ultimately led to the development of the F-5.

The reason for this is size. There isn't enough space in a jet plane for such equipment. (The cockpit of the F-84 jet, for instance, is so jammed that the designers could find no room for the pilot's overnight kit, consisting of extra shirt and toothbrush. The problem finally was solved by removing the seat cushion and substituting the kit.) Since it was impossible to find room for the bulky 150-pound automatic pilots that we used in bombers and transport planes during World War II, fighter pilots flew long distances manually, often arriving in combat with their senses dulled by the sheer fatigue of manipulating their planes.

A Triumph of Space Saving

Lear's biggest job was to lick this problem of size. That he succeeded is affirmed by Wright Field engineer H. F. Knecht, who tested the F-5 for the Air Force for two years. Knecht says, "It is a triumph of miniaturization and packaging. There isn't a cubic inch of wasted space."

Further affirmation came when the Air Force signed contracts with Lear to produce millions of dollars' worth of F-5s as standard equipment for three new types of jet fighters. And the greatest affirmation of all, of course, came when the country's top military and civilian air experts voted Lear the Collier Trophy—aviation's highest award.

In addition to being one of the most ingenious of the Collier Trophy winners, Lear also ranks among the most colorful. He is a six-foot, forty-eight-year-old human dynamo who bears a startling resemblance to Arthur Godfrey, a close friend with whom he served in the Navy in World War I. Listeners to Godfrey's programs frequently hear references to the Lear equipment installed in the radio-television star's aircraft; and Lear sometimes writes poetry praising his products, which Godfrey reads on the air.

Besides writing poetry, Lear is founder, director of research, and chairman of the board of Lear, Incorporated, a multimillion-dollar enterprise with plants and offices in Grand Rapids, Michigan; Elyria, Ohio; Los Angeles; Chicago and New York. He also is the inventor of hundreds of other devices, ranging from one of the first automobile radios to the miniature motors that operated the engine cowl flaps on our B-29s during the war.

All this, of course, involves Lear in long, learned discussions with some of the world's most eminent physicists and engineers. Often they are shocked to discover, after a lengthy conference involving electronics and higher mathematics, that Lear's formal education was limited to the Kershaw Grammar School in Chicago, plus a few years' experience as a garage mechanic.

Lear's company operates eight airplanes, all of which Lear himself can fly. The planes range from jet fighters to big transports, most of them painted a violent shade of yellow with the name "Lear, Incorporated" printed on wings, nose, fuselage and tail. Whenever Lear shows up at an airport in one of these unmistakable aircraft (which is often, since he flies an average of 3,000 miles a week), control-tower personnel clap their hands to their heads and groan, for he is known as one of the most unorthodox—albeit one of the best—pilots in the country.

He has been a particular source of nervousness to airport people since developing the F-5. Once, at Los Angeles Airport, a control-tower man was peering out of his window into impenetrable fog when Lear's voice came in over the radio. The startled control-tower man yelled, "You can't land here! What is your position?"

Lear replied, "I've already landed. My position is on the runway, directly in front of your tower."

On another occasion, New York's La Guardia Field control-tower man couldn't believe his ears when Lear radioed him asking for take-off instructions. "*Take off?*" screamed the control-tower man. "Why, this fog is so thick I can't even see out of the tower!"

"You're not flying the tower," said Lear. Whereupon he took off and made a perfect landing at equally closed-in Martin Airport in Maryland, some 200 miles away.

Lear has the typical devil-may-care attitude of the old-time flier, plus a captivating smile—and the enterprise of a great salesman. A few years ago, for example, the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences held its annual banquet in the ballroom of the Dayton-Biltmore Hotel in Dayton, Ohio. It was a staid, dignified affair, with such guests as Charles A. Lindbergh, Secretary of the Air Force W. Stuart Symington, and General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff. Lear was among the guests, too. When the others arrived, they discovered that he had rented a room directly alongside the ballroom, and had outfitted it with a dazzling display of Lear aircraft equipment. Lindbergh spent a half hour looking over the equipment with Lear before he went in to occupy his seat of honor at the table.

He's in Show Business, Too

This enterprise of Lear's is too boundless to be restricted merely to aviation, and it has spilled over into some curious fields. He is, for example, the owner of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of Texas oil wells, and the manufacturer of a new soundproofing material that is only 1/2,000 of an inch thick. He is the principal financial backer of Olsen and Johnson's current Broadway show, Pardon Our French (his wife, Moya, is Ole Olsen's daughter); and he markets an interesting electric-eye device that whispers confidentially to a housewife, urging her to buy a certain brand, when she steps within its range at the grocery store.

Most curious of all, perhaps, is the manner in which Lear became part owner of a silver mine in the mysterious Superstition Mountains in Arizona. The mine is a result of one of Lear's hobbies. He eschews ordinary avocations such as golf; instead he hit on a useful pastime: spending his off periods in Arizona hunting for the fabulous Lost Dutchman gold mine, all traces of which were obliterated by hostile Apache Indians some 60 years ago. Dozens of prospectors have been killed in the wilderness while searching for the Lost Dutchman, but not Lear. *He* stumbled on a silver vein which assays at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000.

The most compelling part of the Lear story, however, is its Horatio Alger flavor. He was born in Hannibal, Missouri, on June 26, 1902, into a Scotch-English family steeped in tradition but lacking in money. Young Lear's father was a carpenter, and before the boy was eight years old he had to learn to earn his own way in South Chicago, where the family had moved.

He tried the usual methods—shoeshine boy and Western Union messenger—and he worked out a few ingenious ones for himself. For instance, he always carried with him a slab of carbon and a small hack saw. At least twice a week, the youngster would encounter a motorist with a stalled car, braving the "Get a horse!" taunts of an encompassing crowd. Young Lear would allow the motorist to suffer for a while. Then he would offer to correct the trouble. "In nine cases out of ten," Lear says today, "the carbon brush in the distributor head was broken, so I would cut a new brush out of my piece of carbon with my hack saw. My fee for this service was $4."

By the time Lear graduated from grammar school at the age of thirteen, he was proficient enough as an auto mechanic to get a job in a garage at $6 a week. In his spare time, he also became a ham radio operator and an aviation enthusiast, and after a brief fling at office work with the International Association of Rotary Clubs, he discarded the white collar in favor of a mechanic's overalls at Chicago's Grant Park Airport.

The young man acquainted himself thoroughly with the twin infant industries—aviation and radio; when World War I broke out, he faked his age and became a radio instructor at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, along with Arthur Godfrey. Both attained the same Navy rank in World War I—electrician third class.

After the war, Lear learned to fly in war-surplus Jennies, and he drifted from job to job in radio. He made very little money even though he came up with developments that later earned millions of dollars for others. In some jobs, Lear was an ordinary

The Collier Trophy was established in 1911 by Robert C. Collier, former editor and son of the founder of Collier's magazine, in the hope that it would "inspire widespread development of the airplane and advance the science of aeronautics."

Members of the panel who chose this year's winner are: Chairman L. E. Leverone, president of the National Aeronautic Association; Robert S. Burgess, Deputy Assistant Postmaster General for Air Mail; Vice-Admiral John Cassady, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air); F. C. Crawford, president of Thompson Products, Incorporated; Arthur I. Currey, president of the National Aviation Trades Association; Thomas W. S. Davis, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics; S. Paul Johnston, director of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences; Admiral Emory Land, president of the Air Transport Association; C. S. Logsdon of the National Aeronautic Association; W. P. MacCracken, general counsel, National Aeronautic Association; Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey, president, Aircraft Industries Association; Ben Regan, executive vice-president, Nationwide Food Service, Incorporated; D. W. Rentzel, Civil Aeronautics Administrator; Major General D. C. Strother, Assistant Deputy Air Force Chief of Staff for Personnel; and J. F. Victory, executive secretary, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

World's best EGG-NOG

tastes richer!*
costs ½ to ⅓ less!

If you want egg nog that's "ice cream" rich, then make it with TEN-B-LOW—the very same TEN-B-LOW used in making homemade ice cream. This easy recipe gives delicious flavor you can't get any other way—not even with the finest fresh ingredients. TEN-B-LOW makes the best egg nog you ever tasted. And here's the reason: before concentration more than half of TEN-B-LOW's volume is rich, heavier-than-whipping cream. Yet egg nog made with TEN-B-LOW costs ½ to ⅓ less than prepared egg nog or egg nog made at home from fresh ingredients!

1. Beat separately, white and yolks of 5 eggs.
2. Add ⅓ cup sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites.
3. Gradually add 1 quart milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract to 1 can TEN-B-LOW.
4. Add well-beaten egg yolks to TEN-B-LOW mixture. Fold in beaten egg whites.
5. When 1 pint whiskey is added, this recipe makes 2¾ quarts.
6. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve ice cold.

Complete egg nog recipe on label of every can of Ten-B-Low.

*Before concentration, more than half of Ten-B-Low's volume is fresh, heavier-than-whipping cream. Other ingredients: egg yolks, sugar, milk.

Ten-B-Low

CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

INCREASE your income taking care of subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. *Write to*—
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Pub. Co., 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 35¢ at any drugstore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN HAVE

Christmas Dinner WITH *Santa Claus!*

Yes, there is a Santa Claus! And Don Eddy introduces you to him on an exciting visit to his gingerbread playground, post office, tame deer, and banquet hall *that really exist in Santa Claus, Ind.!* Even you adults will go kid-crazy over this chance to meet the Santa Claus of all this wonderland! For a Christmas reading treat don't miss this unusual feature in this month's AMERICAN Magazine.

and

A MYSTERY CHILLER

...with all the witchery of the woods! By the flickering light of a campfire, Lew Dietz, novelist and woodsman, spins the tale of a woman whose love brought tragedy; of a hunter trapped and killed like an animal; and of his avenger who returned to track the most dangerous killer of all—man! You're sure to enjoy this complete novel...

and

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

The romantic dilemma of the beautiful, pampered daughter of an Ambassador—set against the backdrop of Washington's social whirl, a murder, and diplomatic intrigue—becomes a shocking affair of state in this new novel by favorite story-teller Oscar Schisgall. Both novels complete in this month's AMERICAN Magazine...

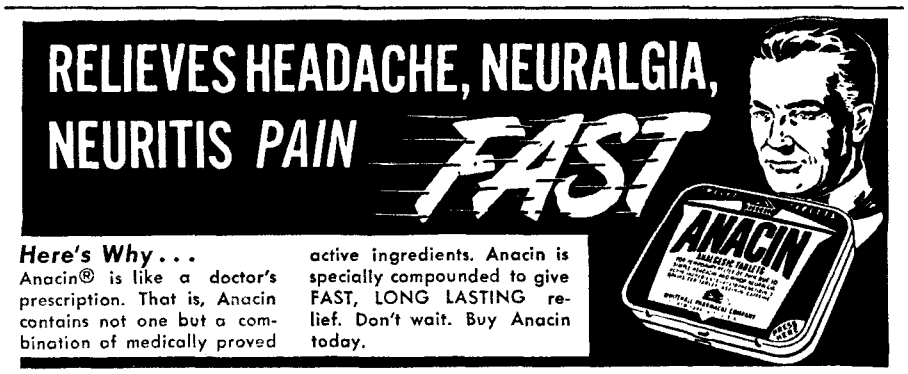
and

Revealing articles on: *Uncle Sam—Policeman of the World. We Sky-Toured South America In Three Weeks. A Fortune For Your Thoughts. What The U.N. Folks Think of America. We Give Our Kids Too Much! And 9 short stories.*

And favorite features like Interesting People photo-section; cartoons; Food Front; Magic Words; and Life's Little Problems.

The magazine with every article, every story, every novel, every feature always—*Complete in Every Issue!*

Take Home Your Copy Today



Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

repairman; in others he had the exalted title of radio engineer. "In those days," he says, "a radio engineer was a radio repairman who was more than fifty miles from home."

Actually, he was doing some real pioneering. He designed, for example, one of the first nonbattery home radio receivers, and also the first popular-priced home radio with a built-in dynamic speaker. He got a grand total of $500 from an electric company for rigging up a superheterodyne receiver using screen grid tubes; and he and an engineer named Howard Gates built a midget radio that could be installed in automobiles, to play off the car's battery. They turned their baby over to a manufacturer, and it became one of the first of the auto radios.

Lear took all the money he made from these deals and opened his own company—primarily to make aircraft radios. However, by 1934, at the depth of the depression, he was more broke than he ever had been before. One day he sat in his ramshackle loft workshop on West Seventeenth Street in New York City, straining to find a solution to this situation. None appeared. To rest his mind he did what he always did for relaxation—he mentally hooked up a few radio circuits.

Suddenly, an idea hit him. Until that time, every radio company built a different radio-frequency amplifier for each home set. Why not, Lear thought, a single, simple, standardized amplifier that one manufacturer could put in many different models? In two hours, he had the plans for this simple amplifier worked out on paper, and two weeks later, on Friday, April 13, 1934, he sold them to RCA for a handsome sum. The young man never had to worry about money again.

In the mid-1930s he invented a tiny automatic radio direction finder, no bigger than a cigar box, that became a boon for the pilots of small private planes. He continued to develop miniature inexpensive gadgets for his fellow small-plane pilots. By the time World War II broke out, the Federal Communications Commission estimated that more than half of the private aircraft in the U.S. were using Lear radio and navigation equipment.

This kept a steady procession of dollars pouring into the Lear pocket. It also gave him invaluable experience at making midget versions of larger equipment, thereby giving him a jump on his competitors when World War II proved the need for smaller, lighter aircraft gadgets.

In a miracle of production, Lear turned out more than $100,000,000 worth of miniature cowl flap motors and other motor products for the Air Force, after another manufacturer had flopped—thereby enabling our B-29s to raid Japan on schedule, instead of 11 months later. He made one motor that was no bigger than a pencil eraser. And when the war ended, he was the first to approach the Air Force with an idea for the miniature automatic pilot so desperately needed for our fighter planes.

In conversation with Bernard Levine at Wright Field on this occasion, Lear said, "How light should this auto-pilot be?"

Engineer Levine said, "It should weigh absolutely nothing."

To which Lear replied, "I'll guarantee to get it within 25 pounds of nothing." This earned him a fast contract—since every existing automatic pilot weighed almost as much as a human pilot.

Lear went back to his company—which now had grown to 1,500 technicians and more than 350 engineers and scientists—and for three backbreaking years, they worked day and night developing a 25-pound automatic pilot known as the C-2. It worked. But then the Air Force decided to make only jet fighters; and in June, 1949, Lear told a stunned audience of Air Force officers: "Gentlemen, the C-2 won't fly a jet fighter. Neither will any other existing automatic pilot. We've got to start all over again—with a new concept."

At this point, Lear uncorked another of his laboratory miracles. In four months he designed an entirely different automatic pilot with a brand-new circuit. The heart of the new pilot was a tiny, revolutionary, magnetic clutch that translated minute quantities of electric energy into tremendous power that could instantly work the jet's controls at 600-mile-per-hour speeds. This was the F-5, and the Air Force could scarcely believe it.

For another 12 months, the gadget was tested in salt spray, in humidity chambers, in storms, dust clouds and 65-degree-below-zero refrigerators. Lear himself flew 3,600 hours testing the F-5, and the Air Force's All-Weather Flying Command took it aloft in everything short of a hurricane. The F-5 stood up to all this, and finally Lear got his mass-production order. Other big companies have since come up with experimental models of miniature automatic pilots, but pioneer Lear remains far out in front of the field.

"If he's the sort who can resist this, honey, you wouldn't want him anyway"

COLLIER'S — STAN HUNT

Thus, this year's Collier Trophy award brings to light a new aviation personality, cut out of the same swashbuckling pattern as the great air pioneers of the 1920s. Generally the Collier Trophy comes to a man toward the end of his career, after a long period of achievement. It seems likely, however, that the colorful, controversial Lear will continue to be heard from for many years to come. Recently, for instance, he designed a tiny television transmitter that sits in the cockpit of a pilotless plane and enables the aircraft to be test-flown while engineers on the ground watch the instruments on their TV receivers.

Lear's latest work for the Air Force is in the field of electronic-control equipment for guided missiles.

"Man," he says, "eventually will be eliminated completely from fighter-plane interception missions. He is an impediment: he holds back the machine. He can't breathe at high speeds and altitudes, and his blood boils. Because he is an imperfect machine, he must be supplemented by many other machines to correct his errors and deficiencies in combat operations. Also, he wants to live, so he may not get close enough to the target.

"In my lifetime, I expect to be working on pilotless fighter planes, flown in satellite formations from a single mother ship. The human pilot in the mother ship will simply bring the satellites within range of the enemy—and take off. The satellites then will track the enemy down and fight him to destruction—all with completely automatic controls."

As pilot Harry Snow put it, "Bill Lear is a natural for the Buck Rogers Age we are entering." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy Talk on a Silent Campus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Abraham Lincoln. Some time later, its name was changed to honor the man who started the first free public school for the deaf in this country: the Reverend Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. It was the Reverend Thomas Gallaudet who started this nation toward its present world leadership in the education of the deaf; the school named after him has brought such education to its highest peak. For, since its first class met, Gallaudet College has turned out a steady procession of graduates who—despite their handicap—have been highly useful citizens, not only of this country, but of others as well.

One reason for this is the rigidity of its entrance requirements. The bulk of Gallaudet's students represent the top graduates of American state schools for the deaf, selected through a stiff competitive examination. Except for foreign students and about 70 others who pay $700 annual tuition, all are awarded federal scholarships, which include dormitory space and food.

Congressmen as Directors

Gallaudet is a government-subsidized institution of learning—like Howard University for Negroes, also located in Washington. The President of the United States signs all diplomas; a U.S. senator and two members of the House of Representatives are always on its board of directors. (Representative Homer Thornberry, a Texas Democrat who is one of the present directors, is himself the son of deaf parents.)

The college shares its 100-acre elm-shaded campus—and its president—with the Kendall School, which trains deaf children from preschool age through high school, and serves as the college's practice-teaching laboratory. All classes are held in a cluster of Victorian buildings, dominated by the clock tower on the ivy-hung chapel.

Upon my arrival at the school, Dr. Elstad suggested meeting some of the students before attending their classes. On the way, he discussed the principles on which Gallaudet operates.

"The public may wonder," he began, "why the deaf need a special college when the blind have none."

He pointed out that blind students can attend any college because they can hear lectures, engage in class discussion, and have texts read to them. But those deaf students who are dependent on sign language can get nothing from lectures or discussions; even those expert at lip reading have great difficulty.

"Instructors forget they must *face* such students while speaking. Even then," Dr. Elstad emphasized, "lip reading is 50 per cent guesswork. Many words have identical lip movements, and some have virtually none."

In other respects too, he said, deafness is a greater handicap in getting an education than blindness—as was recently stated by Helen Keller, blind and deaf from infancy.

This is because deafness involves more than just a lack of hearing. A child born deaf not only is cut off from hearing any words and—unless specially trained—from speaking them, but also from *knowing* words and thinking in words. Therefore, he is largely isolated from the world. On entering a school for the deaf at the age of five, he is four years behind a child with normal hearing in both language and everyday knowledge. It takes years to bridge this gap, no matter how bright he is, for he must be taught the mechanics of lip reading and speech, and he must acquire a vocabulary before he can begin to study regular school subjects.

Naturally, the situation may be somewhat different for deaf children whose hearing was normal at birth. About two thirds of the deaf, Dr. Elstad told me, are victims of such things as scarlet fever, meningitis, measles, typhoid, whooping cough, mastoids, falls and blows, and the high temperatures which sometimes accompany a few other childhood diseases.

I got some idea of what may be accomplished by education when we reached the college-operated Snack Bar, the main between-classes gathering spot for the students. There, two pretty girls were selling drinks. In a row of booths, a score of youngsters were conversing animatedly in sign language. A juke box was thundering away, and three young men stood with their hands pressed to it, obviously enjoying the music. They were "hearing" through vibrations; Dr. Elstad said couples often danced to the music, feeling its rhythm in the wooden floor.

He called over several students, in turn. In talking with them, he used the combined method which is the accepted "language" of the college: that is, he spoke in a normal voice and simultaneously "said" the same thing in sign language.

Although the students at Gallaudet prefer to use sign language among themselves, all are able to speak. (The terms "deaf-mute" and "deaf and dumb," I learned, date from a time when the deaf used only sign language—not because their vocal cords were defective, but simply because they hadn't been *taught* to speak.)

Among those with whom we chatted was Victor Galloway, twenty-two, a tall, good-looking senior from Atlanta, and president of the Student Self-Government Association. He watched my face intently as I spoke, and said that while he often met persons whose lips were hard to read, the difficulty decreased after he knew them better. Victor was planning to become an industrial chemist—a field described by Dr. Elstad as particularly suited to the deaf, since it requires concentrated work rather than much conversation.

We also spoke to Victor's attractive fiancée, Gertrude Scott of Washington, D.C., and to Dorothy Busch, a blue-eyed blond senior from Alexandria, Minnesota. Gertrude, who had recently been chosen Gallaudet's most popular coed, was majoring in education and hoped to teach in a state school for the deaf. She told us that she, her sister and her brother were also born deaf, as were their parents. All three children had attended the Kendall School; nothing but sign language was used in their home.

I found that all the students took their handicap in stride and could laugh at consequent complications. Dorothy Busch, who was studying to be an interior decorator, told about being nearly run down by a taxicab in Washington. She hadn't heard the driver's horn, and he'd been forced to slam on his brakes. She said he was "very rude"—she read his lips—and, after cursing her roundly, demanded sarcastically: "What's the matter, are you deaf?"

"It was a pleasure for once," she said, "to reply, 'Yes, I am!' "

After Dorothy left, Dr. Elstad told me she was among the less than 5 per cent at Gallaudet who benefit slightly from a hearing aid, but that she, like those few other borderline cases between "deaf" and "hard-of-hearing," prefers not to wear it at college. (By definition, the deaf, of whom there are 100,000 in the U.S., are people whose hearing is nonfunctional for the ordinary purposes of life; the hard-of-hearing, numbering an estimated 15,000,000, are those whose hearing, although defective, is still functional with or without a hearing aid.)

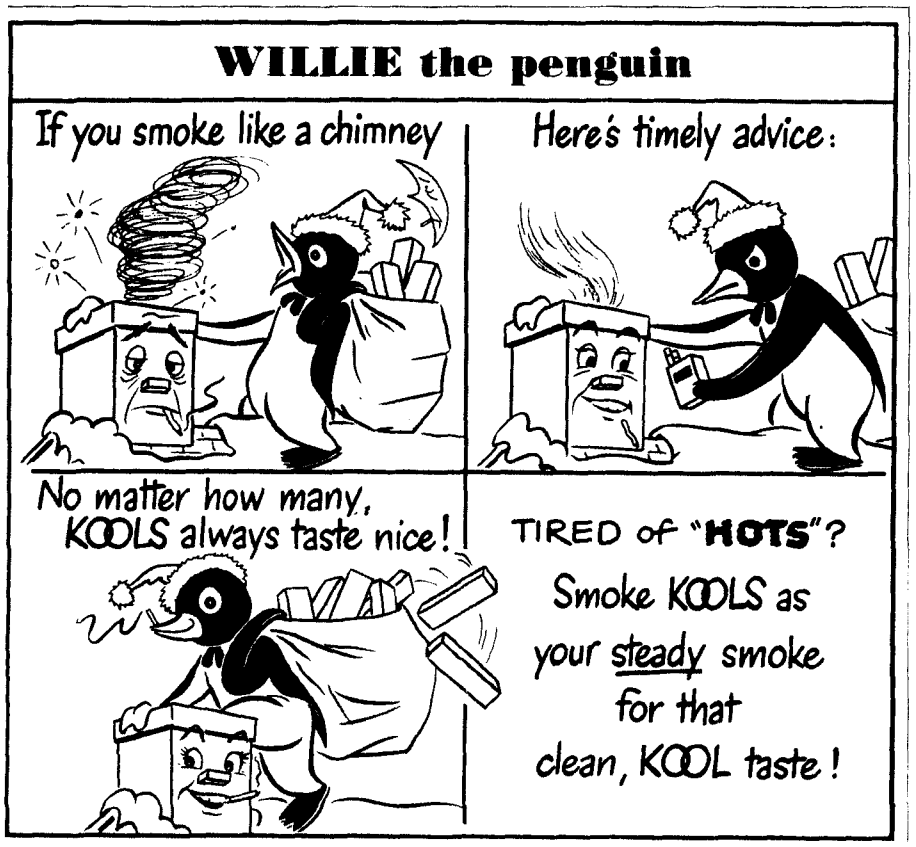
How Teachers Are Trained

Dr. Elstad suggested the college's Normal Department—which operates in conjunction with the Kendall School—as our next stop. Here prospective instructors of the deaf, most of whom can hear perfectly well themselves, learn while teaching the Kendall children.

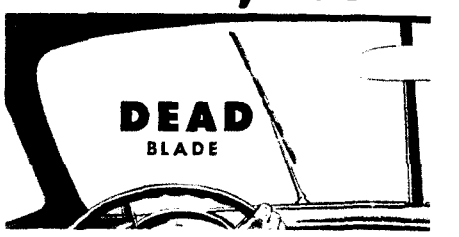
A majority of those who instruct the deaf in this country and Canada are graduates of the Gallaudet Normal Department—including Dr. Elstad, who took the course after getting a degree from Saint Olaf College in his native Minnesota. The department enrolls 10 potential teachers annually for its one-year course. All must have Bachelor of Arts degrees; they attend Gallaudet under a federal scholarship, and receive a master's degree for the year's work. (Deaf students wishing to teach are not required to take the Normal course; their B.A. from Gallaudet qualifies them.)

As we approached the department, Dr. Elstad explained the instruction techniques taught there. Beginners in Kendall School, he said, like those in other schools for the deaf, are taught lip reading and speech exclusively; the supplementary sign language is used only after the pupils reach high school, to speed up the education process.

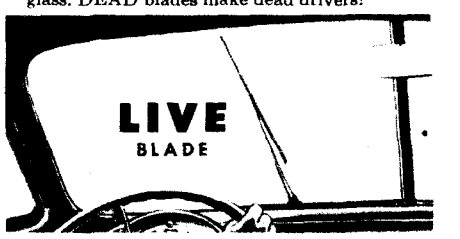
As a matter of fact, he added, educators


WILLIE the penguin
If you smoke like a chimney
Here's timely advice:
No matter how many, KOOLS always taste nice!
TIRED of "HOTS"?
Smoke KOOLS as your steady smoke for that clean, KOOL taste!
Advertisement

PREVENTIVE SERVICE, 100%



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still looks new but it blurs rain, smears muck, streaks glass. DEAD blades make dead drivers!



THIS LIVE ANCO BLADE wipes clean, clears rain, clears road muck . . . lets you SEE. Protects your loved ones.

● When your car gets Preventive Service, be sure to examine your windshield wiper blades. They may still look new but corrosive windshield film, wind burn and hot sun BAKE the life out of rubber, often in six months or less. No matter how good they look, dead blades cause dangerous windshield smear. Dead blades make dead drivers. Protect your car . . . your life . . . with 100% Preventive Service.

Change Your Wiper Blades

Next time you buy gas, change to live, new ANCO Blades . . . RAIN-MASTER for Flat windshields . . . CLEAR-FLEX for Flat or Curved windshields. They fit all cars—wipe quicker and cleaner than any other blades.

Mr. Dealer: Ask your ANCO Distributor about the sensational new ANCO Wiper Motor. A quick, easy replacement for lazy vacuum motors. Gives lots more power . . . lots less stall. Compensates for linkage wear to control wiping arc. Eliminates blade slap.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the deaf have long disagreed over whether "finger-talking" has any place in the classroom at all. In some places it isn't used even in high school, on the theory that it does little to prepare deaf children for a world of hearing people. At one time Dr. Elstad was an exponent of this theory. He changed his mind after noticing that even at schools with strict bans on sign language, the youngsters picked it up outside—indicating their emotional need for this clearer and quicker means of communication.

In the Normal Department, Dr. Elstad turned me over to Hugo Schunhoff, head of the department and principal of the Kendall School, who joined the Gallaudet faculty this year. He previously had served on the faculties of the Minnesota, Illinois and Texas state schools for the deaf, and had taught lip reading and speech in various Army hospitals. Like Dr. Elstad, he has normal hearing.

Professor Schunhoff took me first to the preschool class, composed of 15 three- and four-year-olds brought from home for two hours a day to learn the beginning principles of lip reading and speech. Among other things, all the children are exhaustively tested to see if they retain enough hearing to profit from the use of an electric amplifier. In one corner of the classroom a small redhead wearing earphones was taking such instruction.

Across the room, a tiny, elfin girl was being taught basic vocabulary words with visual-aid cards. As the student teacher showed her a card picturing a ball and spoke the word, she had the little girl watch her lips; then she placed the child's hand alternately on her throat and lips to feel the muscular movements made in speaking. Over and over this was repeated, until the child succeeded in making the correct lip and throat movements for "ball." But as she was unable to hear her teacher's voice, she made no sound.

The teacher then worked to get her to use more force. Finally, after many earnest attempts, the tot managed a barely audible, whispered "baah."

Slow but Steady Progress

The rest of the class, seated at a table, was encouraged by the other two teachers to name objects shown on cards. Responses were discouragingly few. However, the children had been attending school only five weeks. Professor Schunhoff said that at the end of the school year the average three- or four-year-old will have learned to lip-read about 50 words, and to speak 20.

The next class, consisting of five-year-olds who spend the full day in school, could speak and write short sentences. The teacher told a small boy to run across the room, to fall, to pretend to cry. To prove he understood entirely through lip reading, she moved her lips silently. Then, as the boy acted out his part, a little girl wrote on the blackboard: "He ran. He fell. He cried."

The class couldn't have been this advanced without preschool training. Lacking such training, many deaf children entering school at five or six don't even know they have a name; nor do they know that other people or things have names. Even children whose education is well begun sometimes have odd misconceptions.

One boy was seven before he learned animals couldn't talk. No one had thought to tell him—he'd seen people talk to their pets, and his storybooks teemed with "talking" animals!

From the age of five up, Kendall children sleep on-campus, except over week ends. I asked whether such early separation from parents didn't entail difficult adjustments, and Professor Schunhoff smiled.

"Adjustments are harder on the parents. In fact, one mother was considerably hurt when she found her small son, home for the week end, happily packing his bag to return to school—on Saturday night!"

Classes were changing again as I returned to College Hall. However, the noisy bedlam usually heard in corridors at such a time was completely lacking. Many students were conversing—but through sign language and lip movements. I had the momentary illusion that I was deaf, not they.

One Sunday evening each month Dr. Leonard M. Elstad, Gallaudet's president (second from left), entertains senior boys informally at home. Dr. Elstad, whose hearing is normal, became prexy in 1945

Gallaudet's athletes are top-notch. Despite the small enrollment, they've won many championships in wrestling, basketball and track

Little Ray Horner, 3, who attends classes conducted by students in the college's Normal Department, feels letter "M" on teacher's cheek

Gallaudet's curriculum is broad for an institution of its size. Courses are offered in five basic fields: Education, Home Economics, Literature and Languages, Mathematics and Science, and Social Studies. There also are courses in library science, drafting and journalism.

A course in modern poetry, taught by Robert Panara, himself deaf, was my first stop. Panara seated me in the semicircle of 20 students before him and explained that they were currently studying Robert Frost's poems. He then read selections while the class watched his lips and occasionally checked a line in their open texts. When Panara called for interpretations of passages, the students volunteered eagerly.

"In general," Panara explained after class, "the deaf are much more fond of poetry than the average hearing person. You see, poetry, with its rhythms, is their substitute for music."

Debating a Marriage Problem

Next I visited a class in sociology, taught by Dr. Powrie Doctor. Dr. Doctor, who has normal hearing, is highly enthusiastic about his work. For my benefit, he directed class discussion to the question: Are there social pressures involved in marriages between deaf persons and persons with normal hearing?

Richard Babb, of Huntington Park, California, opened the discussion by saying he believed such marriages were unfair to the deaf mate. "When a deaf and a hearing person marry," Babb argued, "each already has his own friends. These groups won't mix well. Each partner will want to mingle with his own, causing friction."

Jerome Freeman, of Indianapolis, Indiana, suggested that the deaf partner in such a marriage might command less respect from his offspring. "If the father were deaf," he explained, "the children would know they could 'get away with more' with him!"

Then blond Peggy Stack, of Sullivan, Missouri, advanced the view—speaking, and also using the sign language and manual alphabet, as had the others—that while a marriage between a deaf boy and a hearing girl wouldn't be good, she thought one between a deaf girl and a hearing boy all right.

"For," she explained soberly, "the boy *should* be the boss."

The class howled with laughter.

Another interesting class was that on sign language. This is a required course for Normal Department students, who—not being deaf—usually have no previous knowledge of the subject. It was taught by Dr. Elizabeth Peet, a tiny lady who is considered the world's leading authority on sign language. Dr. Peet represents the third generation of a family of famous educators of the deaf. Seventy-six years old, she retired shortly after my visit, having taught at Gallaudet for half a century. (In recognition of her long and distinguished service at the college, Dr. Peet, who also had been Gallaudet's dean of women, was chosen "Dean of the Year" last summer by the Association of Deans of Women in American Colleges and Universities.)

She told me that the sign language as used today was largely developed in France. However, Egyptian hieroglyphics and even cave men's picture writing were forms of it. American Indian tribes used a sign language for intertribal communication.

Once, when a group of Indians visited Gallaudet, they and their deaf hosts found their respective sign languages sufficiently similar to converse easily. In fact, the sign language of the deaf is an international language. This was demonstrated at the "Deaf Olympics"—the Sixth International Games for the Deaf, held in the summer of 1949 in Copenhagen, Denmark. Results of each event were announced in several languages for hearing fans, and also relayed in sign language. And the deaf of all countries un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

derstood, regardless of the nationality of the individual who did the "signing."

Sign language is near-universal, Dr. Peet says, because it is so logical. Most of its symbols, therefore, are easily understood by hearing people. For example, the idea of "a baby" is expressed by cradling one folded arm on the other, as if you were rocking a baby to sleep. And "to think" is expressed by touching your temple, while maintaining a thoughtful expression. The gesture of "washing" one hand with the other, done slowly with a pleased expression, means "I'm content." The same gesture made rapidly means "Brrr, it's cold!"

Some signs date from centuries ago, like that for "woman"—which is a thumb drawn down the right cheek, denoting a bonnet string. The sign for "man" is made by raising the right hand to grasp the brim of an imaginary hat. For "boy" or "girl" you very logically make the sign for "man" or "woman," then with outstretched hand indicate a person of small stature.

Double Talk in Sign Language

Certain signs are humorous in their ingenious suggestion of what is meant: The sign for "monkey" is made by scratching your ribs with both hands, as a monkey scratches for fleas. There is, also, some unintended humor: For "insane," a finger is pointed at one's temple and revolved in a circle; and virtually the same sign means "government"!

There is slang, too, in sign language, and students at Gallaudet constantly develop snappy additions to their campus argot. One day Dr. Peet saw a boy make a strange gesture to a friend in the corridor, and asked its meaning. After marked hesitation, he said it was slang for "Good Morning!" So, a few minutes later, the dignified Dr. Peet playfully greeted her class with the new expression—made by abruptly pointing the index finger like a pistol.

"Everyone looked startled," Dr. Peet recalled, smiling, "then burst into laughter. The grinning culprit confessed the sign really meant, 'Phooey on you!' "

Next, I called on Professor Elizabeth Benson, who teaches speech and lip reading and who this year succeeded Dr. Peet as dean of women. During the war, Miss Benson, who has normal hearing, served in the WACs, teaching speech and lip reading at the Army hospital for deafened soldiers at Chickasha, Oklahoma.

At the moment, she was tutoring Albert Bedard, of Baltimore, who had lost his hearing at twelve. Losing it at that age, theoretically he should have been able to speak quite well in later life. However, as often happens, Albert's speech had deteriorated somewhat during the 10 years he had been unable to hear his voice. Specifically, he had fallen into the habit of dropping the letter "d." Miss Benson, therefore, had him speak words like "dart," "day" and "deed" after her, while watching her lips.

Outside the classroom, students at Gallaudet are strong on extracurricular activities. They publish an excellent newspaper, The Buff and Blue; a quarterly literary magazine, The Clerc Issue; and an impressive yearbook, The Tower Clock. Sports include football, basketball, wrestling, track and cross-country racing, baseball, tennis, archery, volley ball and golf.

Despite the school's small enrollment, it has won several conference championships in basketball, track and wrestling.

These athletic triumphs have been won despite an additional little-known handicap suffered by many of its athletes. In most cases of deafness, the sense of equilibrium, lodged in the semicircular canals of the ear, is defective. Deaf athletes compensate by "orienting" themselves with the ground—as long as they can watch it. Obviously, when they must look up at a ball, they are at a disadvantage.

The college has the usual student organizations—including fraternities (nonresidential; all students live in dormitories—where, incidentally, they are awakened mornings not by bells but by the lights being switched on), sororities, Y.W.C.A. and similar groups.

The Dramatics Club, coached by Professor Frederick Hughes, himself deaf, puts on at least one three-act play each season, and has presented several Gilbert and Sullivan operettas "sung" in sign language. Its 1942 production of Arsenic and Old Lace so impressed Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, famous producers of the hit, that they invited the club to present its sign-language version on Broadway, substituting for the professional cast. New York critics were highly complimentary.

Sunday-evening chapel sessions are addressed by visiting clergymen—Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. The session I attended was conducted by the Reverend James Fortune of Durham, North Carolina, an Episcopal missionary to the deaf, adept at using the sign language while speaking.

The largest share of Gallaudet graduates wind up in the teaching profession. The next largest field is publishing and printing; quite a few alumni own newspapers. Many become industrial chemists. Others go into government work, as statisticians.

Graduates Who Have Won Fame

Among the successful alumni are the famed etcher-engraver, Cadwallader Washburn, George T. Dougherty, chief chemist and metallurgist for U.S. Steel, and Charles Neillie, scientist credited with devising the plan to use planes to dust forest areas with insecticides.

Dr. Elstad, president of the school since 1945, has ambitious plans for a bigger and better Gallaudet—one capable of accommodating 500 to 700 students. There are approximately 25,000 boys and girls in schools for the deaf in the U.S., and hundreds of those eligible for a college education will be barred by the limited capacity of Gallaudet.

When Dr. Elstad says this year's record enrollment of 224 taxes existing facilities, he isn't exaggerating. He and his wife have turned over the third floor of their home to four students, two fellows and an instructor! The student roomers all are deaf boys from foreign countries—Sweden, Transjordan, Israel and China. The government's Office of Education—a part of the Federal Security Agency, which supervises Gallaudet—has approved plans for an entire new college plant. As Dr. Elstad points out, Gallaudet's campus encompasses far more ground than is needed. Under the plan, the school would sell its 100 acres of valuable real estate and build on perhaps 35 acres elsewhere in the city. The Korean war, however, has postponed Congressional action on the project.

Dr. Elstad also has other projects in mind. He would like to inaugurate a daily television program for the deaf in sign language. And he would like to make a "movie dictionary" of sign language, to be shown at schools for hearing students, to create a better understanding of the deaf.

It is important for the public to have the right attitude, Dr. Elstad emphasizes. The deaf already have. They admit they have some special problems, but they minimize them. They don't want sympathy or privileges. When, some time ago, Texas exempted the deaf from the state poll tax, they agitated to have the measure rescinded—they wanted to pay like other people!

Rather than being morose about their lot, the deaf frequently will tell you lack of hearing is at times a blessing. It enables them, for instance, to work in noisy surroundings without the distraction that lowers the efficiency of hearing people. They suggest Thomas Edison may have achieved greater success because of his deafness, which left him free for complete concentration on his inventions.

Typical of the attitude at Gallaudet is that of the freshman who wrote in the yearbook:

"Deafness isn't a handicap. It's just an *obstacle*. And everybody has an obstacle to overcome—that's life!" THE END

Next Week

Russia Could Take Europe in Three Weeks

EXCITING GIFTS

VIEW-MASTER
STEREO STORIES
illustrated with full color pictures in three dimensions

To thrill a child give instructive View-Master Stereo-Stories illustrated with full color photographs that "come to life" in amazing three dimensions. Pictures are mounted in seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors.

SUBJECTS INCLUDE:
• ADVENTURES OF SAM SAWYER • RUDOLPH, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER • MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES • WILD ANIMALS • ROY ROGERS • HOPALONG CASSIDY • GENE AUTRY • CISCO KID • FAIRY TALES • INDIANS • TARZAN • CHRISTMAS STORY • HOLY LAND

Available at Photo, Gift, Department Stores

STEREOSCOPE $2.00
REELS 35c each—
THREE for $1.00

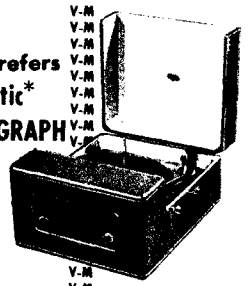
Ask to see VIEW-MASTER STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES
® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon

Say good-bye to
MONEY WORRIES—NOW!

Balance your budget and have money to spare taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular magazines. For details, *mail a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

most everyone prefers a V-M tri-o-matic* PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH



automatic record selection (all speeds, all sizes) • automatic shut-off • protects records • simple to operate • superb tone • handsome Leatherette case • Demonstration? Ask your radio-record dealer!

*the "phono" in most top-brand radio-phono combinations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINSTON POTE

PEACE

MOST AMERICANS, we realize, don't celebrate Christmas in farmhouses any more. So maybe the picture on this page is not exactly typical of our urbanized country. But it does seem typical of the mood that the holiday always seems to bring. It has the look of what many of us will be feeling—that our homes, on this one day at least, are strongholds of warmth and security and love, safe against the world of tension and uncertainty that surrounds them.

For this is a peaceful scene. And peace, of course, is forever a part of the Christmas message and the Christmas promise. Sometimes it seems that the hope of peace on earth and good will toward men is only of the day's duration. And there may be some who feel that Christmas, 1950, is one of those times. Yet there are others, this department among them, who believe that the prospect of peace may actually be brighter this year than at any time since the end of the second World War.

We can say that in full remembrance of the present tragic fighting and the threat of future conflict which disturbs the serenity of every human life. We can say it because we do not believe that war between nations is inevitable. It is the desire for peace on earth that is inevitable. And that desire is reflected today through most of the world's governments more clearly and directly than it ever has been before.

The one great power which is committed to conquest through bloodshed has tried to thwart that desire. But because of Russia's own blunder, the United Nations was able to take action against aggression in Korea. Since then, the peace-seeking governments, acting together, have changed United Nations procedure so that it can take similar action in the future without fear of a hostile veto. No one yet knows how well this will work toward ensuring lasting peace. But it is certain that never before have so many nations acted with such unity and strong determination to prevent aggressive war. Whatever mistakes and hesitancies and even failures may lie ahead, the will is already there. And that is something.

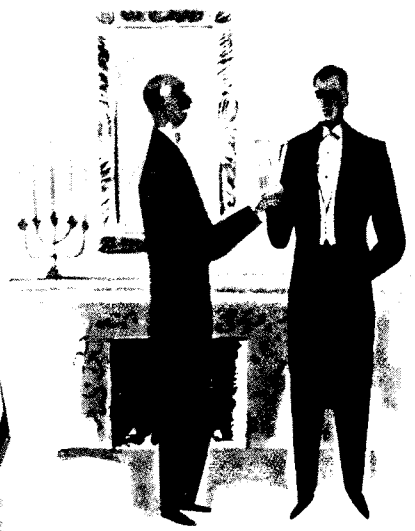
All of which may seem a far cry from Christmas and farmhouses. But it is heartening to know that the ideal of peace on earth, which heralded the birth of Christ in the Christmas story and which has been symbolized by Christmas ever since, is not a one-day illusion. Throughout most of the world today, in Christian and non-Christian countries alike, it is at last thought worthy of militant, united action. For it is an ideal that endures in the minds and hearts of mankind, and it cannot be destroyed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's only One favorite

Favorite of all holidays is the merry season of Christmas. And, a favorite Christmas custom is to proudly serve the very finest in foods and refreshment.

That's why so many people highlight their holiday hospitality by inviting their guests to enjoy life with Miller High Life...the beer that's acclaimed the country over as the NATIONAL CHAMPION OF QUALITY! Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY...and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Tune in! Lawrence Welk show—ABC network—Wednesdays, 9 P.M. C.S.T.

Miller
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED